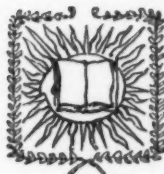


THE CENTURY
69605-
ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

VOL. LIV.
NEW SERIES, VOL. XXXII.
MAY, 1897, TO OCTOBER, 1897



THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON

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THE DE VINNE PRESS.

GEORGE HENRY,
UNIV. OF CALIF.
8 MAY 1897



PAINTED BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FERDINAND ROUX, PARIS.

THE MIRROR.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIV.

MAY, 1897.

No. 1.



A SUBURBAN COUNTRY PLACE.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN.

THERE have been times when the word "suburban" rang pleasantly in the ears of the citizen of New York. Such must have been the times, long ago, when Greenwich village and Chelsea village were the summer resorts of local magnates, and when Harlem village (legend affirms it) was a health-resort so placidly umbrageous, Dutch, and small that people who could not sleep in town were sent out there, assured of a week of unbroken slumber. And such, again, were the nearer times when all the isle was still suburban north of Washington Square, covered with farms, and dotted with country mansions that were often set in forest-like domains, and often fronted on the East or the North or the Harlem River.

Claremont, at the end of Riverside Drive, near the tomb of General Grant, suggests in a rather humble way what these mansions were, and in a very magnificent way what their outlooks were. Others linger, desecrated, here and there, closely pressed by new-laid brick and stone. And away up at the extreme tip of Manhattan there are still a few quiet, shady places which may call themselves suburban in the old and honorable sense. But everywhere else around the outskirts of Manhattan the term has gained an unattractive, hybrid meaning. To speak it with pleasure, New-Yorkers must apply it to those remoter regions which can be reached

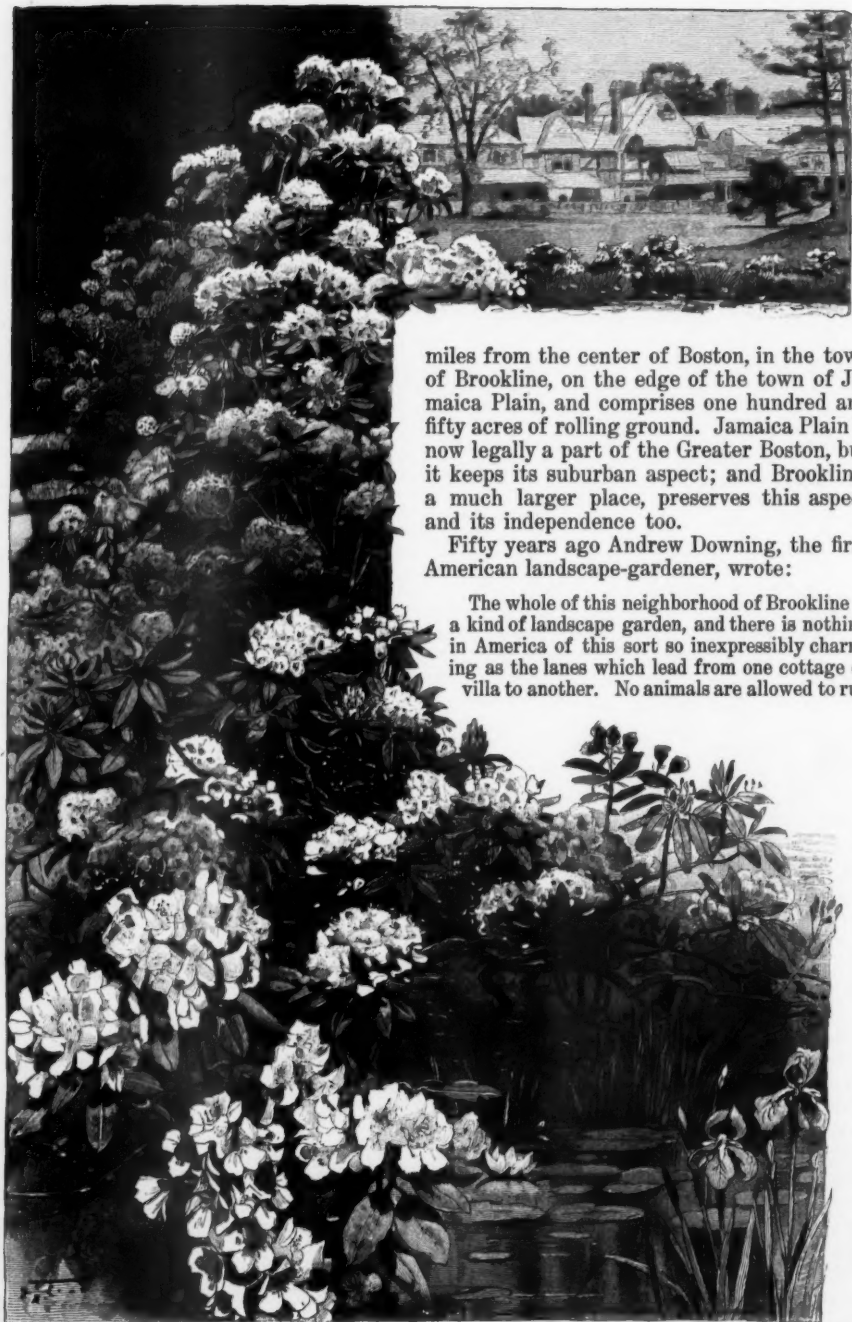
only by a railway journey of considerable length. And then it is incorrectly applied, for a real suburban place is rural in aspect, but urban in convenience—private, green, and peaceful in itself, yet close in touch with the true self of the town.

Our other great Eastern cities tell almost the same suburban story as New York. Only Boston has fared better. Here, too, in some directions, the old suburban villages have been cut into parsimonious villa lots or solidly built over. But in other directions they survive, and retain to a great degree their genuinely rural look. They are threatened by the town, but not yet overborne. And thus they have historic interest as well as intrinsic charm. They tell of fast-vanishing conditions which can never be revived, because suburban life, to be at its best, needs for its center a city of the first importance and yet of modest size, with neither railways nor trolleys to carry its crowds and its hastiness far afield.

II.

THE most beautiful suburban country place that I know lies near Boston. One view of it was shown the readers of *THE CENTURY* some time ago in an article describing the work of its owner, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, in creating the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University.¹ It lies only four

¹ "A Tree Museum," by M. C. Robbins: *THE CENTURY*, April, 1893.



miles from the center of Boston, in the town of Brookline, on the edge of the town of Jamaica Plain, and comprises one hundred and fifty acres of rolling ground. Jamaica Plain is now legally a part of the Greater Boston, but it keeps its suburban aspect; and Brookline, a much larger place, preserves this aspect and its independence too.

Fifty years ago Andrew Downing, the first American landscape-gardener, wrote:

The whole of this neighborhood of Brookline is a kind of landscape garden, and there is nothing in America of this sort so inexpressibly charming as the lanes which lead from one cottage or villa to another. No animals are allowed to run

AMONG THE RHODODENDRONS.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

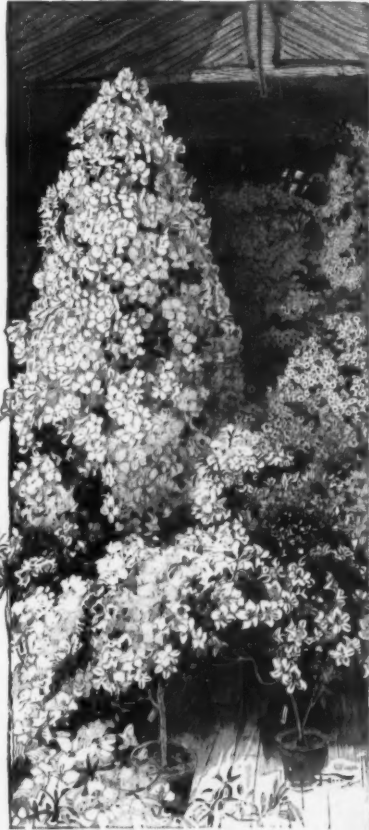
at large, and the open gates, with tempting vistas and glimpses under the pendent boughs, give it quite an Arcadian air of rural freedom and enjoyment. These lanes are clothed with a profusion of trees and wild shrubbery, often almost to the carriage-tracks, and curve and wind about in a manner quite bewildering to the stranger who attempts to thread them alone; and there are more hints here for the lover of the picturesque in lanes than we ever saw assembled together in so small a compass.

Brookline has now some eighteen thousand inhabitants, and of course it does not look just as it did in Downing's time; but with regard to its southern portions Downing's words are still surprisingly true. The picture that it leaves upon the stranger's mind is a far-spreading, varied picture of broad and well-built winding roads, and narrower, wilder lanes, all canopied by goodly trees, and of pleasant, unobtrusive houses, large and small, encircled by grounds that are sometimes very small but often almost park-like in extent, with trees to rival those by the roadside, smooth turf, luxuriant shrubs, and prolific flowers. And the most careless eye perceives that if such a town had been built on a level, it could never have been Brookline. Brookline's site was naturally picturesque—richly wooded, everywhere rolling, in some parts really hilly, and often boldly broken by huge gray ledges of rock. Thus every place has personality, and plays its part in a panorama of perpetually changing charm. But the most beautiful and most interesting of all is Mr. Sargent's. It is larger than any other, it is very diversified in surface, and it has been treated with exceptional artistic skill.

«Holm Lea» is not an old place in the sense that, as we see it, so our great-grandfathers saw it in their day; but it is old in the sense that for generations it has been a suburban home under conditions similar to those which prevail to-day. Several suburban places have been united to make this large one—altered, remodeled, virtually recreated; but the traditions of the spot have not been broken or its spirit changed.

The State-house stands only four miles away, and in less than half an hour one may drive into the heart of the city along the beautiful new parkway, seven miles in length, which runs from Boston through Brookline to Franklin Park in Jamaica Plain. Yet the conformation of the ground, assisted by its skilful planting, makes this place of one hundred and fifty acres appear much larger. When the trees are in leaf no eye can discern

where its boundaries lie, or can cross the foliage of the middle distances to dwell upon anything except far-off hills and spires; and even in winter there is scarcely any visible proof that it forms part of a large town close to a very large city. Everywhere it affords



AZALEAS IN THE TENT.

a sense of unthreatened peace, of intimacy with unthreatened nature, which could not be more complete if woods and fields alone encircled it; and this fact amply justifies that lack of extended outlooks which, of course, would be an unpardonable fault if its surroundings were really fields and woods.

III.

MR. SARGENT'S house has been altered and enlarged more than once during the last twenty-five years; but its oldest, central portion has a special interest for students of



ENGRAVED BY E. G. PUTNAM.

THE TERRACE.

dening—of the naturalistic as distinguished from the formal branch of gardening art—is to create results which look as though, with very little assistance, nature might have produced them in some particularly gentle and human mood. And therefore nature usually gets the credit for almost the whole of the landscape-gardener's work, just as she does for almost the whole of the story-teller's when his tale is known to be «founded upon fact.»

If the next stranger who visits Holm Lea could be told in detail how the place has been made,—patiently and artfully, year after year and day after day, acre by acre and foot by foot, always with the intrinsic charm of every smallest feature, yet always with the broad effect of the whole, steadily kept in mind,—he would probably be much amazed. But if he chanced to know something of nature and something of art, he would not be amazed at all. He would be aware that nature had simply covered these slopes and levels with the wild beauty of unbroken forests. He would understand that the changes wrought by centuries of human possession could not result in civilized beauty without the exercise of artistic intelligence. He would tell you that in every branch of art intelligence means imagination, knowledge, and patience—the imagination which foresees desirable results with clearness, the knowledge which knows how to produce them, and the patience which shuns no difficulties, is eager to remedy all mistakes,

and thinks nothing really good if it possibly can be bettered. And he would add that the landscape-gardener stands especially in need of all these qualities because his materials are not inert. Nature's materials must be handled with reference to her own intentions and her own methods; and as they keep on growing and keep on dying, the task of creation and the task of elimination are never at an end. The most perfect pictures must perpetually be retouched, and sometimes a new ideal must be substituted for one which can no longer be completely realized.

V.

PROFESSOR SARGENT's house is intended for winter and for summer habitation. The long brick piazza (shown in perspective on this page as you would see it if you were sitting beside the young lady portrayed on page 7) is covered only by a canvas awning. When this is removed in cold weather the drawing-room windows receive the afternoon sun, while in warm weather the light that filters through it shows at their best the ornamenting ranges of potted plants, brought from the greenhouse in their blossoming season to be replaced by others as their beauty wanes. But that part of the piazza where the damsel sits is solidly roofed for greater coolness in summer, and in winter is inclosed as a conservatory; and beyond it spreads an open brick terrace, delightful, above all, on moon-lit summer nights, when the planta-

tions around the lawn, silhouetted against the somber blue, show that their sky-line has been as carefully considered as the masses of light and shadow and the contrasts of color they reveal in the daytime.

I should like to describe the splendid display of hothouse azaleas which in June fills the tent that occupies the inner corner of this terrace; but our concern just now is with landscape-gardening, not with displays of movable plants for a temporary decorative purpose. And something quite as splendid can be found if we cross the lawn and, down by the borders of the pond, look at the hardy rhododendrons which two of our pictures show.

There are fine rhododendron plantations in other parts of Brookline, but none of them is half as beautiful as this one at Holm Lea. Here the results which nature produces when she is doing her very best with these plants have been most perfectly reproduced and most sympathetically improved upon by the hands of science and of art. Lovers of moisture, the rhododendrons flourish here like the bay-trees of the Bible. All those of defective form or with blossoms of unpleasant color have been weeded out, so that no discordant note mars their blaze of purple, crimson, and white. Inharmonious plants of other sorts are not allowed in their vicinity; and the mirror which lies beneath them doubles their number while it softens and relieves their vivid contrast with the background of emerald turf.

Now compare the drawing on page 10 with the one on page 11. They give us the same outlook, with only a slight difference in the points of view, but they suggest entirely different pictures. One shows an early week in June, and one an early week in May; and thus retracing the days of a single month, we almost seem to have gone to the edge of another pond. In June we scarcely notice the landscape, except as a happy background for the rhododendrons; but in May these play the subordinate rôle. Their dark evergreen foliage, supported by the still darker green of the group of pines on the knoll, serves as a foil to the bright tones of the grass and of the low plants by the water's brink, and to the varied tender tints of the budding trees; and the center of interest is now the big magnolia, with its burden of pale pinkish flowers, which in June makes a quiet, dark spot at the foot of the tall hickory.

Thus you will find it everywhere at Holm Lea. Each locality changes its character with the changing seasons, yet is always a natural-

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seeming picture, artistically complete in color and in form; and each feature has its time of special importance, yet at all other times helps the effect of its neighbors, and therefore is never intrusive or even unimportant. For instance, the Japanese apple-tree shown on page 13 outshines all its neighbors when it is in bloom—a hill of a myriad delicate blossoms, rosy pink at first, and, as the days go by, changing to snowiest white. It is then the most beautiful object within the borders of the place, or, I verily believe, within the borders of Massachusetts. But it is also a



ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE WALK
NEAR THE POND.

charming object during its longer weeks of simple green, and in size and shape suits its environment and enhances the charm of all adjacent things.

There are many other specimen plants of striking kinds at Holm Lea, and some of them are rarities which delight the soul of the botanist or the horticulturist. But there is none which an artist cannot also admire. The place for mere curiosities is in scientific collections. In these artistic landscapes everything must have personal beauty, and must stand where it increases general beauty.

You would weep if I could tell you of all the pitiless executions which have occurred at Holm Lea since I first saw the place ten years ago. For even the executioner almost wept over them sometimes, and you cannot realize, as he did at the moment, or as we who are familiar with the place do now, how excellent his reasons for them were. The ax is never carelessly lifted at Holm Lea. Months,

or even years, of patient preliminary thought control its work. But when the greatest good of the greatest number clearly calls for elimination, neither value, age, nor intrinsic beauty can save the life of a flower or shrub or tree.

From time to time the various ornamental plantations have been thinned at the sacrifice of many fine individual plants that were overcrowding others which could less well be spared. And many beautiful single trees, old and young, have been removed, because they reduced the apparent size of the lawns or injured that aspect of breadth and repose which only unbroken stretches of turf can bestow, or because they shut out desirable prospects, or interfered with the development of still finer specimens, or in color, form, or texture failed to harmonize with their immediate neighbors, or marred the general effect of some particular landscape picture. Now and again the ghosts of these



NORTH END OF THE POND IN JUNE.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARTZINGER.



NORTH END OF THE POND IN MAY.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

trees haunt the memory of those who knew and admired them; yet we cannot wish them alive again, for their death conducted to beauty of life in everything which remains.

VI.

Now let us look at the pond again, for we have seen only one of its corners. Turning this rhododendron corner, we pass (as in the picture on page 9) through a grove of great hickories and oaks to a spot where an enormous white willow widely overhangs the water. Its mass of silvery-gray foliage effectually separates the rhododendrons behind us from an equally vivid array of hardy Ghent azaleas which are massed along the shore that lies in front of us. Often we see these two kinds of plants closely combined and blossoming together. But not at Holm Lea: its owner knows too well that a rhododendron

gamut of purples and crimsons cannot harmonize with such scarlets and yellows as the Ghent azaleas bear.

Look now at the picture on page 12. The whole shore of the pond is fringed with ornamental water-plants, which seem as spontaneous as the marsh-marigolds in a country brook; and certainly the edge of this meadow—white and yellow with buttercups and daisies, exquisitely contrasting with the richer splendor of the rhododendrons on the opposite shore—does not look as though the hand of man had touched it. Yet no part of these banks is natural, for the pond itself is not natural. Its basin was excavated some twenty years ago, and the water was supplied by damming a little brook. Every foot of the shore has been artificially outlined and adorned. But artifice here meant true art, and therefore nature has gladly acquiesced in it, sympathetically carrying out



SOUTH END OF THE POND.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

those completing details to which, in this branch of art, she must always attend.

You may have seen natural ponds as beautiful as this one, but their character is not the same and would not be appropriate here. Here the eye demands a kind of beauty which, while it looks spontaneous, is really civilized, refined, and delicately finished, or, as the writers of Downing's time would have said, is "polished." No spot where nature does the planting is likely to remain equally effective through all the seasons of the year. No natural pond could be as variously adorned as this one, for its flowering plants have been brought from many parts of the world, and some of them owe their charm to long years of horticultural care. And every natural pond is more or less marred by the scars and defects wrought by death and decay. Look again at the drawing on this page. The tupelo-tree, which spreads its horizontal arms above the group of rhododendrons in

the center, is just the right tree for just this spot, and in autumn its crimson foliage strikes as fine a dominating note of color as do the rhododendron flowers in June. Eliminate the drooping branches of the elm toward the right, and the composition is ruined. Repeat them on the other side, and it would not be a composition at all. And here, as everywhere at Holm Lea, all such facts are proofs of that true kind of creative work which, with a wise understanding of nature's possibilities, knows what to originate, what to alter, and what to destroy.

VII.

THESE words also define the kind of work which is needed to adjust a bit of wild landscape to surroundings and accompaniments of a more "polished" sort.

Downing found some parts of the Lee place distinctly picturesque, and thus they

still remain. Picturesqueness always implies a certain degree of wildness, and there are parts of Holm Lea which, in fact, look entirely wild. Mr. Fenn had the most important of them at his back and on his left when he was making the picture of the little valley (on page 15) upon which the entrance front of the house looks out. Here, lifted high above the level of the valley and the pond, lies an extensive stretch of wild woodland, interspersed with glades and rocky ledges really romantic in their charm. The aboriginal forest—cut down, who knows when or how?—has been spontaneously replaced by fine second growths of oak and pine and beech, and those varied flowery undergrowths for which New England woods are famous; and here and there rise single pines of much greater stature, relics of the aboriginal forest—spared, who knows by whom or why?

One may wander long amid these woods and think as little of landscape-gardening as of Boston's near-by streets; yet they are what they are because the hand of art has tended them. The Philistine would have cut them down and civilized their site, in the belief that they were out of keeping with the rest

of the place. Or else he would have thought them too sacred to be touched, and allowed them to grow into impenetrable thickets. He would not have known how to unite them harmoniously with the softer landscapes, and therefore they would really have been out of keeping. But the artist has made them beautiful and accessible without destroying one iota of their natural air. Dead or dying or painfully imperfect trees and branches have been removed in due degree, which, of course, does not mean in the same degree desirable elsewhere. Young trees and shrubs similar in kind to the indigenous growths have been planted where bare spots threatened. The ax has occasionally been used where destructive overcrowding appeared. And where the wood meets the turf of the valley, isolated trees, projecting shrubs, and fringing wild flowers make so gradual a transition that even the clipped grass wins a spontaneous air.

The pictures on pages 14 and 16 show, from just beyond their boundaries, those remoter portions of the place which are not devoted to purely ornamental ends. They present still another type of landscape beauty. These effects are pastoral, not gardenesque



A JAPANESE APPLE-TREE.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

or picturesquely wild. But these, too, have been consciously secured, carefully studied, and artistically developed.

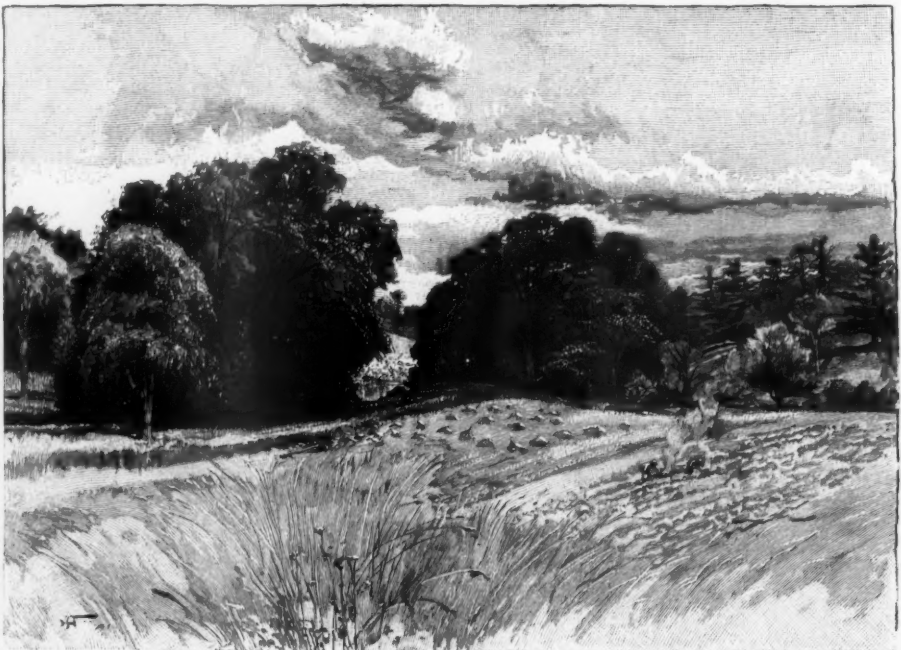
VIII.

It would be difficult to decide which are the most beautiful of the many and varied landscape pictures that have been made at Holm Lea. The seemingly wild, the rich and polished gardenesque, and the simply pastoral pictures all seem, in their turn, the most beautiful that could be made.

This is partly because they have all been so skilfully united that as we pass from one type to another, the one seems naturally to blend into the other; and it is partly because, at the same time, they have been so skilfully separated and framed in foliage that a point of view which shows the perfection of one type isolates it from all objects that could impair its peculiar charm. Moreover, each type of picture has been developed where that type was most clearly demanded by the position of the house and the natural character of the ground; and within itself each and every picture has been kept free from inharmonious details.

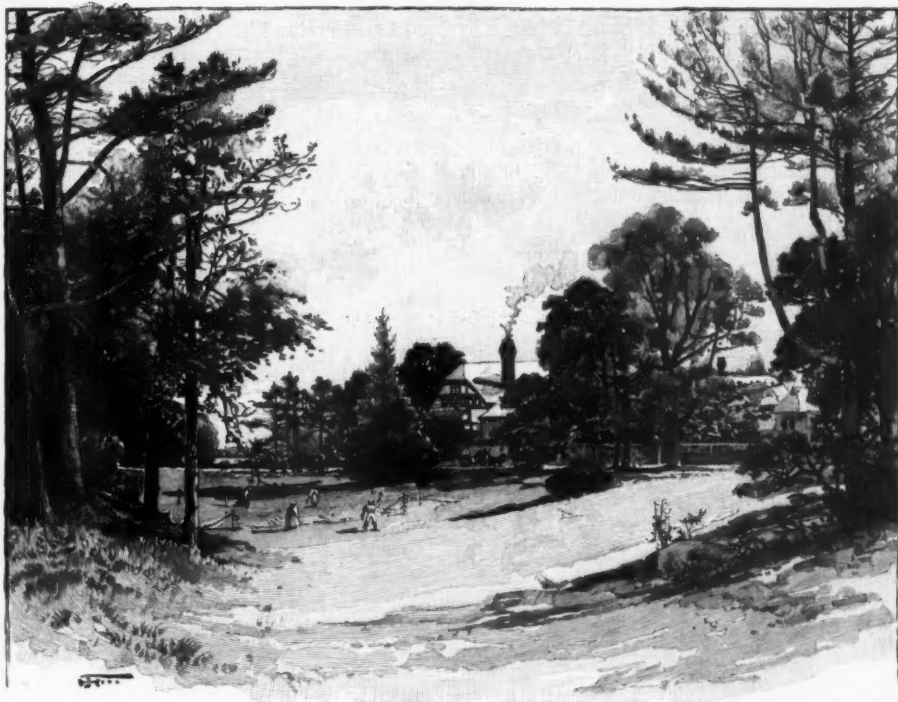
I do not merely mean that Holm Lea shows

none of those glaring mistakes which are apt to reveal themselves when much ambition and much labor have been spent upon a country place—conspicuous artificial features introduced into would-be naturalistic scenes, or would-be picturesque, crudely naturalistic features introduced into soft and polished scenes. I mean that a feeling for the virtues of concord and unity has directed the choice and the placing of even the smallest plant. Of course no garden plants deface with inappropriate bits of beauty the glades or the edges of the wild woodlands. Not every plant which grows here is self-sown, but all of them might have originated in the company of those which really sprang up of themselves. And when I wrote that even in the gardenesque landscapes, where greater latitude of choice is permissible, each plant must be beautiful and must help general beauty of effect, I implied that none exist which are palpably dissimilar in aspect to the indigenous vegetation. Some are exotics from far climes, and some the gardener's hand has improved beyond mother nature's recognition. But they are all hardy in this climate, growing all the year round where we find them in summer; and they all accord in general character with the character of New England's



THE MEADOW.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.



LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

native dress. Palms and bamboos, cacti and aloes, and scores of other attractive plants of unmistakably foreign aspect, are cultivated at Holm Lea; but they are kept in the greenhouses or used for the decoration of the house and its piazzas. They are not set about the grounds in summer, pretending to grow where they stand, and marring with their tropic air the effect of the products of the temperate zone.

Need I now assert that, as all the outdoor pictures at Holm Lea are naturalistic pictures of one kind or another, they include no formal flower-beds? There is only one such flower-bed on the whole place. You may see it in the angle formed by the piazza walls near the steps in the picture on page 6. Here architectural formality justifies a brilliant bit of floral formality which would be as distressingly discordant upon the bosom of the peaceful lawns, or by the graceful borders of the pond, as in the heart of the wild-wood itself.

Nevertheless, Holm Lea is more richly adorned with flowers than any other country place I know. Its blossoming trees and, above all, its blossoming shrubs, growing freely and

luxuriantly, make it a glorious place of color all through the spring and early summer months, sweeping the ground with their pink and red, their white and yellow and lilac robes, now standing proudly alone, now massed in huge bouquets of blossom, and now sprinkled through the borders of the larger plantations. In the spring narcissi by the thousand, wild hyacinths, trilliums, fritillaries, forget-me-nots, and their like, bloom in the grass wherever it is not kept closely shorn, and around the borders of the pond and along the edges of the shrubberies; and they need none of the costly care which plants that are "bedded out" require, but after their first establishment appear afresh as spring follows spring, with their scattered sparkles or their almost solid sheets of bloom. In their wake come the children of the summer and the fall, enchanting every day, but most splendid in the day of the rhododendrons and the Ghent azaleas. When the flowers are perishing more color follows, for the larger plantations have been arranged with an eye to autumnal harmony and brilliance as well as to spring brilliance and summer harmonies of varied green; and also

with an eye to that winter beauty which may be won by a judicious use of plants with evergreen foliage, bright-hued branchlets, or persistent decorative fruit.

Then there are the many kinds of garden flowers which cannot be required as details in landscape pictures, and which ruin these pictures if intruded among them in our

and to understand how it ought to be applied in this case or in that. But discouraging signs of blindness, apathy, or misconception meet us at every step, and where we might least expect to find them. Our costliest, most ambitious, and most polished country places are often less artistic than our smallest and humblest; and the architect whose own work



UNDER THE ELM.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

customary semi-formal ways. These are also grown, and lavishly, at Holm Lea; and its gardener, Mr. Zander, has made himself a notable name by his great success with them. But they are grown by themselves, near the greenhouses in one corner of the place, where they can be tended with the greatest ease, where their several beauties can be well appreciated when the visitor seeks them out, and where they interfere with the effect of no naturalistic scene.

IX.

SOMETIMES we fancy that, in this America, we have learned to appreciate gardening art

is most intimately connected with the gardener's very seldom comprehends his aims, appreciates his difficulties, or rightly values his results.

Our architects have, indeed, begun to perceive the need for gardening art as an accessory to their own, but hardly as yet its intrinsic dignity, its lawful freedom, its right to stand by itself on an equal height with the other great arts of design, and to aim at ideals and work with methods peculiar to itself. Very often they quote as defining and concluding the whole matter a bit of Parisian studio parlance: "Gardening is the sauce of architecture." Truly; but in the same sense

that apples are the sauce for roast goose. Apples have other uses than this, and gardening has other rôles to play than as a docile adjunct to the lines of a building. There are many cases, as in public parks, where gardening must furnish the solid food for the eye, while architecture can but garnish it and flavor it a little. And there are many other cases where those formal gardening schemes which architects most easily understand are distinctly inappropriate, where naturalistic methods of treatment must be chosen, and where, in consequence, architecture must consent to play the subordinate part.

Holm Lea, of course, is an instance of this kind. Only a very dull eye could look upon the grounds of Holm Lea as mere accessories to its buildings, or could think that this is what they should have been made. Virtually they exist because the buildings exist—because people wished to make their home upon this spot, and therefore wished to civilize and adorn it. But artistically it is the other way about. The treatment of the grounds has been inspired by their natural character (by their formation and their native vegetation), and the buildings have been adjusted to it. And only in this way could a place of so much beauty have been created upon a site of this kind, amid American suburban conditions, and with due reference to American habits of life.

Now, in conclusion, I may write down two important truths which, taken together, constitute the very important truth that I wished to enforce when I began this little commentary. The first of them is this: All the science, all the patience in the world, will profit a landscape-gardener little if his sense of beauty has not been developed by the persistent observation and study of beauty both in nature and in art. An artist in gardening is not born ready made, or fostered by scientific acquirements, any more than an artist with paint or chisel. On the other hand, and this is the second truth, all the artistic instinct, all the artistic training in the world, will not make a man a good landscape-gardener unless he has much scientific acquaintance and much practical experience with plants.

As regards both general scheme and completing details, Mr. Sargent has created his own place. But this is not to say that any

owner of a country place, or any botanist, or any artist, is able to make as fine a one. It required, so to say, a union of these three personalities. The charm of the artistically composed landscapes at Holm Lea is greatly enhanced by the variety of the trees and shrubs and flowers which compose them; and quite as remarkable, and even more helpful to beauty, is the flourishing condition of every plant and the rapid development of every young plant—a development which seems almost magical to one who knows how hard the average planter must struggle with his nurslings, and how often he must confess defeat in the end. Thus wide botanical and horticultural knowledge are revealed by the artistic plantations of Holm Lea no less than by the scientific ones of the Arnold Arboretum. Mr. Sargent's public affiliations have been with men of science, but in early life he had a wise artistic counselor in his uncle, Henry Winthrop Sargent, who created one of the most charming places on the Hudson River, and transmitted to his nephew the inspiring influence of Andrew Downing. And the impulse thus received has been sedulously fostered by a love for art of every kind, and by a wide acquaintance, in many parts of the world, with nature's fairest products and with the gardening achievements of our own and antecedent times.

If Mr. Fenn had made a hundred drawings at Holm Lea, each might have been used as a text to enforce this fundamental truth: Landscape-gardening is a genuine art, an independent art, a very difficult art, and one which demands much knowledge of other than artistic kinds. No superficial amateur, and no professional man of one-sided training, can create a really fine country place of a highly civilized and polished sort, perfectly adapted to the needs and tastes of its owners, entirely appropriate to its situation, completely realizing the natural possibilities of its site, displaying the full resources of modern horticulture, delighting the eye with pictures of the most diverse kinds, and satisfying it by their combination into a harmonious whole. The genesis of a country place like Holm Lea requires the mind of a scientific botanist, the hand of a practised horticulturist, the heart of a lover of nature, the eye of a trained artist—and, besides all these, the beautiful patience of Job.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE
STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XVII.

ON this night of the 2d of October, Jack told me we should move next morning or the day after. He had seen General Wayne on an errand for our colonel. «A strong talker, the general; but as ready to fight as to talk.» In fact, ammunition was issued, and before dawn on the 4th the myriad noises of an army breaking camp aroused me. It was a gray morning overhead, and cool. When we fell into line to march, Jack called me out of the ranks.

«There will be a fight, Hugh. Mr. Howe has sent troops into Jersey, and weakened his hold on the village, or so it is thought. In fact, you know that, for it was you that fetched the news. If—I should get killed—you will tell your aunt—not to forget me—and Darthea too. And my father—my father, Hugh—I have written to him and to Miss Wynne—in case of accident.» The day before a fight Jack was always going to be killed. I do not think I ever thought I should be hit. I had, later in the war, a constant impression that, if I were, it would be in the stomach, and this idea I much disliked. I fell to thinking of Darthea and Jack, wondering a little, until the drum and fife struck up, and at the word we stepped out.

I have no intention to describe more of the fight at Germantown than I saw, and that was but little. It seemed to me confusion worse confounded, and I did not wonder that Graydon had once written me from the North that we were in a «scuffle for liberty.» The old village was then a long, broken line of small, gray stone houses, set in gardens on each side of the highway, with here and there a larger mansion, like the Chew house, Cliveden, and that of the Wisters.

The ascent from the city is gradual. At Mount Airy it is more abrupt, and yet more steep at Chestnut Hill, where my aunt's house, on the right, looks down on broken forests, through which the center marched by the Perkiomen road. As to the fight on our right wing, I knew nothing of that for many a day.

As we tramped on our march of at least a dozen miles, the fog which the east wind brought us grew thicker, but there was less dust. About dusk of morning we came out of the woods, and moved up the ascent of Chestnut Hill, where I wondered to find no defences. There were scarce any houses hereabouts, and between the hill and the descent to Mount Airy our own regiment diverged to the left, off the road. There were hardly any fences to trouble us, and where the lines were broken by gardens or hedges, we went by and remade the line, which was extended more to left as we moved away from the highway.

At last we were halted. I was thinking of the glad days I had spent hereabouts when we heard to right the rattle of muskets. McLane had driven in the advanced picket of the enemy. Then the right of our own force fell on some British light infantry, and, swinging the left on the right as a pivot, our own flanking regiment faced their guns, so that we were in part back on the main road. The sun came out for a little, but the fog thickened, and it was lost.

I saw Jack look at me, and noticed how flushed he was, and that his face was twitching. So heavy was the fog that, as we saw the guns, we were almost on them. To see fifty feet ahead was impossible. I saw two red flashes as the muskets rang out. There were wild cries, quick orders: «Fire! fire!» And with a great shout we ran forward, I hearing Jack cry, «The bayonet! the bayonet!» I saw in the smoke and fog men fall to right and left, and in a moment was after Jack, who stood between the guns, fencing with two big grenadiers. I clubbed one of them with my butt, and Jack disposed of the second.

Meanwhile the English line had broken, and men who had fallen hurt or were standing were crying for quarter. I saw none given. It was horrible. Our men were paying a sad debt, contracted on the 20th of September, when Gray surprised Wayne at

Paoli, and there were no wounded left and few prisoners.

It was a frightful scene, and when the officers succeeded to stop the slaughter, the account had been mercilessly settled, and there was scarce a living enemy in sight. Hastily reforming, we went on again, more to left of the main road, through tents, scattered baggage, dying horses, and misty red splotches where the scarlet uniforms lay thick on the wet grass. As we pushed on, the fog broke a little, and a confused mass of redcoats was seen, some running, and some following tumultuously their colonel, Musgrave, into the solid stone house of Cliveden, while the larger number fled down the road and over the fields.

Meanwhile Sullivan's people came up. Two cannon set across the road—they were but four-pounders—opened with small effect on the stone house. The fire from the windows was fierce and fatal. Men dropped here and there, until Jack called to us to lie down. We were at this time behind the mansion. As we lay, I saw Jack walking to and fro, and at last coolly lighting a pipe. Our company lay to the left a little, and away from the rest of the regiment. I called to Jack:

«Let us rush it, Jack, and batter down the back door.»

Jack, as I rose, called out to me, with a fierce oath, to keep still and obey orders. I dropped, and as I did so saw an officer with a white flag shot down as he went forward to ask a surrender.

Then we were ordered to march, leaving a regiment to continue the siege; a half-hour had been lost. We went at a run quite two miles down the slope, now on, now off the main street, with red gleams now and then seen through this strangeness of fog. The British were flying, broken and scattered, over the fields.

I heard «Halt!» as we swung parallel with the road at the market-place, where the Grenadiers made a gallant stand, as was known by the more orderly platoon firing. Then we too broke out in great blaze, and after, what with fog and smoke, a fight in a cellar were as good.

The next minute our people came down the highway, and, between the two fires, the English again gave way. I heard, «Forward! We have 'em!» Some near me hesitated, and I saw Jack run by me crying, «The bayonet, men! After me!» I saw no more of Jack for many a day. We were in the wide market-place—a mob of furious men, blind with fog and smoke, stabbing, clubbing, striking, as

chance served. My great personal strength helped me well. Twice I cleared a space, until my musket broke. I fell twice, once with a hard crack on the head from the butt of a musket. As some English went over me, I stabbed at them madly, and got a bayonet thrust in my left arm. I was up in a moment, and for a little while, quite unarmed, was in the middle of a confused mass of men raging and swearing like maniacs. Suddenly there was no one to be seen near me; the noise of muskets, the roar of cannonry, red flashes in the fog in front—that was all, as I stood panting and dazed. Next I heard wild cries back of me, and the crash of musketry. Stephens's division, coming up behind us, began to fire, mistaking us, in the infernal darkness, for an enemy. Our people broke under it, and, passing me, ran, beaten; for the panic spread in the very moment of victory.

I turned, not understanding, stumbled over a dead man, and suddenly felt as if a stone had struck my left leg above the knee. I fell instantly, and for a time—I do not know how long—lost consciousness. It could have been but a few moments.

When I came to myself, I got up, confused and giddy, and began to walk, but with painful difficulty, stumbling over dead or wounded men. Our people were gone, and I saw no one for a little, till I heard the quick tramp of feet and saw through the fog the red line of a marching regiment almost upon me. I made an effort to fall to one side of the street, but dropped again, and once more knew nothing. I think they went over me. When evening came, I found myself lying with others on the sidewalk in front of the Wister house. How I was taken thither I know as little as any. I was stiff, sore, and bloody, but soon able to look about me. I found a bandage around my leg, and felt in no great pain unless I tried to move. Men in red coats came and went, but none heeded my cry for water, until an old servant-woman, who during the fight had refused to leave the house, brought me a drink. I knew her well. I tried to tell her who I was, but my parched tongue failed me, and a rough corporal bade her begone. My watch, a good silver one, was stolen, but my money-belt was safe.

Beside me were many other wounded, one man hideous with his jaw broken; he seemed to me dying. By and by soldiers fetched others. Then a detachment of Virginians went past, in their fringed skin shirts, prisoners, black with smoke, dirty and sullen. Surgeons' aids came and went in and out, and

soon the sidewalk was crowded with the wounded. At last they carried a dying general into the house. I asked his name, but no one answered me. It was the brigadier Agnew, now lying at rest in the lower burial-ground by Fisher's Lane.

An officer came and counted us like sheep. About nine a row of carts stopped,—country waggons seized for the purpose,—and, with small tenderness, we were told to get in, or at need lifted in. I was put, with eight others, in a great Conestoga wain without a cover. Soon a detachment of horse arrived, and thus guarded, we were carted away like logs.

The road was never good, but now it was full of holes and cut up by the wheels of artillery. I shall never forget the misery of that ride. I set my teeth and resolved to utter no groan. Before us and behind us were many loads of wounded men, chiefly such as seemed fit to travel. There were nine of us. One was dead before we reached town. As we jolted on, and the great wain rocked, I heard the crack of the drivers' whips, and far and near, in the darkness or near beside me, curses, prayers, mad screams of pain, or men imploring water.

When near to Nicetown came on a cold, heavy rain, which chilled us to shivering. I let my handkerchief get soaked, and sucked it. Then I wet it again—the rain a torrent—and gave it into the hand of him who was next me. He could not use his arm, nor could I turn to aid him, nor did he answer me.

At times we waited on the way, so that it was one in the morning when we found ourselves in Chestnut street in front of the State House. It was still dismally raining. We were told to get out, and with help I did so, a line of soldiers standing on each side, but no one else near, and it was too dark to see if any whom I knew were to be seen. When they pulled out the man next to me, his head fell, and it was clear that he was dead. He was laid on the sidewalk, and we were helped or made to crawl up-stairs to the long room in the second story.

Here some surgeons' mates came and saw to us quite patiently. Soldiers fetched bread and water. I asked a pleasant kind of youth, a surgeon's aid, to let my aunt know of my condition. He said he would, and, without the least doubt that he would keep his word, I managed to get into a position of partial ease, and, sure of early relief, lay awaiting the sleep which came at last when I was weary with listening to the groans of less patient men. The young surgeon never

troubled himself with the delivery of my message. May the Lord reward him!

XVIII.

THE mad screams of a man in an agony of pain awoke me on this Sunday, October 5, at daybreak. The room was a sorry sight. Some had died in the night, and were soon carried out for burial. I lay still, in no great pain, and reflected on the swift succession of events of the past week. I had had bad luck, but soon, of course, my aunt or father would know of my misfortune. As I waited for what might come, I tried to recall the events of the battle. I found it almost impossible to gather them into consecutive clearness, and often since I have wondered to hear men profess to deliver a lucid history of what went on in some desperate struggle of war. I do not believe it to be possible.

Being always of a sanguine turn of mind, I waited to see what next would happen. About five, after some scant diet, we were told to get up and go down-stairs. It was still dark because of the continuous rain and overcast skies. I refused to walk, and was lifted by two men and put in a waggon. A few early idlers were about the door to see us come out. I looked eagerly for a face I knew, but saw none. Our ride was short. We went down Sixth street, and drew up at the Walnut-street front of the prison, called, while the British held the town, the Provost. It was unfinished, a part being temporarily roofed over with boards. At the back was a large yard with high walls. Some, but not all, of the windows in the upper story had transverse slats to keep those within from seeing out. On the Sixth-street side were none of these guards, and here the windows overlooked the potter's field, which now we call Washington Square.

As I managed, with some rough help, to get up the steps, a few early-risen people paused to look on. Others came from the tumbledown houses on the north side of Walnut street, but again I was unfortunate, and saw none I knew.

My heart fell within me as I looked up at the gray stone walls and grated windows. The door soon closed behind a hundred of us, not a few being of the less severely wounded. Often in passing I had thought, with a boy's horror, of this gloomy place, and tried to imagine how I should feel in such a cage. I was to learn full well.

With fifteen others I was shut up in a room about twenty-two feet square, on the

Sixth-street side and in the second story. I was, but for a Virginia captain, the only wounded man among these, the rest being stout country fellows, ruddy and strong, except one lean little man, a clerk, as I learned later, and of the commissary department.

As I had again refused to walk up-stairs, I was carried, and not rudely laid down by two soldiers in a corner of the bare room, now to be for many a day our prison. The rest sat down here and there in dull silence, now and then looking at the door as if there hope was to be expected to enter. I called the Virginia captain, after an hour had gone by, and asked him to lift and ease my hurt leg. He was quick to help, and tender. In a few minutes we came to know each other, and thus began a friendly relation which has endured to this present time.

For a day or two soldiers were employed as turnkeys, but then a lot of rough fellows took their places, and we began to feel the change. I may say the like of our diet. For a week it was better than our pot-luck in camp. We had rye bread, coffee without sugar, and horribly tough beef; but within two weeks the diet fell to bread and water, with now and then salt or fresh beef, and potatoes or beans, but neither rum nor coffee. A surgeon dressed my wounds for a month, and then I saw him no more. He was a surly fellow, and would do for me nothing else, and was usually half intoxicated. The arm was soon well, but the leg wound got full of maggots when it was no longer cared for, and only when, in January, I pulled out a bit of bone did it heal.

Once a day, sometimes in the morning, more often in the afternoon, we were let out in the yard for an hour, watched by sentries, and these also we heard outside under our windows. Observing how quickly the big country louts lost flesh and colour, I set myself to seeing how I could keep my health. I talked with my unlucky fellow-prisoners, ate the food even when it was as vile as it soon became, and when in the yard walked up and down making acquaintances as soon as I was able, while most of the rest sat about moping. I felt sure that before long some one would hear of me and bring relief. None came.

The scoundrel in charge was a Captain Cunningham. He had risen from the ranks—a great, florid, burly, drunken brute, not less than sixty years old. This fellow no doubt sold our rations, for in December we once passed three days on rye bread and water, and of the former not much; one day we had no food.

He kicked and beat his victims at times when drunk, and when I proposed to him to make ten pounds by letting my aunt know where I was, he struck me with a heavy iron key he carried, and cut open my head, as a great scar testifies to this day.

In late December the cold became intense, and we were given a blanket apiece to cover us as we lay on the straw. We suffered the more from weather because it chanced that, in October, the frigate *Augusta* blew up in the harbour, and broke half the panes of glass. In December the snow came in on us, and was at times thick on the floor. Once or twice a week we had a little fire-wood, and contrived then to cook the beans, which were rarely brought us more than half boiled.

We did our best, the captain and I, to encourage our more unhappy companions, who, I think, felt more than we the horrors of this prisoned life. We told stories, got up games, and I induced the men to go a-fishing, as we called it; that is, to let down their ragged hats through the broken window-panes by cords torn from the edges of our blankets. Now and then the poor folks near by filled these nets with stale bread or potatoes; but one day, after long ill luck, a hat was of a sudden felt to be heavy, and was declared a mighty catch, and hauled up with care. When it was found to be full of stones, a strange misery appeared on the faces of these eager, half-starved wretches. The little clerk said, "We asked bread, and they gave us a stone," and of a sudden broke out into hideous exuberance of blasphemy, like one in a minute distraught. It was believed Cunningham had been he who was guilty of this cruel jest; but as to this I have no assurance. Our efforts to cultivate patience, and even gay endurance, by degrees gave way, as we became feeble in body, and the men too hungry to be comforted by a joke. At last the men ceased to laugh or smile, or even talk, and sat in corners close to one another for the saving of body warmth, silent and inert.

A stout butcher, of the Maryland line, went mad, and swore roundly that he was George the king. It was hard, indeed, to resist the sense of despair which seemed at last to possess all alike; for to starvation and cold were added such filth and vileness as men of decent habits felt more than those accustomed to be careless as to cleanliness.

The Virginian, one Richard Delaney, soon got over a slight hurt he had, and but for him I should not be alive to-day. The place swarmed with rats, and he and I set to work capturing them, filling their holes as they

came out at evening, and chasing them until we caught them. They kept well in the intense cold, and when we were given fire-wood we cooked and ate them greedily.

Meanwhile death was busy among the starving hundreds thus huddled together. We saw every day hasty burials in the potter's field. I wrote twice, with charred wood, on the half of a handkerchief, and threw it out of the window, but no good came of this; I suppose the sentries were too vigilant.

A turnkey took one of my guineas, promising to let my aunt hear of me. I saw him no more. As to Cunningham, he was either too drunk to care, or expected to make more out of our rations than by a bribe, and probably did not credit the wild promises of a ragged prisoner. At all events, no good came of our many efforts and devices, which were more numerous than I have patience to relate. From the beginning my mind was full of schemes for escaping, and these I confided to Delaney. They served, at least, to keep hope fat, as he said.

Early in December I began to have dysentery, and could eat no more, or rarely; but for Delaney I should have died. He told me, about this time, that the men meant to kill Cunningham and make a mad effort to overcome the guard and escape. It seemed to me the wildest folly, but they were grown quite desperate and resolute for something—all but the butcher, who sang obscene songs or doleful hymns, and sat dejected in a corner.

The day after I saw the little commissary clerk talking in the yard to Cunningham, and that evening this rascal appeared with two soldiers and carried off four of the dozen left in our room; for within a week several had died of the typhus, which now raged among us. The next morning the clerk was found dead, strangled in the night, as I believe, but by whom we never knew.

I got over the dysentery more speedily than was common, but it was quickly followed by a burning fever. For how long I know not I lay on the floor in the straw, miserably rolling from side to side. The last impression I recall was of my swearing wildly at Delaney because he would insist on putting under me his own blanket. Then I lost consciousness of my pain and unrest, and knew no more for many days. I came to a knowledge of myself to find Delaney again caring for me, and was of a sudden aware how delicious was the milk he was pouring down my throat. What else Delaney did for me I know not, except that he found and cared for my money, and bribed the turnkey with part of it to bring me milk

daily for some two weeks. But that we had hid the guineas for a while in the ashes of the fireplace, I should have lost this chance and have died; for one day Cunningham made us all strip, and searched us thoroughly.

About the end of January, Delaney, seeing me bettered and able to sit up a little, told me this strange story. While I was ill and unconscious, an officer had come to inspect the prison. Cunningham was very obsequious to this gentleman, and on Delaney's seizing the chance to complain, said it was a pack of lies, and how could he help the dysentery and typhus? All jails had them, even in England, which was too true.

"I went on," said Delaney, "to say that it was an outrage to confine officers and men together, and that Mr. Wynne and myself should be put on parole. The inspector seemed startled at this, and said, 'Who?' I had no mind to let a lie stand in your way, and I repeated, 'Captain Wynne,' pointing to you, who were raving and wild enough. He came over and stood just here, looking down on you for so long that I thought he must be sorry for us. Then he said, in a queer way, and very deliberately: 'Will he get well? He ought to be better looked after.' Cunningham said it was useless, because the surgeon had said you would be over yonder [pointing to the potter's field] in a day or two." Which, in fact, was his cheerful prediction. It was safe to say it of any who fell ill in the jail.

"This officer appeared puzzled or undecided. He went out and came back alone, and leaned over you, asking me to pull the blanket from your face. I did so, as he seemed afraid to touch it. As for you, my dear Wynne, you were saying, 'Dorothea,' over and over; but who is Dorothea the Lord knows, or you. The officer at last, after standing awhile, said it was a pity, but it was of no use; you would die. As for me, I told him that we were officers starving, and were entitled to better treatment. He said he would see to it; and that is all. He went away, and we are still here; but if ever—"

I broke in on Delaney's threat with, "Who was the man?"

"Cunningham consigned me to a more comfortable climate than this when I asked him, and the turnkey did not know."

"What did he look like?" said I.

"He was tall, very dark, and had a scar over the left eye."

"Indeed? Did he have a way of standing with half-shut eyes, and his mouth a little open?"

«Certainly. Why, Wynne, you must know the man.»

«I do—I do. He is my cousin.»

«I congratulate you.» And so saying, he went away to the door to receive our rations, of which now every one except ourselves stole whatever he could lay hands on.

It did seem to me, as I lay still, in much distress of body, and thought over that which I now heard for the first time, that no man could be so cruel as Arthur had shown himself. Time had gone by, and he had done nothing. If, as appeared likely, he was sure I was almost in the act of death, it seemed yet worse; for how could I, a dying man, hurt any one? If for any cause he feared me, here was an end of it. It seemed to me both stupid and villainous. He had warned me that I had everything to dread from his enmity if I persisted in writing to Darthea. Assuredly he had been as good as his word. He was unwilling to risk any worldly advantages by giving me a gentleman's satisfaction, and could coldly let me die far from the love of those dear to me, in not much better state than a pig perishing in a sty. Nay; the pig were better off, having known no better things.

I thought much as I lay there, having been near to death, and therefore seriously inclined, how impossible it must ever be for me to hate a man enough to do as Arthur had done. As the days went on, the hope which each week brought but hatched a new despair; and still I mended day by day, and for this there was a singular cause. I kept thinking of the hour when my cousin and I should meet; and as I fed this animal appetite I won fresh desire to live, the motive serving as a means toward health of body.

As to what had caused Arthur to lift no finger of help, I tried to think no more. If it were because of Darthea, why should he so fear me? I wished he had more reason. He must have learned later that I was still alive, and that I was, when he saw me, in no state to recognise him. It looked worse and worse as I thought about it, until at last Delaney, hearing me talk of nothing else, told me I would go mad like the butcher if I let myself dwell longer upon it. Thus wisely counselled, I set it aside.

It was now the beginning of February; I was greatly improved, and fast gaining strength, but had lost, as I guessed, nearly three stone. There were but six of us left, the butcher dying last on his rotten straw in awful anguish of terror and despair. Delaney and I consoled each other all this dreary winter, and we did all men could do for the

more unfortunate ones, whose sicknesses and deaths made this hell of distress almost unbearable.

The diet was at times better, and then again, as a drunkard's caprice willed, there might be no food for a day. If we were ourselves wretched and starved, we were at least a source of comfort and food to those minor beings to whom we furnished both board and bed.

I do not mean to tell over the often-heard story of a prison—what we did to while away the hours; how we taxed our memories until the reading, long forgotten, came back in morsels, and could be put together for new pleasure of it.

There was one little man who had been a broken-down clergyman, and had entered the army. His chief trouble was that he could get no rum, and of this he talked whenever we would listen. He had, like several sots I have known, a remarkable memory, and was thus a great resource to us, as he could repeat whole plays, and a wonderful amount of the Bible. As it was hard to arouse him, and get him to use his power to recall what he had read, in an evil hour we bribed him with some choice bits of our noble diet. After this the price would rise at times, and he became greedy. His mind gave way by degrees, but he still kept his memory, being also more and more eager to be paid for his power to interest or amuse us.

When at last he grew melancholy and sleepless, and walked about all night, it was a real addition to our many evils. He declared that he must soon die, and I heard him one night earnestly beseeching God, in language of great force and eloquence, to forgive him. In the morning he was dead, having strangled himself resolutely with a strip of blanket and a broken rung of a stool, with which he had twisted the cord. It must have taken such obstinate courage as no one could have believed him to possess. He had no capacity to attach men, and I do not think we grieved for him as much as for the loss of what was truly a library, and not to be replaced.

On the 3d of February I awakened with a fresh and happy thought in my mind. My good friend the late lamented Dr. Franklin used to say that in sleep the mind creates thoughts for the day to hatch. I am rather of opinion that sleep so feeds and rests the brain that when first we awaken our power to think is at its best. At all events, on that day I suddenly saw a way to let the sweet outside world know I was alive.

At first I used to think of a chaplain as a resource, but I never saw one. The surgeon came no more when I grew better. Being now able to move about a little, I had noticed in the yard at times, but only of late, a fat Romanist priest, who was allowed to bring soup or other diet to certain prisoners. I soon learned that, because Cunningham was of the Church of Rome, those who were of his own faith were favoured. Indeed, now and then a part of my lessening guineas obtained from these men a share of the supplies which the priest, and, I may add, certain gray-clad sisters, also brought; but this was rare.

That day in the yard I drew near to the priest, but saw Cunningham looking on, and so I waited with the patience of a prisoned man. It was quite two weeks before my chance came. The yard, being small, was literally full of half-clad, whole-starved men, who shivered and huddled together where the sunlight fell. Many reeled with weakness; most were thin past belief, their drawn skin the colour of a decayed lemon. From this sad crowd came a strange odour, like to cheese, and yet not like that. Even to remember it is most horrible. Passing near to a stout old Sister of Charity, I said quietly:

"I have friends who would help me. For God's love, see Miss Wynne in Arch street, across from the Meeting."

"I will do your errand," she said.

"Others have said so, sister, and have lied to me."

"I will do it," she said. "And if she is away?"

I thought of my father. He seemed my natural resource, but my cousin would be there. A final hope there was. I was foolish enough to say, "If she is not in town, then Miss Darthea Peniston, near by. If you fail me, I shall curse you while I live."

"I will not fail you. Why should you poor prisoners be so ill used? Trust me."

I turned away satisfied, remembering that when I left Darthea was about to return. If she came to know, that would be enough. I had faith in her friendship and in her; and, if ever I saw her again, should I tell her what now I knew of Arthur Wynne? I learned many lessons in this awful place, and among them caution. I would wait and see.

Both Delaney and I strongly desired an exchange, and not merely a parole. We imagined exchanges to be frequent. My own dilemma, Delaney pointed out, was that I was not in the army, although I had been of it. And so we speculated of things not yet come about, and what we would do when they did come.

The next day went by, and the morning after, it being now February 19, we were all in the yard. A turnkey came and bade me follow him. I went, as you may imagine, with an eager heart, on the way, as I hoped, out of this death in life. As I questioned the man, he said there was an order for a lady to see me.

Now at this time my hair was a foot long, and no way to shear it. We had taken the blankets of the dead, and made us coats by tearing holes through which to thrust our arms. Then, as we lacked for buttons, or string for points, we could do no more than wrap these strange gowns about us so as to cover our rags.

My costume troubled me little. I went to the foul-smelling room, now empty, and waited until the man came back. As he opened the door, I saw the good Sister of Charity in the hall, and then—who but Darthea? She was in a long cloak and great muff, and held in her hand a winter mask.

Seeing me in this blue blanket, all unshorn, and with what beard I had covering my face, when all men but Hessians shaved clean, I wonder not, I say, that, seeing this gaunt scarecrow, she fell back, saying there was some mistake.

I cried out, "Darthea! Darthea! Do not leave me. It is I! It is I, Hugh Wynne."

"My God!" she cried, "it is Hugh! It is! it is!" At this she caught my lean, yellow hand, and went on to say: "Why were we never told? Your Aunt Wynne is away. Since we thought you dead, she has ordered mourning, and is gone to her farm, and leaves the servants to feed those quartered on her. But you are not dead, thank God! thank God! I was but a day come from New York, and was at home when the dear old sister came and told me. I made her sit down while I called my aunt. Then Arthur came, and I told him. He was greatly shocked to hear it. He reminded me that some while before he had told me that he had seen a man who looked like you in the jail, and was about to die; and now could it—could it have been you? He is for duty at the forts to-day, but to-morrow he will get you a parole. He supposed a day made no matter; at all events, he must delay that long. I never saw him so troubled."

"Well he might be," thought I. I merely said, "Indeed?" But I must have looked my doubt, for she added quickly:

"Who could know you, Mr. Wynne?"

I stood all this while clutching at my blanket to cover my filth and rags, and she,

young and tender, now all tears, now flashing a smile in between, like the pretty lightning of this storm of gentle pity.

"And what fetched you here to this awful place?" I said. "God knows how welcome you are, but—"

"Oh," she cried, "when Arthur went, I said I would wait, but I could not. My aunt was in a rage, but I would go with the dear sister; and then I found Sir William, and Mr. Montresor was there; and you will be helped, and an end put to this wickedness. But the parole Arthur will ask for—that is better."

"Darthea," I said hoarsely, my voice breaking, "I have been here since early in October. I have been starved, frozen, maltreated a hundred ways, but I can never take a parole. My friend Delaney and I are agreed on this. As to exchanges, I have no rank, and I may be a year inactive. I will take my chance here." I think death had been preferable to a parole obtained for me by Arthur Wynne. No; I was not made of my father-rock to do this and then to want to kill the man. I could not do that. I put it on the parole. Delaney and I had agreed, and on this I stood firm.

She implored me to change my mind. "How obstinate you are!" she cried. "Do you never change? Oh, you are dreadfully changed! Do not die; you must not." She was strange in her excitement.

As for me, I thought to ask to have Delaney in, and to bid him tell that vile and wicked story; but it seemed no place nor time to hurt her who had so helped me, daring to do what few young women had ever dared even to think of. As I hesitated, I was struck with a thought which was like a physical pain. It put myself and the other wretched business quite out of my head.

"Oh, Darthea!" I cried, "you should never have come here. Go at once. Do not stay a minute. This is a house poisoned. Seven died of fever in this room. Write me what else is to say, but go; and let me have some plain clothes from home, and linen and a razor and scissors, and, above all," and I smiled, "soap. But go! go! Why were you let to come?"

"I will go when I have done. Why did I come? Because I am your friend, and this is the way I read friendship. Oh, I shall hear of it too. But let him take care; I would do it again. And as to the parole, he shall get it for you to-morrow, if you-like it or not. I will write to you, and the rest you shall have; and now good-by. I am to be at home for Mr. Montresor in a half-hour. This is but a bit of payment for the ugly little girl, who is very honest, sir, I do assure you."

"Do go," I cried. "And oh, Darthea, if this is your friendship, what would be your love!"

"Fie! fie! Hush!" she said, and was gone.

In two hours came a note, and I learned, for I had asked to hear of the war, that Washington was not dead. We had been told that he was. I heard, too, of Burgoyne's surrender, news now near to five months old, of Count Donop's defeat and death, of the fall of our forts on the Delaware, of Lord Cornwallis gone to England, of failures to effect exchanges. Then she went on to write: "Your father was, strange to say, roused out of a sort of lethargy by the news of your death. Jack managed to get a letter to your aunt to say you were missing, and Arthur had search made for you; but many nameless ones were buried in haste, and he could not find your name on the lists of prisoners." None had been made to my knowledge. "We all thought you dead. Your aunt is in mourning, but only of late, thinking it could not be that you were lost to her. It is well, as you do not like your cousin, that you should know how kind he has been, and what a comfort to your father. Indeed,—and now it will amuse you,—he told Arthur, you being dead, he had still a son, and would consider Arthur as his heir. All this ought to make you think better of Arthur, whom, I do believe, you have no reason to dislike. I beg of you to think otherwise of him; my friends must be his. And have I not proved I am a friend? I fear I cannot at once get news of you to Mistress Wynne, who has gone to live at the Hill Farm." And so, with other kind words, she ended, and I, putting the note in a safe place, sat on my straw, and laughed to think of Arthur's filial care and present disappointment.

In a few hours came the turnkey, quite captured by Darthea, and no doubt the richer for a good fee. He fetched a portmanteau just come, and an order to put me in a room alone. I left Delaney with sorrow, but hoped for some way to help him. In an hour I was clean for the first time in five months, neatly shaven, my hair somehow cut, and I in sweet linen and a good, plain gray suit, and a beaver to match. Then I sat down to think, the mere hope of escape making me weak, and what came of it you shall hear.

The next day I was ordered forth with a few others, and, luckily, late in the afternoon. I covered my fine clothes with the blanket, and went out. In the yard, just before our time was up, I saw the sister, to my delight, and perceived too, with joy, that the prison-

ers did not recognise me, decently shaven as I was. Only one thing held me back or made me doubt that I was now close to liberty: I was so feeble that at times I staggered in walking. I knew, however, that when my new clothes became familiar in the jail my chance of escape would be over. I must take the present opportunity, and trust to luck.

My scheme I had clearly thought out. I meant, when in the yard, to drop the blanket cover, and coolly follow the sister, trusting to my being taken, in my new garments, for a visitor. It was simple, and like enough to succeed if my strength held out.

It was now dusk, and a dark, overclouded day. A bell was rung, this being the signal for the gang of prisoners to go to their rooms. Falling back a little, I cast aside the blanket, and then following the rest, was at once in the hall, dimly lighted with lanterns. It was some eighty feet long. Here I kept behind the group, and went boldly after the stout sister. No one seemed disposed to suspect the well-dressed gentleman in gray. I went by the turnkey, keeping my face the other way. I was now some fifteen feet from the great barred outer door. The two sentries stepped back to let the sister go by. Meanwhile, the gate-keeper, with his back to me, was busy with his keys. He unlocked the door and pulled it open. A greater lantern hung over it. I was aghast to see the wretch Cunningham just about to enter. He was sure to detect me. I hesitated, but the lookout into space and liberty was enough for me. The beast fell back to let the sister pass out. I dashed by the guards, upset the good woman, and, just outside of the doorway, struck Cunningham in the face—a blow that had in it all the gathered hate of five months of brutal treatment. He fell back, stumbling on the broad upper step. I caught him a second full in the neck, as I followed. With an oath, he rolled back down the high steps, as I, leaping over him, ran across Walnut street. One of the outside guards fired wildly, but might as well have killed some passer-by as me.

Opposite were the low houses afterward removed to enlarge Independence Square. I darted through the open door of a cobbler's shop, and out at the back into a small yard, and over palings into the open space. It was quite dark, as the day was overcast. I ran behind the houses to Fifth street. Here I jumped down the raised bank and turned northward.

Beside me was a mechanic going home with his lantern, which, by military law, all had to carry after fall of night. He looked

at me as if in doubt, and I took my chance, saying: "Take no notice. I am a prisoner run away from the jail."

"I'm your man," he said. "Take the lantern, and walk with me. I hear those devils." And indeed there was a great noise on Walnut street and in the square. Men were dimly seen running to and fro, and seizing any who had no lanterns.

We went on to Chestnut street, and down to Second. I asked him here to go to Dock Creek with me.

At my own home I offered him my last guinea, but he said no. I then told him my name, and desired he would some day, in better times, seek me out. And so the honest fellow left me. Many a year after he did come to me in debt and trouble, and, you may be sure, was set at ease for the rest of his life.

Looking up, I saw light in the window, and within I could see Arthur and three other officers. The liquors and decanters were on a table, with bread and cheese, plain to be seen by hungry eyes. My father's bulky form was in his big Penn arm-chair, his head fallen forward. He was sound asleep. Colonel Tarleton had his feet on a low stool my mother used for her basket of sewing-material and the stockings she was so constantly darning. Harcourt and Colonel O'Hara were matching pennies, and my cousin was standing by the fire, speaking now and then, a glass in his hand.

The dog asleep in the stable was no more considered than was my poor father by these insolent guests. An almost overmastering rage possessed me as I gazed through the panes; for no one had closed the shutters as was usually done at nightfall. I was hungry, cold, and weak, and these—I turned away, and went down the bank of Dock Creek to the boat-house. It was locked, and this made it likely my boat had escaped the strict search made by the British. No one being in sight, I went around the house to the stable at the farther end of the garden. As I came near I smelt the smoke of our old Tom's pipe, and then seeing him, I called softly, "Tom! Tom!"

He jumped up, crying, "Save us, Master Hugh!" and started to run. In a moment I had him by the arm, and quickly made him understand that I was alive, and needed food and help. As soon as he was recovered from his fright, he fetched me milk, bread, and a bottle of Hollands. After a greedy meal, he carried to the boat, at my order, the rest of the pint of spirits, oars, paddle, and boat-key. On the way it occurred to me to ask for

Lucy. She had been seized by the Hessian Von Heiser, and was in my aunt's stable. I had not asked about the mare without a purpose; I was in a state of intense mental clearness, with all my wits in order. In the few minutes that followed I told Tom not to let any one know of my coming, and then, pushing off, I dropped quietly down the creek.

It was cold and very dark, and there was some ice afloat in small masses, amidst which my boat, turning with no guidance, moved on the full of the ebb tide toward the great river. For about two hundred yards I drifted, lying flat on my back. At the outlet of the creek was a sudden turn where the current almost fetched me ashore on the south bank. There from the slip nearly overhead, as the boat whirled around, I heard a sentinel call out, "Stop there, or I fire!" I remained motionless, feeling sure that he would not risk an alarm by reason of a skiff gone adrift. As he called again the boat slewed around, and shot, stern first, far out into the great flood of the Delaware. Never had it seemed to me a dearer friend. I was free. Cautiously using the paddle without rising, I was soon in mid-river. Then I sat up, and, taking a great drink of the gin, I rowed up-stream in the darkness, finding less ice than I had thought probable.

My plan now was to pull up to Burlington or Bristol; but I soon found the ice in greater masses, and I began to be puzzled. I turned toward Jersey, and hither and thither, and in a few minutes came upon fields of moving ice. It was clear that I must land in the city, and take my chance of getting past the line of sentries. I pulled cautiously in at Arch street, and saw a sloop lying at a slip. Lying down, I used the paddle until at her side. Hearing no sound, I climbed up over her low rail, and made fast the boat. I could see that no one was on deck. A lighted lantern hung from a rope near the bow. I took it down, and boldly stepped on the slip. A sentry, seeing me come, said, "A cold night, captain." "Very," I rejoined, and went on up the slope. Chance had favoured me. In a few minutes I saw my aunt's house, shut up, but with a light over the transom of the hall door. I passed on, went up to Third street, around to the back of the premises, and over the palings into the long garden behind the dwelling. As I stood reflecting I heard Lucy neigh, and no voice of friend could have been sweeter. I smiled to think that I was a man in the position of a thief, but with a right to take whatsoever I might need. I began to suspect, too,

that no one was in the house. Moving toward it with care, I found all the back doors open, or at least not fastened. A fire burned on the kitchen hearth, and, first making sure of the absence of the servants, I shot the bolt of the hall door, fastened the pin-bolts of the windows which looked on the front street, and went back to the kitchen with one overruling desire to be well warmed. I had been cold for four months. Making a roaring fire, I roasted myself for half an hour, turning like a duck on a spit. Heat and good bread and coffee I craved most. I found here enough of all, but no liquors; the gin I had finished, a good pint, and never felt it. Still feeling my weakness, and aware that I needed all my strength, I stayed yet a minute, deep in thought, and reluctant to leave the comfort of the hearth. At last I took a lantern and went up-stairs. The china gods and beasts were all put away, the silver tankards and plate removed, the rugs gone. My good Whig aunt had done her best to make her despotic boarders no more comfortable than she could help. All was neglect, dust, and dirt; pipes and empty bottles lay about, and a smell of stale tobacco smoke was in the air. Poor Aunt Gainor!

Up-stairs the general had moved into the room sacred to her spinster slumbers. The servants had taken holiday, it seemed, and the officers appeared to have been indifferent, or absent all day; for this room was in a vile condition, with even the bed not yet made up, and the curtains torn. In this and the front chamber, used commonly as my aunt's own sitting-room, was a strange litter of maps, papers, and equipments, two swords, a brace of inlaid pistols, brass-plated, two Hessian hats, the trappings of a Brunswick chasseur, and a long military cloak with a gold-braided regimental number under a large crown on each shoulder. A sense of amusement stole over me, although I was so tired I could have fallen with fatigue. I was feeling my weakness, and suffering from what even to a man in health would have been great exertion. A full flask of rum lay on the table; I put it in my pocket, leaving the silver cover. Next I put on the long cloak, a tall Anhalter helmet, and a straight, gold-mounted sword. The pistols I took also, loading and priming them, and leaving only the box where they had lain.

It was now almost ten, and I could not hope to be long left in easy possession. Then I turned to the table. Much of the confused mass of papers was in German. I put in my pocket a beautifully drawn map of our own lines at Valley Forge. It may now be in Mr.

Alexander Hamilton's house, as I gave it to that gentleman.

A small pipe—I think the Germans call *meerschau*—I could not despise, nor a great bundle of tobacco, which I thrust into the inside pouch of the cloak.

Last I saw a sealed letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Ernst Ludwig Wilhelm von Specht, also one to Colonel Montresor. These were much to my purpose. Finally, as I heard the great clock on the stairway strike ten, I scribbled on a sheet of paper under Von Knyphausen's arms, «Captain Allan McLane presents his compliments to General von Knyphausen, and hopes he will do Captain McLane the honour to return his visit.—February 20, 1778, 10 P.M.»

I laughed as I went down-stairs, in that mood of merriment which was my one sign of excitement at the near approach of peril. A pause at the grateful fire, and a moment later I was saddling Lucy, looking well to girth and bit, and last buckling on the spurs of a Hessian officer.

In a few minutes I was trotting up Fifth street. I knew only that the two extended lines had been drawn in close to the city, after the sharp lesson at Germantown; but I did not know how complete were the forts and abatis crossing from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, to the north of Callowhill street. I meant to pass the lines somewhere, trusting to the legs of Lucy, who well understood the change of riders, and seemed in excellent condition.

I turned off into the fields to the westward at Vine street, riding carefully; and soon, as I moved to north, saw that fences, fruit-trees, and the scattered remnant of the wood were gone. Stumbling through mud and over stumps, I began to see before me one of Montresor's blockhouses, and presently, for now the night was far too clear, the forms of sentries on top. Dismounting, I moved aside a hundred yards, so that I passed unseen between two of these forts. But a good piece to the north of them I came on a strong stockade, and saw beyond it a hazy mass of what I took to be a monster tangle of dead trees, well fitted to delay a storming-party. Then I remembered my ride with Montresor. I was caught. I stood still in the night, wondering what to do; behind me the hum and glow of the city, before me freedom and darkness.

A man thinks quickly in an hour like that. I mounted, feeling the lift of my weak body an exertion, and rode back into Vine, and so to Front street. A hundred yards before me was a great camp-fire, to left of where the

road to Germantown diverges. I saw figures about it passing to and fro. I felt for my pistols in the holsters of the saddle, and cocked the one on my right, loosened the long, straight Hessian blade, and took the two letters in my bridle-hand.

As I rode up I saw, for the fire was brightly blazing, that there were tents, pickets to left and right, men afoot, and horses not saddled. A sergeant came out into the road. «Halt!» he cried. In broken English I said I had a letter for Colonel Montresor, to be given in the morning when he would be out to inspect the lines, and one for Lieutenant-Colonel von Specht. The man took the letters. I meant to turn back, wheel, and go by at speed; but by evil luck a wind from the north blew open my cloak, and in the brilliant firelight he saw my gray clothes.

«Holloa!» he cried. «What 's the word? You are not in uniform. Get off!» So saying, he caught the rein he had dropped, a man or two running toward us as he spoke.

If I could, I would have spared the man; but it was his life or mine; I knew that. I fired square at his chest, the mare reared, the man fell with a cry. I let Lucy have both spurs. She leaped as a deer leaps, catching a fellow in the chest with her shoulder, and was off like a crazy thing. I looked ahead; the way was clear. A glance back showed me the road full of men. I heard shouts, orders, shot after shot. I was soon far beyond danger, and going at racing speed through the night; but I had scared up a pleasant hornets' nest. The last picket was a quarter of a mile ahead, perhaps. I pulled up, and with difficulty made the mare walk. There were fires on both sides, and a lot of alert soldiers out in the road. I turned off into the fields behind a farm-house, glad of the absence of fences. The next moment I felt the mare gather herself with the half-pause every horseman knows so well. She had taken a ditch, and prettily too.

Keeping off the highway, but in line with it, I went on slowly, leaning over in the saddle. After a mile, and much stumbling about, I ceased to hear noises back of me, and turned, approaching the road I had left. No one was in sight. Why I was not followed by the horse I know not. I wrapped my cloak about me, and rode on up the deserted highway. I was free, and on neutral ground. All I had to fear was an encounter with one of the foraging parties which kept the country around in constant terror. I met no one. The sole unpleasant thought which haunted

my cold night ride was the face of the poor devil I had shot. I put it aside. Prison life had at least taught me the habit of dismissing the torment of vain reflection on an irreparable past.

I went by the old burying-ground of Germantown, and the rare houses, going slowly on account of the road, which was full of deep holes, and so through the market-place where we made our last charge.

At last I breasted the slippery rise of Chestnut Hill, and throwing my cloak over the mare, that I had taught to stand, went up to the door of my Aunt Gainor's house.

I knocked long before I was heard. A window was opened above me, and a voice I loved called out to know what I wanted. I replied, «It is I, Hugh. Be quick!» A moment later I was in her dear old arms, the servants were called up, and my faithful Lucy was cared for. Then I fell on a settle, at the limit of my strength. I was put to bed, and glad I was to stay there for two days, and not even talk. Indeed, what with good diet and milk and spirits and clean sheets, I slept as I had not done for many a night.

As soon as I was up and fit to converse, I was made to tell my story over and over. Meanwhile my aunt was desperately afraid lest we should be visited, as was not rare, by foragers or Tory partisans. I must go, and at once. Even war was to be preferred to this anxiety. But before I went she must tell me what she thought of this strange business of my cousin. I had been wise not to tell Darthea. A rascal like Arthur would trip himself up soon or late. Then she fell to thinking, and, bidding me cease for a little, sat with her head in her large hands, having her elbows on the table.

«Hugh,» she said at last, «he must have more cause to be jealous than we know. He has still more now. Is it only the woman? Can it be anything about the estate in Wales? It must be; you remember how he lied to us about it; but what is it?»

«He thinks I regret the loss of Wyncote, and that I would like to have it. I am afraid I found it pleasant to say so, seeing that it annoyed him.»

«I wish he may have some such cause to hate you, and no other. But why? Your grandfather made a legal conveyance of an unentailed property, got some ready money,—how much I never knew,—and came away. How can you interfere with Arthur? The Wynnes, I have heard, have Welsh memories for an insult. You struck him once.»

«The blow!» and I smiled. «Yes; the

woman! Pray God it be that. The estate—he is welcome to it. I hardly think a Welsh home would bribe me to leave my own country. But I do not see, aunt, why you so often talk as if Wyncote were ours, and stolen from us. I do not want it, and why should I?»

«Is not that unreasonable, Hugh?» she returned, with more quietness in the way of reply than was usual when she was arguing. «You are young now. The anger between England and ourselves makes all things in Great Britain seem hateful to you, to me, to all honest colonials; but this will not last. Peace will come one day or another, and when it does, to be Wynne of Wyncote—»

«Good gracious, Aunt Gainor! let us set this aside. Arthur Wynne's lies have stirred us all to think there must be some reason for such a keen desire to mislead me, you, and my father—above all, my father. But it is my father's business, not mine; nor, if I may be excused, is it yours.»

«That is true, or would be if your father were well or interested. He is neither—neither; and there is something in the matter. I shall ask my brother.»

«You have done that before.»

«I have, but I got nothing. Now he is in such a state that he may be more free of speech. I think he could be got to tell me what neither he nor my own father liked to speak of.»

Upon this, I told my aunt that I did trust she would not take advantage of my father's weak mind to get that which, when of wholesome wits, he had seen fit to conceal. I did not like it.

«Nonsense!» she cried, «nonsense! If you could have the old home—»

«But how can I? It is like promising fairy gold, and I don't want it. I should like to go there once and see it and my cousins, and come home to this country.»

I was, in fact, weary of the thing, and my aunt would have talked it over all day. She could not see why I was so set in my mind. She kept urging that something would turn up about it, and we should have to act; then I would change my mind. I hardly knew why that which once had been a delightful and mysterious bait now lured me not at all. What with the great war, and my own maturity, and Darthea, Wyncote had shrunken out of the world of my desires. It was too dreamy a bribe for one of my turn of mind. I would have given half Wales for an hour alone with Arthur Wynne.

Then through my meditations I heard, «Well, mark my word, Master Absolute;

there is some flaw in their title, and—and soon or late—»

«Oh, please, aunt—»

«Well, do not make up your mind. I am afraid of you when you make up your mind. You are—as set in your ways as your father. Do you remember what Nicholas Waln said of him: 'When John Wynne puts down his foot, thou hast got to dig it up to move him'?»

She was right; nor did I defend myself. I laughed, but was sad too, thinking of my poor old father, whom I could not see, and of how far he was now from being what his friend had described.

I said as much. My aunt replied, «Yes, it is too true; but I think he is less unhappy, and so thinks Dr. Rush.»

After this our talk drifted away, and my aunt would once more hear of my note in McLane's name left for the Hessian general. «I hope yet to ask him of it,» she cried, «and that dear Mr. André—I can see his face. It is the French blood makes him so gentle. Catch him for me in the war. I should like to have him on parole for a six-month.» And at this she laughed, and heartily, as she did most things.

When this talk occurred we were in a great front room in the second story. There was a deep bow-window to westward, and here my aunt liked to be at set of sun, and to look over what seemed to be a boundless forest; for the many scattered farms were hid away in their woodland shelters, so that from this vantage of height it looked as though the country beyond might be one great solitude. Nearer were well-tilled farms, on which the snow still lay in melting drifts.

As we sat, I was smoking the first tobacco I had had since I left the jail. This habit I learned long before, and after once falling a captive to that consoler and counsellor, the pipe, I never gave it up. It is like others of the good gifts of God: when abused it loses its use, which seems a silly phrase, but does really mean more than it says. Jack hath somewhere writ that words have souls, and are always more than they look or say. I could wish mine to be so taken. And as to tobacco and good rum, Jack said—but I forget what it was—something neat and pretty and honest, that took a good grip of you. The tricks an old fellow's memory plays him are queer enough. I often recall the time and place of something clever a friend hath said long ago, but when I try to get it back, I have but a sense of its pleasantness, as of a flavour left in the mouth, while all the wise words of

his saying are quite forgot. Dr. Rush thinks that we are often happy or morose without apparent cause, when the mind is but recalling the influence of some former joy or grief, but not that which created either. The great doctor had many hard sayings, and this was one.

As I sat reflecting, I felt a sudden consciousness of the pleasure my tobacco gave, and then of how delightful it was to be, as it were, growing younger day by day, and of how, with return of strength, came a certain keenness of the senses as to odours, and as to what I ate or drank. It seemed to me a kind of reward for suffering endured with patience.

My Aunt Gainor sat watching me with the pleasure good women have over one too weak to resist being coddled. When I had come to this happy condition of wanting a pipe, as I had jolted out of my pouch the tobacco I stole, she went off and brought the good weed out of the barn, where she had saved her last crop under what scant hay the Hessian foragers left her. I must smoke in her own library, a thing unheard of before; she loved to smell a good tobacco.

«Oh, Aunt Gainor!»

«But Jack!» she said. She did not like to see Jack with a pipe. He looked too like a nice girl, with his fair skin and his yellow hair.

I smoked on in mighty peace of mind, and soon she began again, being rarely long silent, «I hope you and your cousin will never meet, Hugh.»

The suddenness of this overcame me, and I felt myself flush.

«Ah!» she said, «I knew it. There is little love lost between you.»

«There are things a man cannot forgive.»

«Then may the good God keep you apart, my son.»

«I trust not,» said I. «I can forgive an insult, even if I am Welsh and a Wynne; but oh, Aunt Gainor, those added weeks of misery, foulness, filth, and pain I owe to this man! I will kill him as I would kill any other vermin.» Then I was ashamed, for to say such things before women was not my way.

«I could kill him myself,» said my aunt, savagely. «And now do have some more of this nice, good gruel,» which set me to laughing.

«Let him go,» said I, «and the gruel too.»

«And that is what you must do, sir. You must go. I am all day in terror.»

And still I stayed on, pretty easy in mind; for my aunt had set a fellow on watch at

Mount Airy, to let us know if any parties appeared, and we kept Lucy saddled. I sorely needed this rest and to be fed; for I was a mere shadow of my big self when I alighted at her door on that memorable 20th of February.

The day before I left this delightful haven between jail and camp, came one of my aunt's women slaves with a letter she had brought from the city, and this was what it said:

«DEAR MISTRESS WYNNE: At last I am honoured with the permission to write and tell you that Mr. Hugh Wynne is alive. It was cruel that the general would not earlier grant me so small a favour as to pass an open letter; but Arthur found much difficulty, by reason, I fear, of your well-known opinions. He was on the way to the jail when he heard of Mr. Hugh Wynne's having escaped, after dreadfully injuring the poor man who took such good care of him all winter. How it came that he lay five months in this vile abode neither Arthur nor I can imagine, nor yet how he got out of the town.

«Arthur tells me that insolent rebel Allan McLane broke into your house and stole the beautiful sword the Elector of Hesse gave to General von Knyphausen, and what more he took the Lord knows. Also he left an impudent letter. The general will hang him whenever he catches him; but there is a proverb: perhaps it is sometimes the fish that is the better fisherman.

«I have a queer suspicion as to this matter, and as to the mare Lucy being stolen. I am so glad it is I that have the joy to tell you of Mr. Hugh Wynne's safety; and until he returns my visit, and forever after, I am, madam,

«Your devoted, humble servant,

«DARTHEA.

«To Mad^m Wynne,
«At the Hill Farm,
«Chestnut Hill.»

My aunt said it was sweet and thoughtful of Darthea, and we had a fine laugh over the burglary of that bad man McLane. The woman went back with two notes stitched into the lining of her gown; one was from my aunt, and one I wrote; and to this day Darthea alone knows what it said. God bless her!

It was March 20 of '78 before I felt myself fully able to set out for camp. I had run no great risk. The country had been ravaged till it was hard to find a pig or a cow. Farmers were on small rations, and the foragers had quit looking for what did not

exist. One dull morning I had the mare saddled, and got ready to leave. It was of a Friday I went away; my aunt as unwilling to have me set out as she had been eager to have me go the day before. My Quaker training left me clear of all such nonsense, and, kissing the dear lady, I left her in tears by the roadside.

XIX.

It is a good eighteen-mile ride to Valley Forge over the crooked Perkiomen road, which was none the better for the breaking up of the frost. I rode along with a light heart, but I was watchful, being so used to disastrous adventures. Happily, I met with no difficulties.

A few miles from the bridge General Washington had built, I fell in with a party of horse. The officer in command seemed at first suspicious, but at last sent me on with two troopers. On the last Sunday of the month Friends were persistently in the habit of flocking into the city to General Meeting. They were not unwelcome, for they were apt to carry news of us, and neither we nor the enemy regarded them as neutrals. Our commander-in-chief, in an order of this day, declared «that the plans settled at these meetings are of the most pernicious tendency,» and on this account directed General Lacy «that the parties of light horse be so disposed as to fall in with these people.»

It was one of these parties of horse I had encountered. The officer sent me on with a guard, and thus, in the company of two troopers, I rode through a fairly wooded country to the much-worn road leading down to the river. Here my guards left me with the picket at the bridge. It was a half-hour before the officer here stationed was satisfied, and meanwhile I stared across the Schuylkill at the precipitous bluffs, and wondered where lay the army which had passed the winter back of them. A few men along the far shore, and on the hill beyond a little redoubt, were all the signs of life or of war and its precautions. The bridge, over which presently I rode, was of army waggons weighted with stone, and on top rails with rude scantling. On the high posts driven into the riverbed for stay of the bridge were burned the names of the favourite generals. Once over, I walked Lucy up a cleft in the shore cliff, and came out on the huts of General Varnum's brigade. The little world of an army came in view. I was on the first rise from the stream, a mile and a half to the south of the Valley Creek. To westward the land fell

a little, and then rose to the higher slope of Mount Hope. To north the land again dropped, and rose beyond to the deep gulch of the Valley Creek. On its farther side the fires of a picket on Mount Misery were seen. Everywhere were regular rows of log huts, and on the first decline of every hill slope intrenchments, ditches, redoubts, and artillery. Far beyond, this group of hills fell gradually to the rolling plain. A mile away were the long outlying lines of Wayne, and the good fellows with whom I had charged at Germantown.

Everywhere the forests were gone. Innumerable camp-fires and a city of log huts told for what uses they had fallen. On the uplands about me ragged men were drilling; far away I heard the cavalry bugles. A certain sense of elation and gaiety came over me. It lasted no long time, as I rode Lucy over the limestone hillocks and down to the lesser valley, which far away fell into the greater vale of Chester.

The worst of the winter's trials were over, and yet I was horror-struck at the misery and rags of these poor fellows. No wonder men deserted, and officers were resigning in scores, desperate under the appeals of helpless wife and family in far-away homes. It was no better on the upland beyond. Everywhere were rude huts in rows, woeful-looking men at drill, dejected sentries, gaunt, hungry, ill clothed, with here and there a better-dressed officer to make the rest look all the worse.

I thought of the grenadier British troops, fat and strong, in the city I had fled from, and marvelled to think of what kept them from sweeping this squalid mob away, as a housewife switches out the summer flies. Full of thought, I rode a mile through the melting drifts of snow, and came on Wayne's brigade, which held the lines looking in this direction.

I was long about it; but at last a man pointed out a hut, and I went in. «Holloa, Jack!» I cried.

«Hugh! Hugh! Where on earth are you from?» And he flushed as he used to do, and gave me a great bear-hug, saying, «And you are not dead! not dead! Thank God! thank God!»

Thus again we met, to my unspeakable joy. He was about as lean as I had been, but on the whole, thanks to his florid skin, looked well, or better than the best of that half-fed army. How we talked, how we poured out our news that cold March afternoon, I shall not take space to tell; nor his great wonder at seeing me after all had believed me dead.

After supper came a half-dozen officers, and I heard all the camp gossip, and was made heartily welcome. Everything was on the mend, they said. Steuben was drilling the men; Greene was the new and efficient quartermaster-general. Supplies were pouring in. Mrs. Washington and Lady Stirling had come. The French were sure to make a treaty with us. As to food, there had been bad days; and I learned then, for the first time, of the full horrors of the winter camp at the forge in the valley. There was still enough wretchedness to show how far worse must have been the pitiable condition of the army during that winter of '77-'78. I passed the next day at rest with Jack. I had had enough of the volunteer business, and determined, to Jack's regret, to take service with the horse. I was still unfit to march, and it seemed to me wise for this reason to stick to Lucy's good legs, at least until my own were in better order.

I think Jack felt that he was under some necessity to take care of me, or from that affection he has ever shown desired to keep me near him. He only hoped I would not incline to join McLane's troop, and when I asked why, declaring that to be my utmost desire, he said it was a service of needless peril. Upon this I laughed so that the hut shook, and poor Jack became quite disconcerted, and fell to making a variety of excuses. It is of this he says:

«Hugh is come from death, and there is more to live for. For me, that am often unready and weak, there is again his ever just helpfulness. He is but a shadow of himself, and I cannot wonder that he is so bitter against the enemy, or that he desires, less on account of his bodily feebleness than from a wish to revenge his cruel treatment, to serve with the horse. They are never more quiet than gadflies. It is dangerous duty, and should it cost this dear life, how shall I ever face Mistress Wynne?»

I myself had but one thought in my own mind this Sunday in March, as I rode through the east wind. It is my way, and always was, to have but a single idea in mind, and to go straight to my object the nearest way. He was right in his belief that it was my burning wish to pay the debts of my poor abused body. I knew not when we should move, and the dislike of tiresome drills under Steuben, with a restless, perhaps a wholesome, instinct to lead a more active life, conspired to make my hatred seem reasonable.

I could see, as I rode along through the cantonment and the long lines of huts, how



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

IN THE PRISON.
(SEE PAGE 22.)

well chosen was the valley camp. The Schuylkill, flowing from the Blue Hills, turned here to eastward, the current was deep, the banks were high and precipitous. To the west, in a deep gorge, the Valley Creek protected the camp. Running down from Mount Joy, a broad spur turned northward to the Schuylkill. Between this ridge and the river lay an angular table-land, falling to the valley beyond. Along this ridge, and high on Mount Joy, were the intrenchments laid out by Du Portail, and within them were the camps of rare tents and the rows of wooden huts.

Riding north amid the stumps and the lessening drifts of snow, past the dark huts, and the files of ragged men in line for morning service, I came down to the angle between the Valley Creek and the Schuylkill. The river was full, and ran a gray-brown flood. Where the trampled slope rose from the creek I came upon a small but solid house, built of gray and ruddy sandstones, a quaint, shell-curved penthouse above the open doorway. Here were horses held by orderlies, the blue and white of French uniforms, buff-and-blue officers, and the guard of fifty light horse on a side road in the saddle, facing the house. I knew I had found the headquarters. Looking about, I saw, to my joy, Mr. Hamilton talking with some of our allies. I rode up, and as they turned, I said, "I am Mr. Hugh Wynne, Captain Hamilton."

"Good heavens, sir! You are not dead then, after all!"

"No," I said, laughing; "I am alive, thank you. I have been in prison for months, and I am come now to ask for that commission in the light horse about which I must beg you to remind his Excellency."

"No wonder," said he, "I did not recognise you. We are now going to morning service. I will see to it at once. We thought you dead. Indeed, his Excellency wrote to Mistress Wynne of you. The general has full powers at last, and you are sure of your commission. Now I must leave you."

A few more needed words were said, and I drew aside to see the staff ride away. In a few minutes the young aide came back.

"You may join McLane at once. You will have an acting commission until a more formal one reaches you. I suppose you have no news?"

"None," I said, "except of how a British jail looks."

"His Excellency desires your company at dinner to-day at six."

I said I had no uniform.

"Look at mine," he cried, laughing. "I

have only one suit, and the rest are hardly better off."

I drew back and waited. In a few minutes the general came out, and mounting, sat still until all of the staff were in the saddle.

He had changed greatly from the fresh, clear-skinned country gentleman I saw first in Philadelphia. His face was more grave, his very ruddy skin less clear and more bronzed. I observed that his eyes were deep set, light blue in colour, and of unusual size; his nose was rather heavy and large; the mouth resolute and firm, with full lips. His general expression was sedate and tranquil. In full, neat buff and blue, his hair powdered, the queue carefully tied, he sat very erect in the saddle, and looked to be a good horseman.

This is all I remember at that time of this high-minded gentleman. I heard much of him then and later; and as what I heard or saw varies a good deal from the idea now held of him, I shall not refrain from saying how he seemed to us, who saw him in camp and field, or in the hour of rare leisure. But I shall do better, perhaps, just now to let my friend say what he seemed to be to his more observant and reflective mind. It was writ long after.

"Ablar pens than mine," says Jack, "have put on record the sorrowful glory of that dreadful camp-ground by Valley Forge. It is strongly characterized in those beseeching letters and despatches of the almost heart-broken man who poured out his grief in language which even to-day no man can read unmoved. To us he showed only a gravely tranquil face, which had in it something which reassured those starving and naked ones. Most wonderful is it, as I read what he wrote to inefficient, blundering men, to see how calmly he states our pitiful case, how entirely he controls a nature violent and passionate beyond that of most men. He was scarcely in the saddle as commander before the body which set him there was filled with dissatisfaction."

"I think it well that we know so little of what went on within the walls of Congress. The silence of history has been friendly to many reputations. There need be no silence as to this man, nor any concealment, and there has been much. I would have men see him as we saw him in his anger, when no language was too strong; in his hour of serene kindness, when Hamilton, the aide of twenty, was (my boy); in this starving camp, with naked men shivering all night in their blankets by the fires, when (he pitied those miseries he could neither relieve nor

prevent.) Am I displeased to think that although he laughed rarely he liked Colonel Scammel's strong stories, and would be amused by a song such as no woman should hear?

«This serene, inflexible, decisive man, bidding his hour, could be then the venturesome soldier, willing to put every fortune on a chance, risking himself with a courage that alarmed men for his life. Does any but a fool think that he could have been all these things and not have had in him the wild blood of passion? He had a love for fine clothes and show. He was, I fear, at times extravagant, and, as I have heard, could not pay his doctor's bill, and would postpone that, and send him a horse and a little money to educate his godson, the good doctor's son. As to some of his letters, they contained jests not gross, but not quite fit for grave seigniors not *virginibus puerisque*. There is one to Lafayette I have been shown by the marquis. It is most amusing, but—oh, fie! Was he religious? I do not know. Men say so. He

(To be continued.)

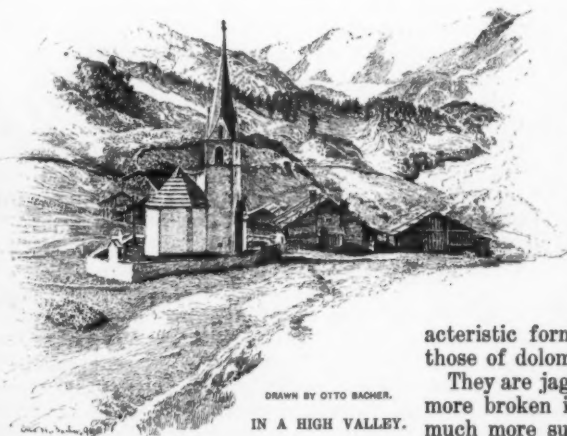
might have been, and yet have had his hours of ungoverned rage, or of other forms of human weakness. Like a friend of mine, he was not given to speech concerning his creed.»

My Jack was right. Our general's worst foes were men who loved their country, but who knew not to comprehend this man. I well remember how I used to stop at the camp-fires and hear the men talk of him. Here was no lack of sturdy sense. The notion of Adams and Rush of appointing new major-generals every year much amused them, and the sharp logic of cold and empty bellies did not move them from the belief that their chief was the right man. How was it they could judge so well and these others so ill?

He had no tricks of the demagogue. He coveted no popularity. He knew not to seek favour by going freely among the men. The democratic feeling in our army was intense, and yet this reserved aristocrat had to the end the love and confidence of every soldier in the ranks.

S. Weir Mitchell.

BICYCLING THROUGH THE DOLOMITES.



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER.
IN A HIGH VALLEY.

THE Dolomites constitute the best-known and in many ways the most interesting mountain region of Austrian and Italian Tyrol. They occupy comparatively little of its area. They are not all dolomitic; that is, they have a greatly varying proportion of the carbonate of lime and magnesia in their com-

position. For instance, one of the most conspicuous of them all, Monte Tofana, at Cortina, is dolomitic only at its top. The name has come to be applied popularly more to the form than to the substance; and some of the more purely limestone peaks of the region have taken on, under the peculiar geological influence that gave these mountains their char-

acteristic form, much the same shape as those of dolomitic constitution.

They are jagged, sharp, bare crests, much more broken in outline than is usual, and much more subject to deterioration under the action of rain and frost. Dr. Alexander Robertson¹ has given a very good account of the peculiarity of the pure dolomitic mountains. He says: «The mountains look as if powdered with some substance less hard and cold than freshly fallen snow. It is as

¹ «Through the Dolomites from Venice to Toblach.» London, George Allen, 1896.



DRAWN BY
MALCOLM FRADER.
MONTE PELMO.

if a soft lichen overspread them. If I said that they are (lathered) over I should best describe their appearance and at the same time state a literal fact. These magnesian limestone rocks decompose under the influence of rain and atmosphere, and so their surface becomes (lathered.) A bit of dolomite feels soft in the hand, like a piece of soap. Hence, also, their instability. No one looking at them can think of the (everlasting hills.) The wonder is not that they are continually falling, but that they hold up so well. Many of them are shattered and are full of gaping rents and clefts.»

The more important of these mountains lie south of the Pusterthal, east of the Brenner railway, north of San Martino di Castrozzo, and west of Auronzo. In other words, they include Marmarole at the east and the Schlern at the west, the peaks of San Martino at the south, and those near Toblach at the north. They are within a parallelogram about forty miles long from east to west and about thirty miles broad from north to south. The boundary line between Austria and Italy gives about one third of this field to the latter, including the Marmarole range, Antelao, Pelmo, Civetta, and the Cimon della Pala. The Palo di San Martino, the Marmolada,

Croda Marcora, and Monte Cristallo, are crossed by it. The other great Dolomites, including the Schlern, the Lang Kofel, the Rothe Wand, the Drei Zinnen, Croda Rossa, Monte Tofana, and Sorapiss, are in Austria. Cristallo, Marmolada (11,082), Sorapiss, and Tofana pass the 11,000-foot line. Antelao, Civetta, the Drei Zinnen, Croda Marcora, Marmarole, the Croda Rossa, Cimon della Pala, and the Lang Kofel, are more than 10,000 feet high.

These cold facts are given as a concession to those who are content only when they know just how big or how little anything is, and who measure the interest of a mountain by its altitude. Those who know the Dolomites in their various moods, know that their majesty is not to be measured by instruments of precision; they are weird and elusive, never twice alike; sometimes of towering height, sometimes much smaller than their measured stature; sometimes warm and as mellow as

the down on a peach, sometimes as colorless and cold as steel—"everything by turns, and nothing long," but always interesting and nearly always lovely, always grand, and often deeply impressive, as when they stand out from the somber, fir-clad twilight valley like beautiful specter mountains of another world, their walls, sides, and crests bathed in a glow that comes from lingering rosy clouds.

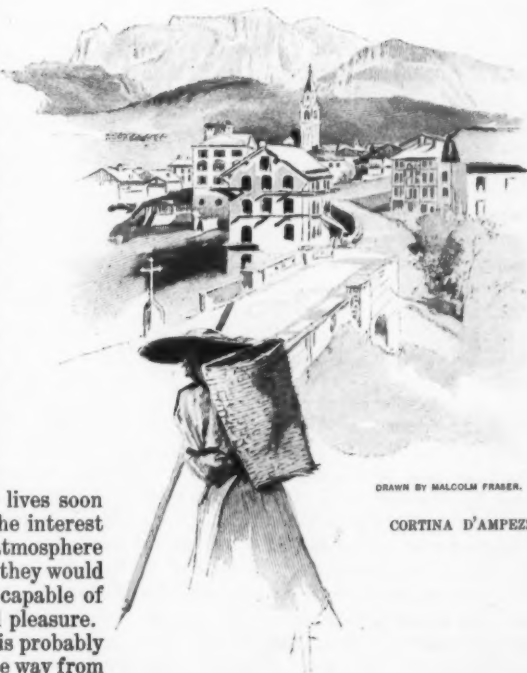
Pelmo, "the throne of Cadore," is lower than some of its neighbors; but as seen from a commanding position it is greater than any of them. The Cinque Torre, opposite Cortina, a row of druidical menhirs, are under 8000 feet, and they are overshadowed by Tofana, to which they sometimes seem like foot-hill crags, though at times they are more than gigantic. These variations of apparent size and importance are equaled by the variations of color and perspective. Sometimes, on very dark days, the Ampezzothal seems to be shut in between two great vertical walls of flat, serrated rock. Under the full light of the sun, and in a clear atmosphere, every detail of their formation is defined. The mountain-tops seem very near, and they all seem low, giving an undue majesty to the high woods of the Crepa and Faloria. In the softer air of a hazy summer day the peaks

recede and reach up into the heavens, and the rosy, yellowish, soft tints of the rocks are emphasized in complement of the mellow grays and in contrast with the alternating, shadow-like browns and blacks. In some lights the Croda Rossa shows great patches of warm chocolate-brown; in others it justifies Gilbert and Churchill's suggestion that it looks as though «stained with the blood of a mighty sacrifice.» The Drei Zinnen are spirits of light or spirits of darkness, according to the conditions under which they are seen. So on throughout the whole gamut of color and impression. All things that we see, we see by the light that they reflect, and the Dolomite mountains are veritable kaleidoscopes in their habit of never twice reflecting the same combinations of light. The light that falls upon them, and the light they send back to us, are subject to such constant and such marvelous variations that they are a never-ending source of interest and often of wonder.

Cortina has its regular votaries, who go to it year after year, and who find it to grow more charming as it becomes more familiar, always excepting those rare seasons when cloud and rain make it more than exasperating. Cortina above all, and Landro, Schludersbach, and Pieve di Cadore in a subordinate way and for a shorter time, are the best centers for excursions among the Dolomites of the Ampezzothal. St. Ulrich, in the Grödnertal, is the best starting-point for the Langkofel, the Schlern, and the minor peaks about the Seiser Alp, and for the remarkable little Col di Rodella, from which nearly the whole Dolomite field can be surveyed. The Grödnertal has, too, human and other interests of its own, which make it the continued summer-resort of travelers from far and wide. After all, wherever we may locate, a good pair of legs are almost as useful as a good pair of eyes; but, fortunately, even those who lead sedentary lives soon find themselves stimulated by the interest of the region and by its high atmosphere to feats of pedestrianism which they would not have believed themselves capable of performing with such ease and pleasure.

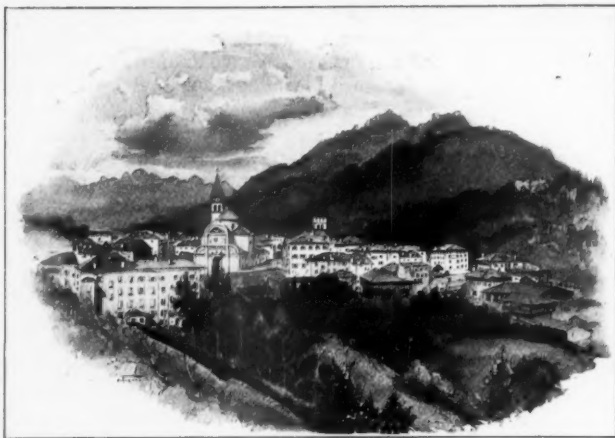
The great Ampezzo highway is probably the best road in the world all the way from

Toblach, where it leaves the railway, to Vittorio, seventy-five miles away, where it joins the rail for Venice. We used to run out over it for pure bicycling's sake. But while the wheel is a capital vehicle for going through the Dolomites, it is not of much use among them; neither are *Spänner*, either *ein-* or *zwei-*. Even the foot-hills have a habit of getting out of the valleys on a grade that is not favorable for any vehicle. One day «Mawk-nix» and I ran down the road on the double wheel at a tearing pace. When we were some miles out we heard a «click, click, click,» which became slower and slower as we slackened speed. One of the front wheels had picked up a *Flügel-nagel*—a short, broad-winged spike, such as is used to reinforce the edge of the sole of a mountaineer's shoe. It held fast and it was set in air-tight. Had we bound it to its place with a tape, all would have been well; but we had no tape, and we trusted to its holding of itself till we should get home. Our trust was short-lived: the constant clicking against the fork finally pulled it out, and there we were. Even L—— did not say «Mawk-nix.» We had gone so far and over such a variety of roads without accident, that we had forgotten the tendency of pneumatic tires to lose their pneumatic



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PIEVE DI CADORE, COL CASTELLO.

quality. This was our first puncture, and the repair-kit was at the Aquila Nera. The patience with which I sat in the shade of a milk-house and whittled down plugs, one after another, until I found a tough piece of fir that would stand whittling until it was finished, is, I am sure, to be credited to my needy account. We finally succeeded in getting its head through the puncture and holding it close up to the rubber. Then we pumped a hard pressure against it, cutting off its projecting stem, and set out on the return road. Mechanically considered, it was a good job, and I was proud of it; but air will escape through a wonderfully small hole, and every few minutes the tire would spread out at its tread, and had to be pumped up again. When I expressed my regret that L—— had to do so much work over it, he said «Mawk-nix» as usual and as a matter of course, but he said it with less glee than he generally manifested. By riding as fast as we could go, we succeeded in reaching Cortina before the pump was worn out. I did not embark again «without biscuit.» The kit was always at hand—and nevermore needed.

Pieve di Cadore is twenty miles from Cortina, and it is only a mile from Tai, on the main road. This mile is a steep uphill, but as far as the foot of the hill we could fairly sail, for the difference of elevation is 1200 feet. We set out early and in sunshine. All went smoothly as far as the outpost station of the Italian custom-house, the seat of a party of smuggler-hunters who scour the woods. The formalities required here in lieu of paying duties, as we were returning before night, were prolonged till a light rain

came on. We took shelter, and conversed with the officials in a curious French, until the shower had passed, when we went on to the main station at San Vito, where there were more formalities, and where an Italian «lead» was put on each wheel. Then we were fairly launched on our way, with occasional changes from sunshine to cloud; but no sooner were we fairly out of reach of the village than it began to drizzle, and the clouds came down, first on Pelmo and then over

Antelao. The drizzle kept on until we came near Venas, fifteen miles from home. This village seemed a mere agglomeration of poor Italian houses, promising little hospitality, so we sheltered ourselves under the roof of a small roadside chapel, only to see it rain harder and harder. Driven from this, we went on to the village, which developed more importance than we had suspected, and where we found an *albergo* of good size and with a very amiable hostess. She brought dry clothing for the partner, and we others stripped off our wet coats. We turned the fire corner of the kitchen into the drying-room of garments of various kinds and both sexes. It was a good corner for this use, and a cozy corner for ourselves. It was a projection from the room proper, some eight feet square, with a raised square stone hearth having benches all about three of its sides, where we sat. A large hood and chimney of wood above it carried off much of the smoke, leaving little more than the comforting odor of burning twigs to reach us. It still rained harder and harder, and our expedition became more and more compromised. It was consoling to know that we could have dinner and wine, and we shuddered as we thought of the cold, starving chapel where we might still have been confined. In due time we were fed and dried, and the weather broke with some promise of a clear afternoon; but it was all up with our wheeling. We had no time to lose, and it was now or never for Cadore. There was one *Einspänner* in the village, with a lame horse, and a very small boy to drive it. Leaving all of our Italian speech with our good «Mawk-nix,» who stayed

behind, we drove more or less gaily to Tai and to Pieve. The weather had become good, the views were grand, and the memories of a visit in 1878 enabled me to know what I needed to see in this most interesting little town, the interest of which for the distant world lies in the fact that it was Titian's birthplace and his summer home for much of his life, to which he tried, at the age of ninety-nine, to escape from the plague which was devastating Venice. Turned back by the guards who were protecting the adjoining provinces, he fell a victim to the pest, and is supposed to have been buried in the common trench—he whose dream it had been to lay his bones in his beloved Pieve. His memory is cherished there still; the house of his birth has the inscription: «Cadore segna agli ospiti questa casa dove nacqu e crebbe Tiziano!» («Cadore indicates to its guests this house where Titian was born and reared!»); and there has recently been erected in its piazza a fine bronze statue to his memory. I am tempted to go to the guide-books to eke out this account of our short visit; but I will be honest for the nonce, and refer my readers to the original authorities, confessing that I was just then more intent on getting back through the Austrian custom-house before dark than in doing the churches, mansions, and museum of Pieve, to which I shall give myself the satisfaction of returning more at leisure.

We engaged a two-horse carriage to take us from Tai to Cortina. At Venas we loaded «Mawk-nix's» wheel on the front seat, took the four-wheeler in tow, put the partner comfortably into the carriage, and set out for home. We used the tow-line as far as the steeper grades continued; but for the last three miles we cut loose, took the van, and rode into Cortina in fine style. We had the delight of glorious

views of the mountains all the way from Pieve; and we were, on the whole, well content with the outcome of our trip.

WHEN our time came for leaving Cortina we departed in state. All Aquila Nera turned out to see us off, and passing people halted. Our tow-line was neatly coiled to the main brace, and only our baggage was in the landau. We were disposed to sink our ignominy until we should be well past the turn of the road and out of sight. The road begins, and continues, with a very decided upgrade; but we faced it resolutely. «Mawk-nix» rode his own wheel, and the partner and I were both in our seats. Those who cheered us off and exclaimed, «How delightful!» may have imagined that we made our whole trip in this correct order. The fact is that even a good wheelman who rides from Cortina to Ospitale—seven miles, with a thousand feet rise—must have his knees in very good order, or he must favor them by frequent walking. We two were not good wheelmen, and one of us was not so good as the other. The half-

mile to the turn that hid us from view was quite enough for us. Here the partner resigned, «Mawk-nix's» wheel was loaded on to the carriage, and he and I were towed to the crest, and made our run thence to Toblach on the coupled bicycles. Schluderbach and Landro and the road near them were alive with *Touristen*, who stood in mute amazement or called «Al' Heil!» as we flew past them. With an easy descent

on the Ampezzo roadway, we gave them no time to study the construction of the quadricycle, and we probably left them food for speculation for the rest of the day.

The driver of our carriage had been in the United States for three or four years. He



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

TITIAN'S HOUSE, PIEVE DI CADORE.

was vastly taken with the machine, and especially with the smooth working of the «health-pull,» which he watched as it stretched and closed up in response to changes of grade or of speed or of surreptitious back-pedaling. He was glad to talk of his American experiences, which had led him to this opinion: «'Merican people got no sense: work hard, make a lot of money, drink whisky, fighten, strikes, lose it all—got no sense.» He had worked for good wages, and had twice ac-

at it; but hammering with the fists was «fool work.» After our midday meal at Toblach we went down the Pusterthal to Bruneck, and the next day to Mühlbach, which we found in a turmoil of expectation over the mountain manœuvres of a corps of the Austrian army, which was to arrive on the following day. We met several regiments as we passed through Franzensfeste, and a fine body of well-officered men they were.

At Mühlbach, which tempts to a second



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

EVENING PRAYER IN A TYROLEAN GASTHAUS.

cumulated a good sum,—once as much as five hundred dollars,—and had then seen it all swept away by strikes ordered by walking delegates, and whole communities reduced to the verge of starvation. His verdict was: «'Merican workingmen is fools.» When he had again accumulated a little money, he came back to Cortina with five hundred gulden, got married, and bought a carriage and a pair of horses, with which he earns a living income by carrying summer tourists over the road between Cortina and Toblach or Belluno, and by hauling wood in winter. He has no thought of going again to a country whose people «got no sense.»

He was most impressed with the stupidity of boxing. He saw the fight in New Orleans between Corbett and Sullivan, which was to him the most conclusive evidence of our lack of sense. Wrestling he thought a manly exercise, and he was fond of it and an adept

visit, we walked up a beautiful mountain path to a fine waterfall high in the hills. It was Sunday evening, and our way led past a curious «Garden of Gethsemane,» which was obviously a favorite object of local pilgrimage. It is built on a high terrace, sloping steeply toward the road, and inclosed in a picket fence. The Christ kneels under a sort of pagoda, the angel is exposed to the weather, and the three neglectful apostles are asleep under a tin roof. A sign-board has this legend:

*O! du mein lieber Wandersmann,
Steh' still und halt' ein bißchen an,
Und schau' meinen blut'gen Schweiß,
Dann mache weiter deine Reiß'.*

*(Oh! thou beloved wanderer,
Stand still and wait a little here,
And look upon my bloody sweat,
Then forth upon thy travels set.)*

Beyond this there is a very old chapel covered with curious frescos, containing various objects of veneration, and evidently the source of much absolution.

In the evening we heard a monotonous chant near the hotel, and were told that it came from a gathering of the field-hands of the neighborhood, who met every evening in a large hall and intoned their prayers under the lead of the head workman.

The stream that tears down through the village to which it gives its name furnishes power for many industries. The rate of wages is low, of course; but the people are well housed and evidently well fed and happy. They would be in some ways the better for less bigotry and more light; but that they would be better for more "whisky, fighten, and strikes" is not likely.

Perhaps there is no better index to the good or bad condition of the working-people of a country than is afforded by the number of beggars one meets on the roads. The poles set up at the border of Austria, with their spiral stripes of yellow and black, do not mark the line between it and Italy much more clearly than does the advent of the beggar the moment the line is crossed. In Austrian Tyrol there are virtually no beggars. On the Italian side, even well-dressed people in the fields will leave their work to beg coppers from the passing traveler. One day, in the upper Innthal, a couple of bright-looking, rosy-faced children ran after us, asking for kreutzers. "Mawk-nix" upbraided them for such a shameful act, and they slunk away. He spoke of this with much indignation to a neighbor, who said their whole family were away in the fields at work, or they would not have dared to beg, and that he would see that they were well spanked when their mother came home at night. Nuns and a few favored cripples sometimes ask alms at the doors of the churches in the larger towns, and the "poor-box" is always found inside; but the peasantry and the churches take care of their own poor, so that the vice of beggary is unknown among them. In

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DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

PEASANT HOUSE IN BRIXLEGG.

Italy, on the other hand, it is obvious that special conditions of deformity are artificially produced. Both legs broken and badly reset in childhood constitute a good source of income for life; and anything that appeals to sympathy is made the occasion for cultivating a very mistaken and mischievous charity.

All the world has heard of, and much of the world has visited, the patriotic passion-play at Oberammergau; but few know the degree to which the dramatic faculty is developed among the Tyrolese. At Brixlegg, in the lower Innthal, I saw, some years ago, a very impressive passion-play performed by the people of the village, which was said to be much what the Oberammergau play was before Bayard Taylor made it known to the world and started it on its course of financial prosperity. This year we made a fine run to Brixlegg, to see, in the same barn-like playhouse, a performance of "Speckbacher," representing incidents of Hofer's patriotic campaigns against the Bavarians and the French. The title rôle was taken by a young man who looks much like Defregger's portrait of



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

A GIRL OF TYROL.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE TOWN HALL OF HALL.

the hero. He was a stick, and the Hofer was rather ponderous; but the minor parts were capably given, and the young woman who played the peasant heroine gave great pathos and interest to the play. In Pradl, an outlying ward of Innsbruck, there is a noted peasant theater where local plays, with a high development of the patriotic element, delight the popular audience on Sunday afternoons, and give much satisfaction to the visitors who attend them during the summer. One of the most successful of the dramas was written by the wife of a shoemaker in Pradl, who plays the leading part with great acceptance. In Meran, in the autumn months, in a fine open-air theater, the play of «Andreas Hofer» is said to be unusually fine. Hofer was a native of the Passeierthal, which debouches at Meran. The costumes of his time still prevail there, and its traditions still live, so that this play is said to be marked with great historic accuracy of setting.

The route from Innsbruck to Brixlegg—thirty miles—begins with six miles of the worst road in Tyrol. It has been torn up by heavy trucking, and the Radfahrer Verband has not thus far been able to get it mended.

Beyond Hall, however, this condition gives way to something very near perfection. The grades are good, with a considerable general descent, the villages and towns are fine, as becomes the centers of such a rich district, and the beauty and interest of the scenery are well-nigh unequaled. Near Brixlegg the road passes Schloss Matzen, the property of Mr. Baillie-Grohman, whose «Tyrol and the Tyrolese» and other works relating to these and other mountains, have made his name familiar to English and

American readers. The road is said to be equally good and attractive all the way to the foot of the Bavarian highlands.

The road south from the Brenner pass, which the weather allowed us to ride over only as far as Franzensfeste, is somewhat steeper in places; but it is even finer in scenery, and has more traces of its old historic importance. Here were the great battlefields of the early wars for the possession of these mountains, and in modern time of the struggle under Hofer. One of its towns is unique. Stertzing lies near the mouth of the Pflertscherthal, down which the glaciers of the Stubai group cast their white light; and all its surroundings are of the grander sort. It is a little town with a thrifty air. Though of minor importance, it is a jewel-casket of medieval treasures in civic and domestic architecture. It had its highest importance in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The flow of tourist travel passes it without heeding it.

We halted for luncheon at a very simple little wayside *Gasthaus* at Freienfeld, beyond the Stertzing Moos, the long stretch of flat meadows south of the town, which was a bloody battle-ground in the struggle of 1809.

We found that the bicycle-fever had reached even to our landlord, who was experimenting with an iron-rimmed wheel over which the saddle was supported by a pair of elliptic springs. L—— tried it, and said it went very well, though not so soft as the «pneu.» I lifted it, and did not care to go farther. I told him it was too heavy. He said, «Mawknix; muss stärker sein» («That 's nothing; you must be stronger»). Probably the extra weight of this wheel would not be considered in fixing the load that a Tyrolese peasant would carry over the hills from the fields, and need not be regarded as an obstruction to sport. The wheels here are all much heavier than ours, and much stronger. They can be sent uphill by the tougher thews that grow in this land, and for safety in going downhill they have very effective brakes. The best brake has two pieces of rubber, about two and a half inches long and three quarters of an inch square, which are held flat against the two quarters of the tire. It holds very firmly, and its friction does not come on the part that is subject to the greatest wear. It is used, not with a steady pressure, but with successive light squeezes. When one becomes accustomed to it, it gives excellent control to any degree desired—even to holding the machine stock-still under any load and on any grade. Even the usual flat brake has a rubber face which holds better and lasts longer than metal. My American brakes were «not in it» on these hills, as compared with those of the local wheels I rode. The use of the brake is exacted by law in all towns, and it is almost universal on country roads; so is the furnishing of the wheel with a bell, but the better riders in Innsbruck do not use this in the city streets. They say they can make their way safely at a moderate speed, if the people keep on their way, while if they are disturbed and made nervous by a bicycle bell, they are liable to make some unexpected movement that may lead to a collision. I remember a case of mutual dodging at a street crossing in New York, between myself and a lady whom my bell had startled, which came near being annoying. Perhaps the custom

in Paris of hanging a little sleigh-bell loosely from the handle-bar is safer. It jingles all the time, somewhat to the annoyance of the rider; but it has a faint horse-car suggestion that keeps the public on the lookout. Nowhere in Europe did I see the brutal quadrupedal «scorching» that is such a nuisance and such a danger with us.

Another device I found to be in very general use in Tyrol. This is a snap-clip for holding the front wheel in line with the machine, so that it may be stood against a tree or any other support without falling. It is useful in pushing uphill with the hand on the saddle. The direction is changed by lifting the hind wheel to right or left. The clip is set or released in a moment.

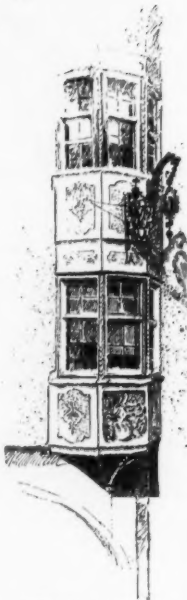
As we left our lunching-place we found the young towheads of the farm standing in mute and respectful wonderment about our wheels. We gave them a bit of a ride, two at a time, and left them enriched with the memory of a sensation they had never before known, and will never repeat—and will never forget.

Our long and beautiful road went winding on down the valley toward a finely situated castle which, as the guide-books say, has been «restored, enlarged, and beautified» by some newly rich new possessor. Let us hope that his kind may hold their hand from further meddling with historic old ruins, here or elsewhere. Its view up the valley could not be spoiled by any man's money, and we turned out of the road to look at it. Alas! as we crossed a somewhat slimy gutter my



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

SCHLOSS MATZEN, NEAR BRIXLEGG.



DRAWN BY W. B. SMITH.
AN ORIEL WINDOW IN
STERTZING.

hind wheel gave way under the lateral pressure of its burden, and sprang out of its plane. Here was a catastrophe indeed. L—— had gone on out of sight and hearing, and I was thrown on my own resources. For the first time I found the wisdom of the recommendation to wheelmen that they should themselves take their wheels apart and put them together again, so as to become familiar with their construction. After a discussion with the partner as to whose fault it was, I tried to take the wheel out, intending to dissect it and build it up anew. Fortunately, I did not get very far before L—— came flying back to see

what had become of us. He saw the trouble at once, and said, «Mawk-nix.» He turned the machine on its side, jumped on the warped member, and sprung it back into place as good as new; and that wheel never showed the least effect of what we had feared would prove a fatal injury.

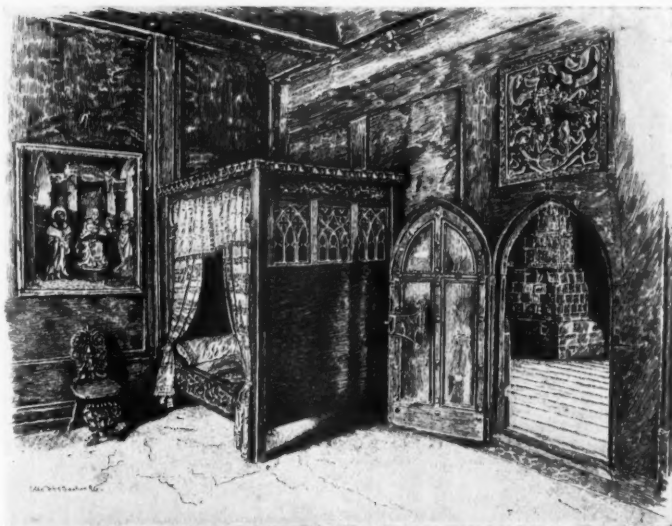
It was a source of great regret that the low-hanging clouds compelled us to pass by the gate of the Grödnerthal at Waidbruck. St. Ulrich, the Lang Kofel, the Seiser Alp, and the Col di Rodella all lay that way; but under such skies as this very exceptional season brought they had all to be given up. The recollection of former visits, and the hope of visits yet to come, must suffice us. From Botzen we had occasional glimpses of the great Dolomites which overlook it, but never such a clear view as is needed to get the full value of the sights for which one climbs up the steep valley of Gröden. Fortunately, such weather is rare on this slope of the Alps, which has an almost Italian tendency to clear skies. I have never before found it under persistent clouds in August and September.

Meran is not in the Dolomite region, but as approached from the east it seems a very near neighbor to it. It is on the road from Landeck to Botzen, and that route is enriched with a glorious view of the Ortler and of the long stretch of snow-mountains of which it is the king. It is, however, more easily visited from the Brenner by the railway. Perhaps this is a case where one should not stand on the order of his going, but should go at once by the way nearest to his hand. I had not seen Meran before for nearly twenty years, and I found it much improved. Happily, this improvement has in no wise spoiled it, and its new railroad from Botzen is a convenience for those who do not use the wheel. The old highroad is still very good. Meran is more distinctly an old town and a new one than any other I know. Juxtaposition has not led to intermixing. Passing through the old arched gateway under the tower against which the Erzherzog Johann Hotel is built, we enter at once into a town of the middle ages, with a grand old church, and with a long street both sides of which are furnished with the arcades of centuries ago, where the traffic of the region is carried on by a people who have not felt to the usual degree the effect of modern civilization. The old cos-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE GATE OF THE CLOCK-TOWER, STERTZING.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE ALTE LANDESFÜRSTLICHE BURG IN MERAN.

tume is still considerably worn, and one meets many men with broad green silk suspenders,—almost like vests,—wide embroidered belts, jackets with scarlet lappets, and broad plush hats set back on the head, and having a curious peaked crown surrounded with several rows of colored cord. The goods offered for sale in the shops are mainly such as one finds in the small villages; they are sold for the same small prices, and they are carried away in the same primitive parcels. Early in the evening all is quiet and darkness, and the whole town seems to be asleep by nine o'clock.

Hidden away in a little square in the back part of the town there stands a building of great interest. It is called the Alte Landesfürstliche Burg. It was built by Archduke Sigmund I during the lifetime of his first wife, Eleanora, daughter of King James of Scotland, between 1446 and 1480. It was occupied by the emperors Maximilian I and Ferdinand I, and was visited by members of the imperial family, who resorted to Meran as a *Kurort*—for it was even then famed for its salubrity and its good physicians—until about the middle of the seventeenth century.

After that it fell into disuse, and stood neglected until, in 1845, Archduke John of Austria suggested and stimulated its restoration. This was finally finished in 1889. It is very completely reconstructed, and furnished according to the records of its time, which include several inventories of its contents.

It is not a museum of antiquities, only a small, princely house for use on occasions by the imperial family of Austria according to the habits of life of four hundred years ago. It is not enough to say that it is well worthy of a visit: it is unique, instructive, and most interesting.

Old Meran is now inclosed in a framework of modern health-resort building and adornment, as this is inclosed in the beauty and grandeur of the noble

mountains of the Etschthal. A more charming winter residence could hardly be imagined. Much of its success as a resort is due to the wise efforts of Dr. Tappeiner, who has been its chief physician for more than fifty years. His jubilee was made the occasion for undertaking the construction of the Tappeinerweg, a rarely fine walk built up the Passeierbach,



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

GUARD OF THE VINEYARD, MERAN.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LERMOOS, OPPOSITE THE SONNENSPIITZE.

and thence over terraces against the side of the steep wine-bearing hill back of the town, reaching a height from which a marvelous view is seen, and descending to a street that leads to the old arcades. At the summit stands a portrait-sculpture of the good physician to whom Meran owes so much, and to whom those who resort to its «climate cure» should be grateful. This is said to be a hot place in summer, but I have twice had the good fortune to find it cool in August. It must be delightful always.

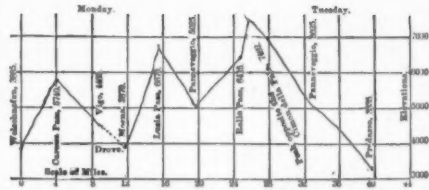
I should advise a wheelman landing at Genoa, as I did, to follow my route as far as Nauders and Reschen-Scheideck, and then, if the Ortler range is not clouded, to go down the Vintschgau as far as Meran. The valley descends rapidly, and it is only as it drops into the plain extending not far above the town that the heat becomes excessive. It is a beautiful road all the way. I should return over the first thirty miles, with a rise of nearly 3000 feet, by the Landeck diligence; but one who scorns such help will not find the grade impracticable. The road is good, of course. The thirty-mile station is Neu Spondenig, where the road forks to the Stelvio pass; but that's another story. One should not be tempted to go by rail from Meran to Innsbruck, for the road from Nauders via Landeck must on no account be missed. Botzen had better be allowed to

wait for a visit from the north over the Brenner, in connection with the Dolomite region, near the edge of which it lies.

This paper is devoted mainly to an account of what a bicyclist may see and do; but a wise man—or woman—will leave the wheel at times and take to the hills. One of my memorable walks will illustrate this, and hundreds equally interesting may be found. I had passed the night at Welschnofen (3900 feet), which is approached from Botzen through the Eggenenthal, and which lies directly west of the Rothe Wand, a superb wall of reddish dolomite over 9000 feet high, forming the end of the Rosengarten range. Starting at daybreak with a good guide, I ascended the Puckelintal, passed the Karrer See, where there is a fine hotel, and went up through the woods to the Caressa pass (5740 feet). Here we rested at a charming chalet the *Gast*-room of which had been decorated from time to time by wandering artists. Here my plans changed themselves. I had intended to return through Vigo and Campidello to St. Ulrich, but the glory of the wonderful peaks of San Martino rose before me; I had never seen them before, and I could not turn my back on them. After dining at Vigo (4465 feet), I drove to Moena, three miles down the Fassathal, and walked thence over the Lusia pass (6670 feet) to Panneveggio (5025 feet), where I was glad at nightfall

to find a very comfortable hotel. The next morning I walked over the highroad to the Rolle pass (6415 feet), and thence to the spur of a neighboring crest (7462 feet) which overlooked the glacier under the high peak of Cimon della Pala (10,561 feet), «the Matterhorn of the Dolomites.» The position was too near for an appreciation of the majesty of this marvelous peak, but not too near for a study of its remarkable formation. It is of a creamy color, with a tendency to gray. I made an interesting circuit of the high and fertile adjoining Alps, took my noon meal at Panneveggio, and pretty nearly exhausted my remaining strength in walking down the Val Travnolo to Predazzo. Seen from this valley, at a distance of ten miles, the Cimon della Pala and its neighbor the Palo di San Martino, glowing with the golden light of the setting sun, were more impressive than any sight I ever beheld, save only the Lang Kofel near St. Ulrich as it stood under the sunset glow, high against the dark sky above the black firs of the Grödnerthal.

The appended profile of my two days' walk will illustrate more clearly a feature of excursions in the Tyrol which is quite different from wheeling through its valleys—different, but not more charming.



Nor are these valleys and mountains the Tyrol's only attractions. It is covered with the glamour of history and tradition, reaching back to very remote times; from the beginning it has been the battle-ground and the refuge of the hordes by whom Italy was successively settled, conquered, reconquered, and lost again and again; and its hills are rich with the record of the warlike peoples who have occupied it in turn. Since the Napoleonic days, when Andreas Hofer and his lieutenants, Speckbacher and the Capuchin monk Haspinger, with their sturdy band of mountaineers, and the famed Maidl von Spinges, held it for the Austrian crown, it has been at peace, and even these later struggles now live only in history. But the spirit of patriotism is still strong. Let us trust that it may remain a spirit only, and that these smiling and happy valleys may not again feel the scourge of war.

Geo. E. Waring, Jr.

THE PILGRIMS.

“WHITHER, pilgrims, whither bound,
Passing slowly with no sound?”
One by one they journey by,
Gliding, gliding silently;
Slowly, slowly, dim and gray,
Hold they on their ghostly way.

“Hither, children, making May
Of the solemn autumn day,
Who were they but now went by
While the dead weeds gave a sigh?
Who the pilgrims, dim and gray,
Stopped and looked upon your play?”

“We have wandered many hours
Here where some one hides the flowers;
We heard laughter in the grass,
But we saw no pilgrim pass.”
Whispers one,—pale-cheeked is she,—
“Shapes went by; they beckoned me.”

John Vance Cheney.

"ANTI-BABEL;"

OR,

PROFESSOR SANDFOG'S UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WRITING TO ROSINA," "A LITTLE DINNER," "THE BATTLE OF BUNKERLOO," ETC.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE grand fountains at the Exposition would every now and then give the terrace a veritable drenching. Two persons hurrying away from this unwelcome shower of spray almost ran into each other.

"Why, Uncle Pausanias!" exclaimed one of them, a young woman in a sober brown traveling-skirt and shirt-waist. "Why, this is very nice! I was reading about you only this morning, and I wondered if I should meet you."

"Reading about me?" returned the other, an elderly man with an abstracted air.

"Yes; in the paper—about your new language, the great discovery they say you are perfecting. I cut out the slip to send home."

She handed it to him. He took it, his abstracted air began to disappear, and he read aloud as follows:

Among notable arrivals in town is Professor Pausanias Sandfog of McCorkleville University. The professor comes to the Exposition to utilize, in connection with his remarkable language experiments, the representatives from the many foreign nations who now gather here from all quarters of the earth. We believe we are correct in stating that Professor Sandfog's great plan for a universal language is just on the point of completion. Thus the World's Columbian Exposition, which has already been an influence of such incalculable value in every other department of human affairs, will also, fittingly, be the means of introducing to mankind a uniform method of speech. Some idea of the importance of Professor Sandfog's most original discovery is had in remembering that the famous Leibnitz estimated that a universal language would be equivalent to adding a third to the duration of human life.

"That is correct," said the reader, handing back the item. "How the newspapers do get hold of things!"

"A universal language—how grand! how lovely! I shall be so proud of it. To think that a member of our own family should first invent such a remarkable idea!"

"Do not fall into an error: mine is not the

first attempt of the sort; it is simply the best. Philosophic minds for two hundred years past, including Leibnitz himself, have tried it. Yes; I have succeeded where others failed. I may say without vanity that I have settled one of the greatest problems of humanity. I do not wish to be egotistical, but McCorkleville University will reap no ordinary credit from this; and I suppose I shall rank, in time, as one of the chief benefactors and most famous celebrities of the race. I have got hold of one of those ideas that thrill, electrify, and strike with amazement."



"A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE—HOW GRAND!"

He now began with a voluminous handkerchief to mop the drops of fountain spray from a rather rusty-looking high hat. "Your aunt

is riding round somewhere in a wheel-chair," said he—"she's generally wheeling round somewhere. She'd like to see you."

"I really ought not to delay any longer just now. I am here with somebody. I have charge of a young friend, a daughter of one of our school trustees. She has had considerable trouble lately, and needs to be amused. In fact, it's a broken engagement."

"So you could n't help me out in this matter, Mary? I was going to propose to you to give me an hour or two a day. You understand stenography, and I need some one on whose discretion I can rely to assist me for a short time."

"If Leontine would let me, I should like nothing better. There she is over there just now—the one in the blue yachting-suit. She stopped to talk to some friends."

"Ah, yes; I see, she is quite young."

"And pretty—don't you think so?—even with her sad look. But do tell me about the universal language; I am just dying to hear."

"I call it 'Anti-Babel,'" said he, and then paused with pride to observe the effect.

"'Anti-Babel.'" His niece Miss Mary Shaft, for so she called herself, paused also, in reflection. Then she clapped her gloved hands. "What an excellent name!" she said. "It shows so clearly the great range and scope of the enterprise. Yes; the more I think of it the better I like it."

"It is rather good. My system is to undo the confusion of tongues that took place at the tower of Babel, in the land of Shinar—a confusion wrought by some mistake, I am persuaded, which the exegetists will yet explain to us."

"Is it anything like Volapük? I recollect now that I once looked over a primer of that universal language, and I found it dreadful."

"Volapük was self-condemned by its harshness," responded Professor Sandfog, severely. "The coming language must be melodious. Nor must it have a bias from the German or any other nationality. English, for instance, is spoken by a hundred and twenty million people or so. Some folks, therefore, have proposed that English should be modified and used as a universal speech. Others have proposed the Chinese or the Malay, both of which also have a very wide dissemination."

"Oh, if it could only be English!" sighed Mary.

"Such ideas are all stuff and nonsense." He looked at her in some surprise. "Local pride and jealousy will always prevent any consummation of that kind. Every man thinks

his own language is better than every other man's, and he is not going to give it up in favor of anybody else's. No merely national language, therefore, will ever prevail over the others."

"No, of course not; no, indeed."

"What might we suppose to be the next alternative? The introduction of a purely artificial speech. But that will meet with even less favor still. Men will never accept a merely mechanical invention, made of whole cloth; they will have nothing to do with a purely artificial product, without history, derivations, or any roots of its own."

"What, then, will they accept, Uncle Pausanias? I thought—I—it seems a very puzzling problem."

"Accept? Why, 'Anti-Babel,' of course. The beauty of my system is that it avoids all the national differences and jealousies; or rather, it wins over to itself the very sentiment on which they are based, and makes that a part of its strength."

"Do you think a specimen of your language would be too difficult for me to understand?" appealed his niece, ingratiatingly.

"Difficult? Nonsense! Like all great inventions, it is extremely simple. That is why I am forced to have such absolute confidence in it."

"I am so glad it is not too hard. That would make people slow in learning it."

"Hard? It is simplicity itself. I cannot give you any actual example of the words as yet, but I'll explain it to you. See here; it is like this: I assemble in a hall persons representing the different languages of the world. I give them a certain word, let us say 'bread.' At a signal they are all to speak that word together, but each in his own tongue. I take down the resultant, and that is the word in the new universal language."

"Oh—oh, yes"—but somewhat hesitatingly, for Mary Shaft was a person of no great range of imagination. "I should say that that was very good." She did not yet see whither all this would lead.

"Very good? Why, it's immense; it's stupendous, hitherto unheard of. Are you quite sure you understand it?"

"Let me see if I do. You get the crowd of foreigners together. They all shout the same word in chorus, the Frenchman giving it in French, the Russian in Russian, the Turk in Turkish, and so forth, and you collect the resulting sound—"

"Yes—in a phonograph."

"It will be like composite photographs—only of words. The various sounds overlap,

just as the pictures do, and you will get but a single impression."

"Not a bad comparison. I see you catch the idea."

"But the objection to composite photographs is a blurred look, a lack of sharpness."

"That will not be considered an objection in words. See the mellifluous softness that Anti-Babel must have; it will be smoother than Italian; I expect it to be a great favorite with musicians. On the other hand, since it will contain all the consonants, all the masculine elements in language, also, it cannot be lacking in strength."

"I must say it's a wonderful idea, Uncle Pausanias; I'm getting very enthusiastic about it. And it's so in keeping with this marvelous Exposition!"

"You can understand that words composed in that way would be full of life and vitality, and no mere bloodless product. Each would contain the sap and essence of all its predecessors. And there is no reason for rivalry or jealousy, you see, for no nation is excluded; each one has its full part in the result."

"I should think you would need some quieter place for your studies, uncle. This bustling Chicago must be rather confusing," said Mary.

"Do not lose sight of the chief consideration that brings me here. McCorkleville was very well while I was preparing the preliminaries, but here alone I could find the aggregation of strange peoples who furnish the material for my researches. An international exposition is the one place where such an experiment as mine can be successfully made. Mere traveling in foreign countries would not do; for, passing from one to another, you would not have the different kinds of people all together, as is necessary. I wanted very much to go to the last Paris Exposition, in '89; but Mrs. Sandfog and the children—well, I was not able to accomplish it."

"You are just too mean!" said his niece, reprovingly. "When I was at McCorkleville last you never said a thing to me about it."

"It is just as well that I did not go to Paris in '89; for, not knowing French or other modern languages, the difficulties of putting the matter through in such unfamiliar surroundings would have been too great."

"No modern languages? But I should think a person would have to be posted in all conceivable languages to make a success of such a scheme."

"No, no; not necessarily," he replied, unruffled. "I have always been occupied with mathematical matters, and have not had the

time for that. The important thing is the shaping plan, the directing mind. Remark that mere attention to detail often detracts from success in the main issue."

"Oh—oh, yes," she commented, with but the vaguest idea of what he meant.

While they were talking, some groups or single figures of strangely dressed foreigners would wander by, temporarily strayed from that singular storehouse of nations, the Midway Plaisance. Once there passed, together, a trio of Annamites, a couple of Druse women of Mount Lebanon, mysteriously veiled, and a Mexican in short jacket and sombrero, ornate with silver buttons and braid.

"You see the kind of material I have to choose from," the professor said complacently. "I have a skilful agent collecting for me the examples of the various nations that I need. He does it even better than I could myself. I have an appointment with him here about this time, to hear a report as to some types that are still missing, and also as to a proper hall for our meetings."

"But can you expect to find here examples of all the nations in the world? And if you do not have them all, how can the results you obtain be correct?"

"Such fullness is not necessary for the present. I hold that substantial correctness can be secured by getting delegates from all the principal districts of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and Oceanica, taking care that no important spot is omitted. Then, the Indo-European race may be somewhat disproportionately represented as to numbers. It is the one to which the most civilized nations, both of ancient and modern times, have belonged, and consequently the one that has had the chief influence upon the destinies of mankind. Fortunately, delegates from that stock are the easiest of all to obtain. Some day, great capitalists and governments will take this matter up, liberal appropriations will be made, and a vast hall built, which should have a funnel-shaped end or roof, where the sounds can be properly collected. Then the finer shadings, ending in entire perfection, will at length be reached."

"The immensity of the idea almost takes my breath away."

The young woman who had been spoken of as "Leontine," a Miss Leontine Himmel, now came back and joined them. She carried a catalogue in her hand, the jacket of her yachting-suit over her arm, and she raised her large, fine eyes to the professor's face for a moment with a sad, pensive air.

"I will let you know as soon as the time

of our meetings is settled, and I trust your engagements will not conflict with your taking part in some of them," said Professor Sandfog, at parting.

But now Mrs. Sandfog rolled up in her wheel-chair, and detained them further. At least, she detained her niece further. Being an irrepressible and gossip sort of person, she got out of her all about the broken engagement of Leontine, who meanwhile leaned pensively over the balustrade, and looked at the Turner and Claude Lorrain Grecian palace effects around the grand basin.

Mary Shaft said that Leontine Himmel of Brooklyn, while a member of a sketching class in Brittany, had allowed herself to become engaged to a young scapegrace named Elliot Shorter, and her family had come over from America and broken off the imprudent match.

"One of the things learned about him," said she, "was that he had divided up his property into three parts, and spent one each year, having got it into his head somehow that he had but three years to live. At the end of the time he was as well as ever, but penniless and without any way of making a living."

"Leontine did quite right to drop him," declared the aunt.

"Oh, it was not on that account," protested Miss Shaft, loyal to her charge.

"She is a very sweet, conscientious, accomplished girl, and, in spite of this, a very intelligent one too."

Professor Sandfog, left to himself anew, was presently joined by his agent or chief assistant. This was a young man who called himself James K. Murkle. He was of rather gentlemanly appearance, though shabbily dressed, and he accosted his patron with an easy, confident air.

"Seen the notice in the morning paper, professor?"

"Yes; my niece called my attention to it a short time ago. I might have missed it otherwise."

"I got that put in. I ran across a reporter who was looking for items, and I filled him

up to the eyebrows with this discovery of yours. If you say so, I can manage to make things hum in the press, so that when you get back to McCorkleville the folks will come out to meet you with two or three brass bands and a display of fireworks."

"We had better wait a little for results. I do not find that necessary just at present."

"Just as you say, professor."

"And now, what have you to report in the matter of a hall?"

"Only this: that there does not seem to be a foot of space for us either within the Exposition grounds or, near by, without.

They can't take us in at the quarters of the Parisian Glass Works, the Ice Railway, or the Diving-bell Exhibit, and the vacant sculpture studio I was hoping to get was snapped up so quick that I see I never had even a ghost of a chance for it."

"Then it seems we shall have to go well down town, to some such place as the Music Hall."

"Corner of Randolph and State? No; that's too far away for the folks to go. And we could n't have it even if it was n't; it is occupied by the Keeley Convention."

"Keely the inventor of the motor? Has he—?"

"No; he would n't want to hold a convention all by himself. It's the other kind, the 'gold cure,' the—er—" And he crooked

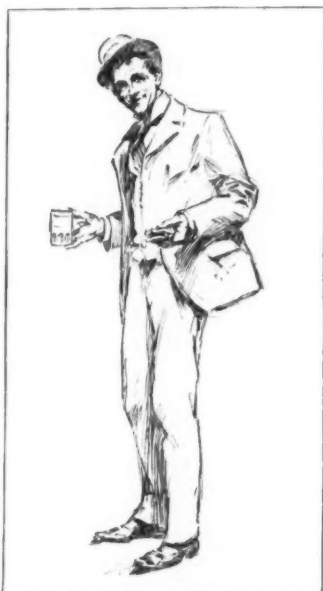
his elbow expressively upward, with the thumb pointing toward his mouth.

"But we must have *some* place," exclaimed the professor, desperately. "The partitions are very thin in my hotel, and Mrs. Sandfog— Nevertheless we can't hold our sessions in language construction out of doors."

"I was going on to say that we could have the Beauty Show hall if we could use it very early in the morning."

"The Beauty Show hall? Ah, yes; I recollect the place—on the Midway Plaisance. I think they call it the International Dress and Costume Company."

"The same. Big, fine building; appropriate place, too; flags of all nations flying all over



«JAMES K. MURKLE.»

it, so the parties we bring in there will feel quite at home.»

«The work is of a kind to ennoble any place in which it might be held,» said the professor, after some little hesitation. «And the—the present occupants?»

«As we've got to start in as early as eight o'clock in the morning, or not at all, they will be sleeping off their victories of the day before, and getting ready to paralyze the public again. They won't be there. The Swiss girl, though, I'd like to have her come; she's a first-class good-looker, a real beauty, and no mistake.»

«We cannot accept anybody on that basis,» rejoined his employer, coldly.

«Well, good looks ought not to be anything against 'em if they've got all the rest. (Frida) speaks the dialect of the Engadine; I've heard that lingo myself, and know it's genuine. They say it's a kind of broken-down Latin. Take (Marie,) again, for an example, that I've engaged from the French bakery. I consider her one of the best delegates we're going to have, and yet she's a regular peach. Those two will brighten up the whole place like Blazing Sun stove-polish.»

«You may be right; but, as far as possible, I think it would be wise to make our selections from the masculine rather than the feminine gender.»

«The masculine gender is going to preponderate at least eighty per cent., professor; don't be uneasy about that. My latest is the big halberdier who keeps guard in front of the Old Vienna café. I've engaged him to come, with his halberd and all, to add to the tone of the thing. He is to represent High German. Low German will be represented by a Mecklenburger from a North Side brewery. I have one Dutchman from Holland, and another from Surinam to give the colonial accent too.»

The professor nodded his head approvingly.

«Say, my Fiji is a corker; I've got a couple of daisy Italians; and my Eskimo is 'way out of sight—I got him out of the Eskimo village, down there by the South Park station. There's more than fifty of them there, with their dogs, sledges, canoes, spears, and seal blubber complete. You ought to stop in and take a look at 'em, if you have n't done so already.»

«And a Patagonian—what have you to report on that score? You have not forgotten that a Patagonian is absolutely necessary to the rounding out of my program?»

«Patagonians are scarce, and will probably come high. I have not got one yet: but don't

be afraid; I'm bound to get you one, if hustling can do it.»

«Should we not do well to enlist some members from the Parliament of Religions? I should like to have the advice of some of those Brahmans, pundits, Greek archbishops, and Japanese high priests, in their several languages. They are men of education, and we could rely upon what they said. I have been thinking that I could make their acquaintance and attend to that matter myself, leaving the others to you.»

«Are you sure they would n't steal your invention?» suggested Mr. Murkle, craftily. «At any rate, they'd be sure to be uppish, and would want big pay. I doubt, too, if they'd give the pronunciation as clear and natural as the other kind. No; I can get you all the Japanese and Hindus and Africans you want at from twenty-five to fifty cents an hour, and they'll do the business up as it ought to be done.»

«Don't forget that if there is to be a lack of proportion anywhere, it should consist in getting more people from the center of Asia than elsewhere—Assyrians, Persians, Armenians, and the like. As that was the parent spot of the human race, and where the tower of Babel was built, the dialects around there are probably nearer to the original speech of man than any others.»

«Yes; they have the Parisian accent, as it were, of the primeval lingo.»

«How do the persons you engage like it, as far as they have got?»

«Oh, they like it immensely; I hold partial rehearsals with 'em, and they think it's great.»

«Yes; they naturally would,» assented the professor, complacently. «That is because there is no favoritism anywhere about it. When so many different sounds come in conflict something has to give way; but they have the judgment to see that it will be (the survival of the fittest) in the truest sense of the term.»

«I will report to you to-night at the Himalaya Hotel, and if everything is all right, why can't we begin the day after to-morrow, at latest?»

«The sooner the better.»

Mr. James Murkle then turned briskly northward, along the shores of the lagoon, and, traversing the subway that passed under Stony Island Avenue, entered the Midway Plaisance. That famous strip of ground, devoted to the lighter distractions of the Exposition as contrasted with its more serious business, has been faintly imitated

since by every popular bathing-beach and almost every county fair in the country, so that many there are who know what it was like, though they never set eyes upon the place itself. It was a great area of flimsy mosques, pagodas, medieval castles, and villages, all promising pleasure according to their hopes of gain, and keeping good their promises only up to the point where a long-suffering public would have stood no further imposition. The din of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals arose confusedly from it; banners and pennants kindled all the air with the flicker of bright colors, and the bazaars and their motley attendants repeated the same gay junketing of bright colors below.

Mr. Murkle first accosted a fat, ill-shaved Turk in front of a combination of mosque, theater, and café that was called Constantinople street.

«Eh, Kibob, how goes it?» said he, misnaming him from the alleged *kabab*, or Turkish sausage, which, with nougat and beverages, he sold over his counter. «Your old sausage here is nothing but common Frankfurter at twice the price.»

At the same time he threw down a dime and helped himself to one of them. The vender stolidly pocketed the dime and made no reply.

«And your 'Turkish drinks' are the washings of some old lemonade-tub.» But again he threw down a nickel, and took up a glass of the pinkish liquid that stood ready at his hand, though he did not drink it. The gazelle eyes in the fat face of the Turk looked at him impassively.

«You've decided to come to my language-meeting, have n't you, Kibob?» he now demanded.

«I see 'bout dat,» was the evasive reply.

«Well, I've got to have it settled. Is Johnny Hamed around?»

A younger man, who proved to be the Hamed in question, opened the curtains at the back and stepped forth. When the former question was put to him also, he replied:

«Boss say he don't let me get off.»

«Did you say that, Kibob?»

The master of the shop nodded to indicate that he did. Murkle held extended argument with him, but when he left it was by no means certain that either of these desired recruits was gained.

He met with much better success among some Hindu jugglers in a tent not far distant. Two slim young Hindus in white cotton, with white teeth and shining eyes,—

Sarabiji Das and Sinda Ram he called them, —fell in with his plan in the main, though they said they could not join in a rehearsal.

«You be on hand at eight in the morning, the day after to-morrow, if you don't get word to the contrary,» he admonished them. «Remember that we'll call for some word in your language, like 'bread,' for instance, and you want to shout it out for all you're worth.»

«We got no 'bread' in Hindu language—only some kind cake or cracker-like,» put in Sinda Ram, conscientiously.

«Well, sing out that, then; it does n't make any difference what it is; only don't be backward about it.»

He addressed himself next to a dark maid of Tunis, who was holding forth without, to draw an audience into the Tunisian palace, where various dances were to be seen.

«Some parties wanted me to see you about joining a language-company we're getting up, Lola,» he began.

«My name to me not Lola,» she interrupted.

«What is it?»

«Jenny.»

«Well, Jenny. It's only for a little of your extra time. All you'd have to do would be to talk some of your confounded gibberish when wanted. Thirty-five cents the first hour, and twenty-five—»

«Shut up, you man! Get out!» responded the maid, skeptical of his words through much experience of scoffers; and she enforced her refusal by throwing at him a bit of orange she found conveniently at hand.

«I think I catch your meaning,» said he, dodging. He would have argued the case further; but now the proprietor of the place came forth to see what was interrupting the eloquence of his show-woman, and in a surly way ordered him off the premises. All attempts to negotiate with either were useless.

His fortune in these attempts to find linguistic recruits was various. He came forth from the Hawaiian theater humming cheerfully:

She loves me, and I'll be true
To the girl in the yellow *holaku*.

From which it could be inferred that things had gone well with him there. On the other hand, he was squarely bluffed at the Javanese village; the results were rather adverse than otherwise among the Malays, the New-Zealanders, and the Dyaks of Borneo, though to many of these camps it was his second or third visit. He succeeded, it is true, at the Japanese bazaar and with the Hungarian orchestra, but again failed miserably at the

Chinese village and the Dahomey village, and even made no great headway at the Mexican café.

The cry of "Hot! hot! hot! all hot, now!" rose loudly upon the air, as it was wont to do at intervals. Started by the dealers in Frankfurter sausage, it would be caught up naively by foreign venders of other wares, even to ice-cream and cold beverages. It swelled like a general roar in a menagerie, ran from where the Wild West Show, with its broncos and cowboys, formed one limit of the place, past that horn of dominion, the Ferris Wheel carrying people round in buckets, to where the Wild East Show, with its lions and Bedouin, closed it in on the other.

Professor Sandfog's chief assistant had just come out of the Mexican café with a very discouraged look, when he was confronted by a short, slim young man, wearing conspicuously on his breast two blue-satin badges with gold fringe. The newcomer halted before Murkle, and knocked his own hat forward by a deft tap from behind with one hand, while with the other he felt forward and upward gropingly in the air. Next he shaded his eyes with one hand and looked out from beneath this shade with a long, level gaze such as sailors employ at sea. Then at length, dashing aside further prelude, he cried with jovial heartiness:

"Well, by all that's hokey! if it is n't old—"

"Yes, Murkle—James K. Murkle," said the other, calmly. "Jagstone, how are you?"

"Murkle be hanged! Did n't we go to Bowley's Institute together? Since when—"

"Sh-sh! It's my stage name."

"You driving stage for some one?" asked his friend, facetiously.

"I might as well be; I have done pretty much everything else *but* that in the last few months."

It turned out that the two had not met for many years. They explained to each other how life had treated them in the meantime. It had not been fortunately in either case.

"I went into a broker's office in Wall street," said the lively Mr. Jagstone; "but look at the Vanderbilts and Goulds and that sort of fellows, and then look at me! After that I tried wholesale dry-goods. I was with Bedtick, Denim & Scrim till lately, ought oughty-four Broadway, New York. Not a partner, you know, only—er—ahem—in the packing-box department. Now I'm here as delegate to the Keeley Gold Cure Convention."

"Oh, that's what all those dizzy badges are

about, is it? I thought you were a member of the Exposition board of directors at least."

"It's a disease; that's the way you want to look at it; science recognizes it as a disease. You can't help having some complaints, can you? That's the reason I don't mind parading in public. We're here with our brass bands and our State flags, and we're going to have a 'Keeley day' at the fair. I should n't wonder if I could get you in as an honorary member, if you like."



A MEETING ON THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

Murkle now related various of his attempts to improve his fortunes at the Exposition. He had briefly tried being agent for the Cyclone Wash-tub and the Salvation Lightning-rod; then he had been a "ticket-scalper"; next an attendant at the Californian ostrich-farm; later he had originated and launched the idea of Murkle's Big Bowl House, where very large bowls of coffee were given for a nickel.

"My grandest scheme of all, though," he concluded, "was turning a new block of houses into the Superlative Hotel by running a big sign all the way along the top. We had cot-beds in the cellar, in the attic, on all the stairways, and in the back yard; home comforts; a dollar a day and upwards. But I did n't have capital enough to carry it through."

«Yes, I recognize it, especially the (upwards); I've been up with 'em myself. But what I don't understand about all this is how you got down on your luck in this way. I always supposed you were a good deal of a capitalist, and only a little while ago I used to read in the fashionable papers what a wide swath you were cutting in Europe.»

«A confounded medical student told me if I did n't change my habits I probably would n't live more than three years. I did n't feel like changing my habits, so I divided what I had into three, and spent it as I went along. About the end of the time I saw how I was coming out, but it was too late to stop then. And then there was a girl in the case, and so on. I was going to commit suicide, but I could n't think just which way to do it, so I came to Chicago.»

«And what kind of a job are you in now?» asked Jagstone, with friendly interest.

«I've taken a contract to supply an old party with an assorted collection of Dagos for some kind of a language scheme. He is a professor in some one-horse college. I noticed him mooning around the Midway. He could n't make any more headway with those folks than a chicken, and I offered myself to him as an interpreter.»

«It ought to be easy enough to get 'em; I should say you had a soft snap on that, if it pays you.»

«Not so easy as you might think; it's more like pulling teeth.»

«How is that?»

«Most of the time they don't understand a blessed thing I say. Then, in case they do, their managers won't let them out of the shows, to come; or if they do have a day or half a day off, it is n't the same day, so that we can't get them all at the same time. Say, you don't happen to know of a good, steady-going Patagonian, do you? One who has got over the first levity of youth, and would prefer a light job, a few hours a week, to high wages?»

«Lucky chaps, these outlandish Dagos, eh? to get a living just by looking like that and wearing that sort of clothes,» remarked Jagstone, «when we have to hustle so to make anything. There's a nice hellion now» —as some poor native of southern India shuffled by in a white cotton jacket and petticoat, and his hair put up with a comb like a woman's. «In knocking round the world so much, I suppose you've picked up their lingo, so you can talk with a good many of 'em, anyway?»

Murkle winked shrewdly, and responded:

«I don't know any lingo but my own, and not much of that. I might count, though, a little art students' slang I picked up once, at Mother Mirabelle's in Brittany.»

Mr. Jagstone's manner now changed; he took on a stiff and formal air.

«There are two thousand languages,» said he. «There is one to about every three or five millions of people in Europe, one to every two or three millions in Asia, one to every few hundred thousand in Africa, and one to every seventy or eighty thousand among the American Indians.»

«What are you giving us?» asked Murkle, in surprise.

«The present Afghans are the lost tribes of Israel. The Tahitians have seven different ways of expressing (smoke) —»

«And I have only one; but take a cigar, all the same. What are you driving at?»

«The Javans have seven different ways of saying (hog,) ten for (elephant,) and twenty for (breadfruit) —»

«I'll say all those first seven to you at once if you don't cut this and tell me what's the matter with you.»

«The matter is that, as you admitted you were no linguist, I thought I'd give you a specimen of my acquirements in that line.»

«Your acquirements! In the old times you never knew enough to go in when it rained, and I don't believe you've learned it since. I say, Jagstone, where did you get those points you mention?»

«Well, then, out of some newspaper scraps in my pocket-book. Did it ever occur to you what a lot of education there is in a well-assorted lot of newspaper items? You went to college and did n't need it, but I had to quit school early, and have to make up for lost time. Every now and then I cut out an item that suits my taste, especially in facts and figures, and salt it down. The only drawback is that they get worn out pretty fast, and then where are your facts and figures?»

«Lend me those items on language, will you, Jagstone? I may be able to work them in, some way.»

«I've got a better one yet; it tells how to say (I love) in forty-seven different languages,» added Jagstone, feeling for his pocket-book to produce it.

«Oh, I must have that one, sure.»

While they were arguing the point, a man of rough appearance accosted them and said: «Which of you is the one that's hiring parties for some kind of a talking-match or language-show? I'd like to get a job.»

"What nation do you belong to?" Murkle inquired.

"I'm a Swizz," the man made answer, so energetically that it was like the sound of a buzz-saw or the sluing of a sled on the snow.

"What part of Switzerland are you from?"

"My grandmother was a Swizz, full-blooded; that was the way of it."

Murkle's eye rested upon him in a contemplative way. "Ever been anywhere near Patagonia?" he asked.

"I've worked mostly in the logging-camps up Stevens Point way, and I've sailed considerable in the lake marine."

Jagstone slapped himself vigorously on the thigh when the "Swizz" had gone. "I've got an idea for you," said he; "that chap put it in my head."

"What is it?"

"Come down to camp to-night, and let us boys fit you out with any more foreigners you want."

"What camp are you talking about? I thought you said you were with the Keeley delegates at the Hotel Mecca?"

"No; I've joined some of the boys from the store, down at the Parthenon-Colosseum Camp, on Garfield Boulevard. It's lively and cheap, and I thought being about with the clerks might kind of help me in getting back into the store again—see? They're taking a fortnight's vacation here."

"How do you get down to your confounded old camp?"

"Take the Elevated or three street-car lines; it's only a few blocks from the 'Great Educator,' by four different entrances. I'll expect you at seven sharp. There are some college base-ball players and a banjo club stopping there, too; and if you don't get down early they'll be off for the evening."

While they discussed the matter further, Murkle proposed that they should go over together to the Ceylon pavilion, in the main precinct of the Exposition. "I've got a little personal matter of my own to attend to there," said he. "I'm trying to sell 'em a disused road-roller for a steam Juggernaut; they ought to be up to date in those matters."

Jagstone touched his own head with a forefinger significantly, saying: "Large brain, great mind; you'll succeed yet."

As they passed near the Art Building, Murkle started at a glimpse of a feminine figure just disappearing in the portal. "Looks like a girl I used to be engaged to," said he.

"I suppose you've been engaged to a good many girls in your time?"

"Yes, quite a number; there's generally some one filling that position."

The same evening James Murkle appeared by seven o'clock before the group of canvas abodes constituting the "Parthenon-Colosseum Boarding Camp—Fire-, moth-, and rust-proof," as its large sign further stated. Not long after the flaps of the principal tent had closed behind him sounds of revelry rose from within. Impromptu properties were got out and tossed about. One speaker took the floor, and strenuously called attention to the fact that a costumer on Clark street had a large stock which at that season of the year might be hired for almost nothing.

II.

Two days after the conversation last mentioned, Beauty Show Hall, at an early hour in the morning, was a scene of unusual animation. While the rest of the Midway Plaisance was still making its toilet, there entered the hall in question little groups in gabardines and togas, burnouses, tunics, and kilts, in sombreros, turbans, and crowns of feathers. The beauty from the Engadine, whom Murkle had insisted on retaining, threw off a mackintosh that covered a becoming peasant costume. Yet, even with the advantage of a white waist, silver-embroidered stomacher, and bare arms, she did not greatly surpass Marie from the French bakery, who, in the dress of ordinary civilization, was as trim and fresh as a bird. Professor Sandfog came up from his room, No. 2125 of the Himalaya Hotel, a mile distant, accompanied by his niece Mary Shaft, who, with the consent of Leontine Himmel, was to lend her coöperation for a few of the opening meetings.

At the upper end of the room were arranged a large table with a phonograph upon it, a small table with writing-materials, a blackboard, and on the wall a diagram, or symbolical picture, which the professor had drawn with his own hand. Mr. Murkle began to arrange the gathering, of motley dress and complexion, into a group, as prearranged by Professor Sandfog. It was to be crescent-shaped, the delegates from the outlying boundaries of the world forming the ends, those from the rest of the universe the interior, which would gradually thicken toward the center.

"I want the Kamchatkan here on the right," said the professor, helping to put that oily little man, in furs, with fish-spear in hand, in proper position, "and the Patagonian at the left. Next the Kamchatkan you must



«ONE SPEAKER TOOK THE FLOOR.»

put, as they would come in logical order, the Laplander and the Eskimo; and next the Patagonian the natives of the Cape of Good Hope and southern Australia.»

The professor was especially pleased with the Patagonian, since it had seemed doubtful up to the last moment whether any one from that remote region could be had. He was a large, raw-boned, copper-colored man, roughly tattooed, and his dress consisted of a kilt of fox-skins, a ragged *poncho*, or blanket, and a belt containing tobacco-pipe, knives, and some curious arrangements which Murkle explained to be slings for hunting the ostrich. He conformed very closely to the accounts in the encyclopedias, which shows the accuracy of our works of education. The professor smiled at him and patted him on the back in a friendly way, and he responded with impressive salaams.

«His name is Or-kee-kee, or Chonek,» Murkle explained in answer to his employer's inquiries. «He—er—ahem—he had a brother herding cattle in the Argentine Republic, and, quite unexpectedly, they—er—at the

last moment concluded to come up to the Exposition to ride as *gauchos* in one of the wild West shows.»

«He 's from Terra del Few-ee-go, the Land of Fire, down by those straits where so many vessels are wrecked, and he 's a chief in his own country,» here put in another voice, which was strangely like Mr. Jagstone's.

Murkle administered to this speaker a kick surreptitious but forcible.

«Well, I wanted to get it all in,» expostulated the latter, but not audibly. «What 's the use of going down for information to the Newberry Library if you don't make use of it?»

«Who is this man?» demanded the professor, turning suddenly upon him, surprised at the contrast between his appearance—for he was coffee-colored and attired in turban and a flowered dressing-gown—and the facility with which he spoke the vernacular.

«He 's a Persian, a fire-worshiper. He 's been on a reservation—I mean he 's been to an English school; that 's the reason he

speaks English so well. His name is Zoryaster."

Murkle consulted his list, and brought up one odd individual after another to take his place in the crescent. As he did so he would name him or half present him to the professor.

"A Bulgarian who speaks the Church Slavic, the sacred language of the Greek Church. A Russian—a Pole—a Kalmuck Tartar—a modern Greek."

The professor himself brought with him a contribution from his own hotel, a Danish chambermaid, just imported for the needs of the great caravansary, and innocent of the first syllable of English. She, with a Norwegian sailor and a Swedish hand from the lumber-yards, represented the Scandinavian element.

The halberdier, with his halberd, was there from "Old Vienna"; and almost equally medieval and striking was a Swiss guard, whose business it was to add to the illusion of the large model of St. Peter's at Rome. For Italy came also men from the fictitious "Blue Grotto" of Capri and the "Venetian Glass Works"; for Spain, some one from the reproduced Convent of La Rábida (Columbus's convent); and for England, a waiter from the Great White Horse Inn, for the English accent to be represented must be as racy as possible of the soil. Canada, too, was not overlooked. As to the United States, Mr. Murkle undertook to look after that country himself, aided by a Columbian guard who had strayed into the hall out of curiosity and was allowed to remain. The aboriginal languages of the two American continents were to be exemplified by an alleged Comanche, an Algonkin, a Choctaw, a Chinook, a Micmac, and a Zuñi, or cliff-dweller, a Mexican Aztec and an Otomi, a Tepehuan of Yucatan, a Carib, and a Guarany of Paraguay.

"I find an over-richness of representation here," said the professor. "These Indian languages are undergoing change and subdivision without end, and are afflicted with a dreadful pleonasm and polysyllabism. They are really of less importance than any others."

"And yet I took especial pains—but let that pass. But is not that a rather unpatriotic view to take of it?"

"Patriotism has nothing to do with science, and especially not with an experiment of this kind, which is for the benefit of all mankind."

"A Scotch bagpiper," continued Murkle; "a cottager from Lady Aberdeen's (Irish village); a Welshman from Festiniog; a Chinese laundryman, a Japanese student (educated in this country, 'extra intelligent'); my friend Kibob and another Turkish merchant, Hamed by name; a Tahitian; a Siamese; two Moorish sheiks, Sidi Brahim and Ben Sadoun; and an example of the Atlantean Africans, or, in simpler words, I suppose, just sea-shore darkies."

Something set the professor off in a disquisition upon the difference between the Japanese and the Chinese, and the popular errors on the subject. Jagstone affected to swoon upon a friend's shoulder in consequence of the many long words used, as "agglutinative structure," "aggregated as opposed to integrated language," and the like; but he briskly recovered from the fictitious swoon, declared that the professor had many first-class ideas not found in his (Jagstone's) collection of newspaper scraps, and edged around behind him, as he went, to gather up as many of them as possible. He saw Murkle give friendly pats in passing to Marie and Frida, and he slyly managed to



THE BEAUTY FROM THE ENGADINE.

call the attention of each to it in the case of the other, so that the relation of these two fair maids presently was one of jealous displeasure and hostility.

"Let me call especial attention, professor," said Murkle, "to the completeness with which I have covered the central part of Asia, the ground that you wanted particularly attended to. Zoryaster, you get together, up here at the front, all the Zends, Parsees, Tibetans, Afghans, Armenians, Sanskritters, and folks of that stripe. He has general charge of the group," he whispered to Sandfog.

"Zoroaster" did as directed, and Murkle claimed to have a Buddhist from Ceylon, a Brahman from the north of India, a bonze from Tibet, a Beluchee, a Kurd, a dealer in

praying-carpet from Turkestan, and an Armenian—from the State street Turkish bath. «That is to say, he was from Mount Ararat originally,» he hastened to add. «He has often seen the site where the ark landed after her forty days' cruise, and states that no trace of damages to fences or other property from that landing is now to be seen.»

«But—but—» the professor began to protest against so gross a misconception. But he let himself be overborne by Murkle, who went on, indicating another couple:

«I have every reason to believe that this pair, Mirza Ferouk and Bulbul Effendi, are directly from the land of Shinar.»

«Yes; a boot-blackening establishment on Clark street,» remarked the Patagonian, confidentially, to a small circle about him.

«You have done well—almost better than I could have expected,» exclaimed Professor Sandfog, all a-flutter with content at so good a showing, and with happiness that the realization of his great scheme had actually begun. «How strange to think that we have before us the inhabitants of the historic provinces of Bactriana and Sogdiana, dwellers by the Zagros range, the ancient gateway of nations.»

«An Ashantee, a Raratongan, an Arawak, a Tschuwassian,» pursued Murkle, still presenting his various types.

«*Tcheu!*» sneezed Jagstone, in a suppressed way, as a part of his humor.

And now Murkle, having perhaps run through his list of appellations or forgotten part of it, went on very rapidly: «A Syenite, a Dolomite, a Trilobite, a Dynamite—»

«No, no,» interrupted the professor, astonished; «that cannot be; you are all wrong there. A (trilobite) is a kind of fossil; (syenite) is a rock; so is—»

«Well, what bigger fossils could there be than most of these parties?» rejoined the assistant, essaying a facetious defense.

But Professor Sandfog did not understand facetiousness. Insisting on setting right this confusion, some more probable names were recovered; but where they were missing entirely the individual was classified, like strange goods in the custom-house, after that which he most resembled. When the professor went back to his table he explained to Mary Shaft:

«Mr. Murkle is a young man of great energy and usefulness to our enterprise, but his scholarship is very inaccurate.»

The world was now well belted round with representatives; they were arranged in their crescent-shaped order, and all was ready to

begin. Professor Sandfog tapped upon his table.

«Will the meeting please come to order?» said he.

His niece placed herself at the small table beside him. Her business was to take down the new sounds by stenography, for comparison with those which should be obtained by the phonograph.

«The meeting will please come to order,» repeated the professor. He took a long pointer, and explained his diagram on the wall, a naïve performance, for the professor was but a prentice hand at drawing, and next made a little opening speech. Along the top was the quotation from Genesis xi. 1: «And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech.» The diagram consisted chiefly of two large triangles, the apexes outward. At the apex of one was seen the Tower of Babel, and the people were fleeing from it in wild confusion along the divergent sides. At the apex of the other was the Chicago Exposition of 1893, toward which the people, in motley array, were converging with every appearance of delight. Such words as «segregation,» «fugacity,» «multiformity» were sprinkled in large letters over the first triangle, and «aggregation,» «stability,» «unity» over the second, and the whole was signed boldly «Pausanias Sandfog.»

«You see almost at a glance,» he said, «the range and beneficence of the enterprise. Order is to be brought out of the chaos which has endured all these centuries since Babel. I am glad to see you all here, and want every one to have an intelligent comprehension of what is to be done, so that I may count upon your hearty coöperation in the work. The universal language we are about to make, though new, will yet in reality be as old as the hills, and—er—each of you should realize that he has a proud and essential part in it. Bear in mind that this invention is going to be of greater importance to mankind than that of the railway or the telegraph.—They understand all that, do they not, Mr. Murkle?»

«They do,» replied Murkle, confidently.

«'Ear! 'ear!» shouted the delegate from the Great White Horse Inn; «Hip, hip, hooray!» the «Swizz»; «*Hoop-là! ohé!*» French Marie; while Frida added an Alpine yodel, and elsewhere there was more than a suspicion of a college yell, «*Brek-ke co-ax co-ax,*» etc. It was apparent that the professor had found favor.

About half of the hour had already gone. He handed a small loaf of bread to Mr.

Murkle, and the latter took his position in the center of the crescent, facing the polyglot assemblage. Miss Shaft raised her pen expectantly.

"We will commence with the word 'bread,'" said the professor. "What more appropriate as a starting-point for a new language than the word which represents that which is the staff of life among all men and all peoples? Psammetichus, an Egyptian king, if you recollect, caused two children to be brought up together in a tower, without communication with any one else, in order to see what they would say when they first began to speak. The first word they uttered was *bekos*, meaning 'bread' in that language, from which some inferred that it was the primitive speech of man."

"The doorkeepers probably talked a steady stream, and the children caught on; that's the way it was," said Murkle, skeptically.

"It may be; but I was going on to say that one of my ideas was to have such a gathering from all nations as we have assembled here to-day, live together, say, at the same boarding-house, and then see what language they would strike out in common. That would have been another way of working toward the desired result." Miss Shaft could not forbear uneasily consulting her watch. "But, as I was saying, Mr. Murkle, will you now give the order to begin?"

Mr. Murkle held the bread aloft so that all could see it distinctly, and then began to beat time in a very energetic, florid way. The bread, which he still held, danced with his waving arm as if on the crest of a breaker.

Arms upward, arms outward, arms crossing, arms outward (weaving spells like a musician), arms up, arms DOWN—that was the signal, and the roar broke out, "Bread!" Murkle roaring with the rest.

In accordance with directions given, all were supposed to shout "bread," each in his

own language. The hall of the Beauty Show vibrated throughout its length and breadth. When the reverberation had died away, Professor Sandfog looked at Mary Shaft with a face of beaming exaltation and triumph, and also of inquiry.

"I did not get a single syllable of it," she responded, with a worried air.

Turning then to his phonograph, he found that he had forgotten to press the vibrating plaque against the cylinder, so that it had taken no record. This oversight being repaired, he said:

"Let us have it over again. And in general, for greater accuracy, in these early stages it will be well to repeat the words somewhat often."

Again, with waving arms and passes, Murkle gave the signal, and the shout broke forth with a hearty good will, the explosion of sound being even louder than before.

"*Br-r-od!*" was the cry of the German halberdier of Old Vienna.

"*Bröd!*" that of the Danish chambermaid.

"*Kr-r-obs!*" that of the grave Bedouin, child of the desert.

"*Nkanak!*" vociferated the Armenian of Ararat.

"*Amlök!*" the Turkish merchants Kibob and Hamed; for Kibob,

on the whole, had concluded that they would come.

"*Pan!*" the Spaniard.

"*Pane!*" the Italians.

"*Pain!*" the sprightly French soubrette.

"*Pannada!*" the Engadine girl.

"*Khleb!*" the Russian.

"*Berena!*" the Hawaiian dancer Fetoia. She gave it in the same shrill and crooning tone in which she was wont to sing the "*Mau-u-lu-ul-u*" at the South Sea village.

The young jugglers Sinda Ram and Sarabiji, having no word for bread in the Hindu speech, threw in, as per agreement, "*Charu!*" the one that meant "biscuit."

The Japanese student piped up, "*Sho-ko-mo-tan!*"



"THE PROFESSOR WAS ESPECIALLY PLEASED WITH THE PATAGONIAN."

«*Pek-wej-igan!*» the Cris of Saskatchewan.

«*Guaddaga!*» the Indian of Yucatan.

«*Tlaxcalli!*» the Mexican Aztec.

And in like manner, each after his kind, whether from their own knowledge or from hastily prepared lists, shouted the foreigners all along the line.

Again the professor consulted Miss Shaft.

«What did you get this time?»

«It sounded to me something like *br-r-an-kak*,» said she.

He reversed his phonograph and brought forth the facts it had registered. For the first instant there seemed in that phonograph a conflict of all the elements, as if it would burst asunder. The consonants and vowels, all possible gutturals, dentals, and labials, were compressed into that brief space, and one might fancy that they were belaboring and throttling one another in deadly strife. It was the linguistic conflict of all the ages repeated in an instant of time. Something had to yield, and it did; whatever it was cannot be known, but there issued forth with some distinctness, though surrounded by sizzlings and sputterings, the resultant *branka*.

«Hurrah! victory! victory!» cried Professor Sandfog, quite beside himself with delight. «Do you see what a remarkable correspondence? The sound has impressed the phonograph and the ear of an acute observer in substantially the same way. The test is perfect. *Branka*—what a word!»

And he joyfully directed *branka* to be entered for «bread,» as the first word of Anti-Babel, the coming universal language.

The next word taken up was «milk.» Mr. Murkle displayed to the audience a vial filled with milk, and after sufficient time for inspection, «Are you ready?» he vociferated. «One—two—three—*milk!*»

«*Milch!*» now bellowed the German halberdier.

«*Mjolk!*» the Swede.

«*Leche!*» the Spaniard.

«*Lapte!*» the Rumanian.

«*Mook!*» the Eskimo.

«*Chichi!*» the Japanese.

«*Dou-ghièn!*» the Kamchatkan.

«*Okin!*» the Algonkin.

«*Py-huk-chi!*» the Choctaw.

«*Züt!*» the Turk.

«*Halif!*» the Arab.

«*Chir!*» the Persian.

«*Na bà!*» the Otomi from the Mexican mountains.

«*Bagne!*» the Celt from the Irish village.

«*Nai!*» the Turkoman who dealt in praying-carpets.

«*Poi!*» a formidable Afghan.

This time, as the uproar subsided, Jagstone was seen to feel of his bones as if to assure himself that they were safe. «Are we all here?» breathed the Patagonian, in the same vein. And yet this tall and raw-boned person was really a member of a foot-ball team, and must have felt much at home even in scenes of far greater confusion.

«What do you make it?» demanded the professor, eagerly.

«I make it *mootch-nay*, as near as I can get to it,» Miss Shaft replied.

He turned round his phonograph, and they listened. Again the word came forth, accompanied as by the mutterings of a subsiding storm. The machine gave, with a pinched and metallic tone, something like *mynch-nif*.

«*Mynch-nif* it is!» cried the professor, in high glee. «What force! what music!» And this term for «milk» was entered as the second word in the vocabulary of Anti-Babel.

«We next take up, by way of variation, «the sun,»» said he; «the orb of day, known to every human being. Our program will consist at first of the things met with in the commonest daily experience. «The sun»—are you ready?»

A large placard with a picture of the sun was held up to view. «Are you ready?» repeated Murkle to his audience in the crescent. «Let her go, then; altogether, now—sun!»

The resultant was pronounced to be *sniz-rin-ge-ou*; the Finnish *awringo*, the Japanese *nizi-rin*, and the Provençal *soleou* had apparently entered into it, to the exclusion of most of the others.

«The moon» was about to be called next, when a disturbance was noted on the floor. The Chinese laundryman had taken his hat, in dudgeon, and was going away. The professor hurried down from his post in person to allay the trouble. «We cannot possibly spare such an important element,» said he. «He is at present our only representative of the speech of uncounted millions of men, and we cannot do without him.»

«Somebody pulled his cue,» said Murkle. «I guess it was that Bulgarian there, or the Malabar man, either one. You don't want to be too funny in these language-studies, you chaps. But he's allee litee now, are n't you, John? Don't pay any attention to 'em. Catchee twenty-five centee more; if goee 'way now, no catchee nothing, see?» And in a mollifying way he pushed him back into the ranks.

"Zwoot!" exclaimed the alleged Bulgarian, as if in offense.

"Harmony, gentlemen! None but the kindest feelings are becoming to this scientific labor," appealed the professor. Then in an instant he was off at a new tangent. Addressing the native of Malabar, "I want you to come to the blackboard and write me a specimen of the beautiful Malabaric character," said he.

The man managed to kick Murkle in the shins in the confusion, and to appeal to him *sotto voce*: "What am I to do now?"

"He says that it is not written any longer, except by the—er—the—vulgar and uneducated class of people," suggested Murkle, quickly.

"Oh, there is some mistake about that; you cannot have understood him."

And he conveyed the man along with him. The victim took a piece of chalk, closed his eyes desperately, and was just about to inscribe some marks, no matter what, at random, when he was saved by the casual interposition of Mary Shaft. She called attention to the fact that time was passing, and asked if it would not be well to postpone all such matters till a later date. The professor was not really averse to being brought up with a round turn in his wandering tendency, and he accepted the suggestion. The words "moon" and "star" were given in good style. Then said Murkle:

"Our delegates can give the expression ('I love') in forty-seven languages. I have drilled them myself, at our rehearsals, and I should take pride in showing how well they can do it."

"He's a cool hand," muttered Mr. Jagstone, slapping himself on the thigh in surprise.

The Professor gladly consented. Thereupon the large chorus called "I love" in its various forms, the Greek rendering it as "*agapo*," the German as "*ich liebe*," the Frenchman as "*j'aime*," the Russian as "*loubliou*," the Swede as "*jag elskar*," the Cambodian as "*khuhôm sreland*," and so on down the list. There was even the Volapük "*lofob*," and the Japanese gave it as "*watakusi wa suki masu*."

The result was adjudged to be *yig srubs*, the numerous extra and overlapping syllables of the Japanese being ruled out as clearly beside the purpose.

Amid the reverberation of this particular expression two female figures whom we have already seen entered the hall. These were Mrs. Sandfog and Leontine Himmel. They

had met at the door. The former had come to make a new demand upon her husband's purse, the latter to join her chaperon.

The visitors were so startled by the noise that it is probable they did not see very distinctly what was before them till they had reached the upper end of the room. Leontine, at least, paid no particular attention to anything till her eyes fell upon the professor's curious diagram on the wall. This called forth from her the remark aside to Mary:

"I've always wondered why it would n't have been better to let them go on with their tower, if they were so simple. It could not have been quarter as high as the modern 'sky-scrapers,' and nobody accuses them of being too near heaven."

The last of her remarks was drowned in a new roar giving the affirmative word "yes," followed again by the negative "no," and this, in short order, by the words for "sword" and "spear." The "*Yau!*" and "*Nein!*" of the stout halberdier were something prodigious; and when it came to the weapons, his halberd was seen waving above the swaying throng with an unheard-of enthusiasm. In all the "Swizz" came in as a heavy second, and the bass notes of the Patagonian as a good third, but many or most of the others seemed almost obliterated.

"No, no; stop!" exclaimed the professor; "this will not do. A greater uniformity of tone must be secured. I fear that some are led by the promptings of a patriotic pride to try and secure an unfair advantage to their own form of speech. The feeling is a creditable one under ordinary circumstances; but here, where science secures the rights of all in the exact and natural proportion, there is no need of it, and I trust that such misguided attempts will cease."

"Let yourselves down a few pegs, boys," commanded Murkle, backing up this request. "You, there, especially, Mr. Chonek, Mr. Halberdier Shtürmer, and Mr. Swizz-ama-jigsaw, we're talking to you. Nobody is allowed to make any more noise than anybody else. You want to strike an even gait, understand?"

Some familiar tone in the voice of this master of ceremonies caused Leontine Himmel to prick up her ears. His back was always turned to the party, in pursuance of his duties to the crescent, and he wore burnoose and fez; but her languishing dark eyes began to follow him about, and even grew jealous of his manner toward Frida and Marie.

"Water" was distilled from Professor Sandfog's wondrous alembic as *ak-oz-amtch*;

«sword» as *mtspay*; «rose» as *grosła*; «tooth» as *drentko*; and «cow» as *vakuzt*.

«I don't know as I should really like, in the long run, words with so many consonants in them all in a bunch. Do you not think something could be done about that?» suggested Mary Shaft, very mildly.

«Not at all, not at all,» rejoined the professor, enraptured with his work. «They are full of melody: *ak-oz-amtch*, *mtspay*—what a charm! Is there not, when you come to think about it, a strange familiarity about them? Does it not seem to you as if you had always heard them?»

The colors, ordinary articles of dress, and the ordinary animals, were next to be dealt with. Most unexpectedly the professor caught up a large placard representing the horse,—a placard of the kind used by school children,—and thrust it into the hands of Miss Leontine.

«Here, you hold this, if you will,» said he. «Everybody is at work, and you will assist us a great deal by leaving Mr. Murkle free to attend to securing good order and precision of time.»

There was, indeed, need of some one who should attend to the matter of order; for as the end of the hour approached, a spirit of unrest was growing, which extended even to those delegates who were real foreigners and not merely imitations. But a keener ear than before was now listening to their speech, and a keener eye observing their appearance. There were many discrepancies in dress which it would hardly require a trained ethnologist to detect. The headpiece worn by Zoroaster was very like a base-ball player's mask, and his dressing-gown had never come from the land where the bulbul sings to the rose. Why should a Kalmuck Tartar include in his attire padded football trousers and an Oxford mortar-board? And while a representative of the Provençal districts would have worn a short cloak and slashed doublet a few hundred years ago, he certainly would not do it now; nor would his mandolin be apt to have a large «Y» upon it,

usually standing for the glee-club of a well-known university.

James Murkle turned about to see who it was that had been charged with a portion of his labors. His eyes met hers, and he all but dropped to the floor in his sudden confusion. But before Leontine, even more astonished than he, could throw down the placard, as her impulse was, to let her recognition of him be known, he gave a stentorian command for the next word, «horse.»

«Cheval!» «Caballo!» «Cal!» «Pferd!»

«Häst!» «Aspo!» «Hippopotamos!» «Koma!» they roared in deafening tones. And it added to her peculiar state of mind that she thought she heard, with the rest, «Three beers!» from the «Swizz,» and «Hot, hot, hot! all hot!» from the Patagonian.

The very moment that this was over, for he was going rapidly now, Professor Sandfog made her hold up a globe. She stood raising it aloft in both hands, a fair young Atlas, with a look of uneasiness, alarm, and protest on her face, while the combined cry of «Wereld!» «Mundo!» «Lume!» «Aleu!» «Svet!» and the rest, resounded about her. Then she ran to Miss Shaft, and, flushed with excitement, said:

«Mary, some of these persons are not what they pretend to be. I am sure that many of them are not foreigners at all. The conduc-



«A FAIR YOUNG ATLAS.»

tor, that young man in Moorish dress—well, he is—he is not—»

A new roar, but this time a continuous one, drowned her explanations. Counting had begun. The professor had written on the blackboard the numerals from one up to ten, and all were reciting them in unison.

«Kahi, lua, kola, ha, lima, ono, kika, walu, umi,» went the Hawaiian maid.

«O-um, beni, temro, jethro,» the Persians.

«Jik, y, sam, si,» the Chinaman.

«Asa, duwa, tija, âmpat,» the Malay.

But this exercise offered also an unprecedented opportunity for running in a far-rago of nonsense, all of which was bound up with the rest in the phonograph and in Miss



«I LOVE» IN FORTY-SEVEN LANGUAGES.»

Shaft's stenographic notes. Each one who had forgotten his word might easily replace it with anything he pleased.

One of the students bethought him to give the declension of an Anglo-Saxon noun. Another simply read off a list of the delegates to the Congress of Religions. The alleged Guarany Indian conjugated the present of his verb «to be» as follows: «*Tini, ereini, oini, oroini, neini, peini.*» And this put it in the head of one of the clerks to recite the children's counting-out words, pure and simple, «*Een-y, meen-y, mein-y, mo.*»

And furthermore, the Fijian, carried away by the pleasant excitement, struck a mighty blow upon his tom-tom, and the native of Java upon his *jambang*, while the Hungarian musician clashed his cymbals. At the same time, too, a sailor cried, as if pulling upon the yards, «Heigh-ho, haul away! 'Renzo,

boys, 'Renzo!» the students delivered their college yell, and the Patagonian and a little knot of comrades, hopping the while gaily, first on one foot, then on the other, poured out a number of expressions in French art-student jargon.

These latter, above all, Leontine recognized. She would endure no more, but flew to the professor in person.

"I want to warn you; I must put you on your guard," she began breathlessly. "There are some mistakes here; you are being misled."

But his mind was all wrapped up in his work, and he received her information in a dazed way.

"Yes; of course some few mistakes will occur," he rejoined patronizingly. "That is unavoidable. In the word (bread,) for instance, I am aware that several may have given me their general word for (food.) Still, we may rely, I think, upon a substantial accuracy."

She saw that further parley with him was idle, and running impulsively down the hall, confronted Murkle. He shrank into himself, and endeavored to pull the Turkish fez yet lower upon his forehead; but the fez does not lend itself well to the disguise of the human features.

Mrs. Sandfog took advantage of this brief intermission to make her application to her husband for money.

"Five minutes for refreshments!" exclaimed Jagstone; and, to a neighbor, "May I offer you a piece of brankak and a glass of mootch-nif?"

Mary Shaft, having at length realized who the young man was, had misgivings as to her duty toward Leontine's father. But she would have had none could she have heard the fashion of Leontine's interview with her former lover. The meeting had completely disillusioned her and cured her of any lingering repining over the broken engagement.

"Elliot Shorter," she began severely, "how can you do such things?"

"Yes; well, let's hear your opinion of it in full," he returned sullenly, yet affecting bravado. At the same time, however, he edged away, so that the exposure should not be heard by others; and in this she was well satisfied to follow him.

"I did not realize that you were the very head and front of it till I heard the French *blague* you picked up at Mother Mirabelle's and were forever quoting to us. (*Ohé la rentière*) and the rest—I should know that anywhere. Then I saw it was you that had filled them up with all that ridiculous nonsense, to take in the poor innocent professor."

"Honest, Leontine, the other fellows put in about half of it. They spent a day at one of the libraries copying the stuff out of language-books."

"Of course I shall at once tell the professor of the trick that has been played upon him."

"If I were you I would n't; he won't thank you for it. He is looking for glory, for himself and his McCorkleville University, and it won't please him to learn he has n't got it. Better let him down easy, at any rate. I'll resign, and we can tell him that the Dagos' bosses needed their services and would n't let them come back."

There was a trace of reason in this, and it slightly mollified her severe expression. With consummate assurance, he seized upon it as a sign that she was completely relenting.

"Now that we meet again in this lucky way," he proposed, "what do you say to calling our engagement on again? I understand that you never really wanted to break it off; it was all your family's doing."

The hopeless scapegrace stood revealed. Leontine thanked Heaven for it. Her expression grew positively stony.

"Nobody else would have done half as well by the professor as I did. A lot of those natives were *real*. I could have run in twice as many of the make-believe kind on him if I'd wanted to, could n't I?"

"That chapter is closed," she said icily.

The jovial part of the chorus, seeing their leader so long in conference with the pretty girl, thought it appropriate again to shout "I love" in forty-seven languages. And the interview was concluded under the stentorian howl of:

"*Yig srubs!*"

William Henry Bishop.

BIRDS AND BARDS.

SINGS in the light the lark;
The nightingale in the dark:
But the poet sings through dark and light—
His heart the echo of day and night.

Henry Austin.



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SCIENTIFIC KITE-FLYING.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE BLUE HILL EXPERIMENTS.

MOST persons, when asked for their mental picture of the wind, describe it as a horizontal stratum of air practically uniform in velocity. In reality neither of these characteristics is a part of the description of the wind. Investigations into the internal movements of the air currents, made by Professor S. P. Langley in America and by others abroad, have shown conclusively that the wind is made up of innumerable commingling and conflicting currents, much like the multitude of scarcely perceptible wavelets which unite to make up a huge billow. These component currents move in various directions, vertically as well as horizontally, and with velocities quite their own. The constant variation in velocities may be detected by any one who will watch a cup-anemometer whirling in a gale of wind. A little patience will soon detect the cups at a full stop for an appreciable period, while the gale whistles by. Meteorological instruments have detected distinct upward and downward movements in ordinary winds, and some of those who are investigating bird flight and the vast subject of aeronautics are convinced that the soaring power of a bird is due to its instinctive recognition of these upward currents, and to its ability instantly to make use of them in order to secure or retain altitude. Much in the same way as billows move in one general direction, a given wind usually follows a uniform course; but if it meets a terrestrial obstruction, it is at once retarded at some points, and a mingling of forces results. A hill obstructs the wind much as a dam retards water. The current in the stream is more rapid on the surface than at the point of contact with the dam. In the same way, the anemometer on a mountain-top may indicate a certain velocity, while the clouds above, moving in the same wind, will be observed to be moving much faster.

Considering the eagerness with which scientists are pursuing the fleeting testimony of nature's atmospheric vagaries, and the fact that this field of study lies directly over our heads, almost within reach, it is a matter of surprise for most readers to be told

that until kites were resorted to there was no adequate means for getting records of the conditions even a few hundred feet above any chosen locality, whereas at the present time records above one and a half miles are frequent. If we take our instruments to the mountain-peak, we find there disturbing conditions due to the fact that we are still on the earth. If we ascend in a balloon, we are borne along with the wind, and while facts are obtained at different heights, they are from points far apart horizontally. The captive balloon has thus far afforded the only means for local use, but it is obvious that the expense of maintaining such a service is beyond average resources, to say nothing of the element of personal danger, and the important fact that captive balloons cannot be used if there is much wind, nor ascend very high under the most favorable conditions. To be deprived of studying the air because moderate wind-velocities forbid would be to lose the privilege of analyzing conditions which may be most desired.

In order that weather predictions may be made with greater certainty, it is necessary that the atmospheric conditions above may be frequently investigated, perhaps several times a day, and the results compared. If this be done in concert at several points far apart, the results will of course be of greater value, and the coming changes over a larger territory can be far more accurately predicted.

So it comes about that the toy which has amused the Chinese and the Koreans through countless dynasties (for the origin is in tradition), and which the Japanese adopted just as they did Chinese art, has come to be a scientific instrument of unique value. Kite-flying is generally associated with a fair wind in an open field in the summer; but as meteorologists use kites, a snow-storm, a freezing temperature, or a gale of thirty to forty miles an hour, does not deter the work in the least. It has again happened that amateurs have pointed the way for scientists. In the face of scientific deductions from known facts, it has been demonstrated that light kites can be constructed

that will resist the pressure of great wind-velocities and at the same time lift considerable weights. In this practical demonstration amateurs have been foremost. The best knowledge on the subject a few years ago, when kites were first taken up seriously, was so deficient as to be virtually useless. Many of the materials used in kite construction had not been tested at all, and others had never been tried under conditions similar to those in which the strain was to occur. No one knew the breaking-point of different kinds of string, or what kind was on the whole best when compared weight for weight or by diameters. The manufacturers had never had occasion to make such tests. The safety of the whole apparatus in use depends upon the original strength of the string or wire used, and upon the knots in making connections. The literature of kites gave no information as to the best methods of tying a string on itself, or on a foreign object like a kite-stick. It is clear that tying two ends of a broken string cannot restore it to its former strength, since the parts in the knot cut on each other. It was essential to find the most efficient knot, and till this was done no high altitudes with kites were possible, and tandem flying was hazardous to the apparatus. The breaking-point of the woods commonly used,—straight-grained spruce or white pine,—and the force of the wind per square foot on a flat surface at right angles to the wind, were of course well known; but these and all other facts accessible two years ago pointed to the conclusion that kites would probably never be sent up more than 3000 to 4000 feet, and that no kite could be made strong enough in proportion to its weight to

fly in winds varying from ten to forty miles an hour. The absence of data much needed in order to proceed on scientific lines in devising kite forms was due to the fact that the kite had always been considered a toy, and but for the development of tailless kites it would doubtless still be so regarded. The moment the weight and resistance of the

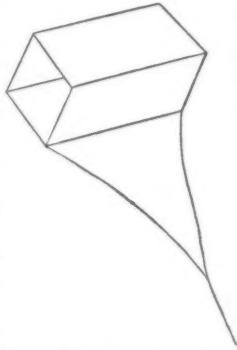
tail may be safely discarded, the kite is able to lift so much more, and self-recording instruments may be attached; but any kite that can lift only itself is obviously useless in meteorology.

Almost every man remembers kite-flying as one of the delights of his youth; but few, if any, have until very recently experienced the unique sensation of flying a kite up into the clouds. It is thrilling, indeed, to watch a kite disappear in the mist, to remain there sometimes half an hour; and still more so, in flying several kites on one string,

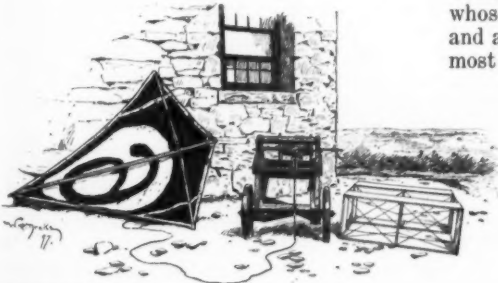
to see some above and others below the cloud, perhaps facing in various directions as the wind currents in different strata vary. Very frequently, in trying for high altitudes, the largest kites used are lost to sight in the clear sky, and to avoid this the leaders are usually painted black.

The motives which have actuated those who have studied kites from the amateur point of view have differed largely. Mr. Lawrence Hargrave of New South Wales, who invented the cellular or «box» kites, was in search of soaring-machines, and perhaps leaned toward aeronautics. It is interesting to note that the Japanese prototype of the box kite is made of but one cell flown on edge, as shown above. Mr. Hargrave tried some single-celled forms flown with flat surfaces toward the wind. Mr. W. A. Eddy, to whose enthusiasm we owe the resurrection and adoption of the Malay kite, and who has most generously aided others, including the

writer, was in search of means to lift his leading kite high into the air, and his experiments have been to some extent meteorological. Many others in this country, and a few in England, have given serious attention to kites on account of their interest in one of these two subjects. Nearly everything has been done by rule of thumb. «Try it and see» has been the echoed advice of those who were sup-



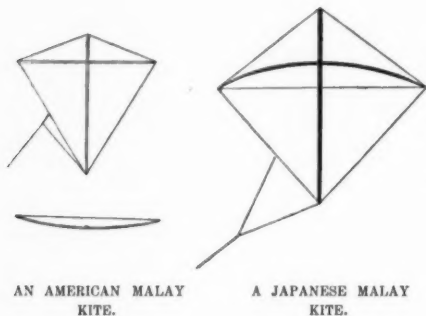
JAPANESE PROTOTYPE OF THE TWO-CELLED HARGRAVE.



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

A NINE-FOOT MALAY KITE WITH REEL, AND A HARGRAVE KITE.

posed to know. Science had recorded the fact that the pressure upon any rigid plane inclined toward the wind was greater at the top and diminished toward the bottom, because the top meets the wind first and



starts the flow of air downward; but no calculations had been made public on the action of the wind on a flexible curved surface like a Malay kite, so that the resultant of the forces was not known.

During the summer of 1896 the Weather Bureau at Washington, D. C., gave special attention to kite trials, and the results have been reported in full in the « Weather Bureau Review » by C. F. Marvin, professor of meteorology. To these exhaustive analyses of the forces acting upon all sorts of kites, upon the string at various points, and upon the reel at the ground, the future experimenters will refer with confidence as a guide to their ultimate goal,—the kite of greatest efficiency,—and as a measure of success at any moment. Nothing seems to have been omitted in these analyses. It appears that the rule of thumb found the most efficient kite form some time ago, and none of the elaborate variations since constructed under the wing of science have been an improvement, which science now comes forward to substantiate with elaborate and indisputable formulæ.

The two forms in use, the Malay and the Hargrave or cellular, are widely different. Both are tailless, and while the latter is by far the more efficient, the former, on account of its extreme lightness per unit of area, will doubtless be used for a long time to come in tandem flights in conjunction with the cellular. The construction of the Malay is best seen in the

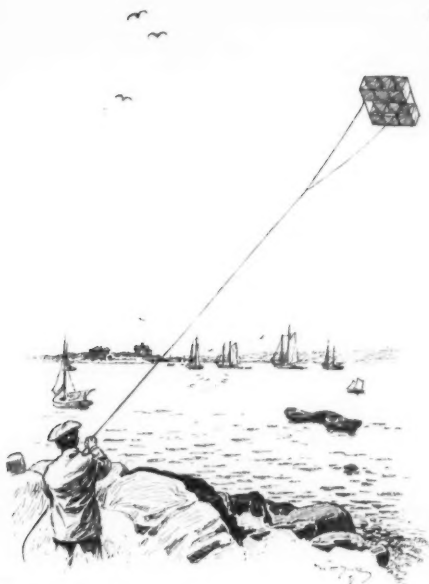
rear view given on this page. It is found as frequently in the kite literature of Japan as any other type. The only change from the Japanese form is in shortening the distance from the top to the cross-stick. Except for this improvement, the kite is identical with the one which the Japanese, Chinese, and Malays have always flown. This kite owes its buoyancy to the fact that the sections below the cross-stick are so proportioned as to balance under wind pressure those above, provided the bridle is tied on correctly; while the planes on each side of the upright stick, containing the same total surface, must balance each other, unless the cross-stick bends unevenly, in which case the kite is driven over to the weak side and may refuse to fly. It is found that unless the lower planes are made somewhat loosely, so as to bag in the wind, the kite will not remain in equilibrium without a tail. On the other hand, there is a serious loss of buoyancy and « lift » if the cover is too loose. Formerly these kites were covered with strong paper; but light cloth, like nainsook, is now most frequently used, and with great advantage in durability. The loop or bridle to which the flying-string is tied is generally fastened to the kite at two points only, and this permits the planes on each side of the upright stick to move laterally with freedom; but the writer has obtained much better results with the same kite by fastening additional hangers at each end of the bow. The point on the bridle at which the flying-string is tied determines the kite's angle of incidence. If the angle is too great,—that is, if the point is too low on the bridle,—the kite will not rise; if too small, it will dive, for if inclined too nearly parallel with the ground the wind does not strike the surface with sufficient force to establish equilibrium.

The Malay form has been vastly improved and carried to its greatest efficiency by Mr.



DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

THE OBSERVATORY AT BLUE HILL, MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



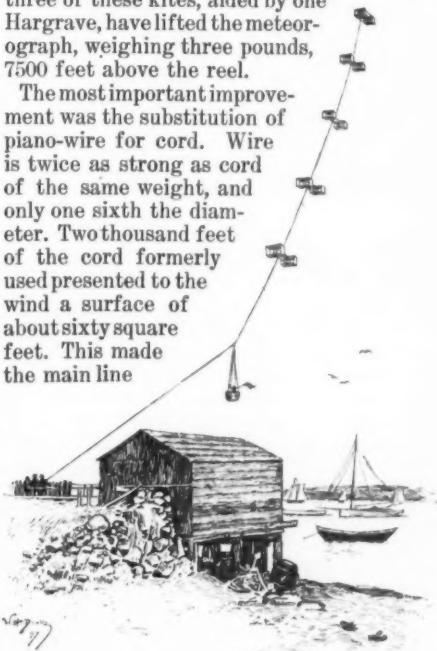
DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

THE LATEST FORM OF CELLULAR KITE INVENTED
BY MR. CLAYTON.

Fergusson and Mr. Clayton, the observers at Blue Hill Observatory, Milton, near Boston, Massachusetts, who, assisted by Mr. Sweetland, have been giving a large portion of their time to ascensions with kites during the last two years. To them belongs the credit not only of having carried their meteorograph quite half a mile higher than any one else by means of kites, but the honor of being the first to collect a mass of data from repeated ascents above a mile. The storms of winter have been no obstacle, and the rain-clouds of summer have been compelled to submit their records. Previous to 1894 occasional attempts had been made to attain great elevations, but the limit reached was only about 1500 feet. During August, 1895, trials with Malay kites were repeatedly made at Blue Hill, and the best altitude was about 1900 feet. This attempt was so much more successful than any previous one that it was considered at the moment satisfactory; but calm discussion of the facts was both discouraging and inspiring. Nine Malays, made by Mr. W. A. Eddy, who was present to instruct, were used. Three were nine feet tall, three six feet, one seven feet, and two five feet. The total area of flying-surface was, therefore, about two hundred and twenty square feet. The wind increased gradually from fifteen up to thirty miles per hour, during which the paper covers

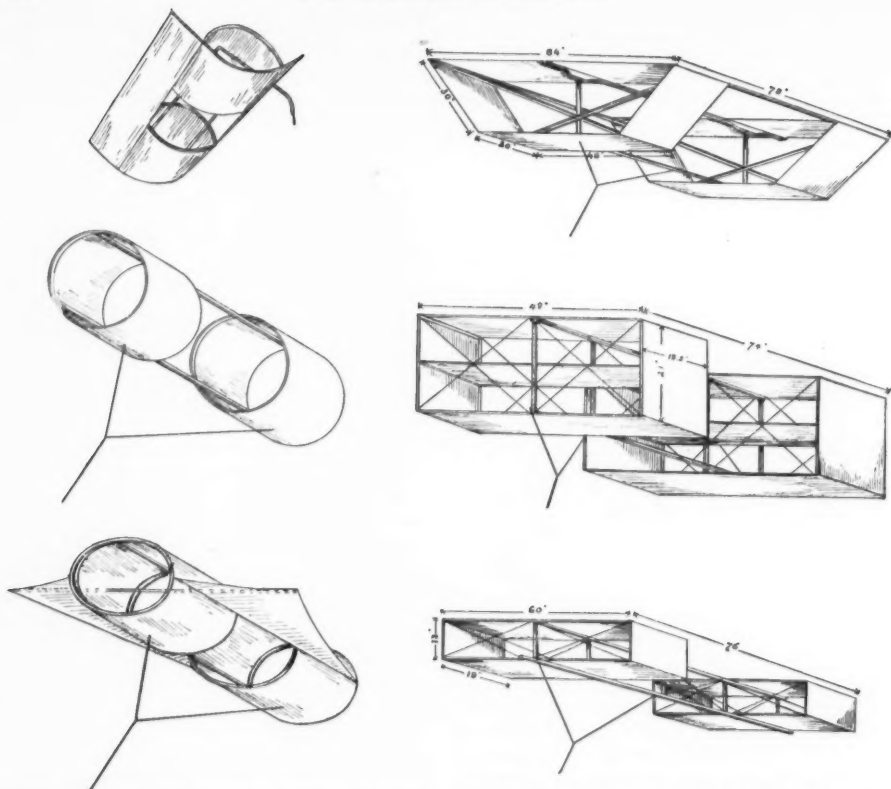
of some of the kites were blown to pieces. The greatest pull on the string at any one time was one hundred and fifteen pounds, and the best angle obtained by the leading kite 31° . Considering the force of the wind and the lifting-area exposed, the result was puny; but encouragement came from the fact that this attempt disclosed the great weakness of Malay kites—namely, flexibility. The theory had been that the bending back of the cross-stick would expose less surface to the wind, and so allow the gusts to pass by, making the kite virtually a self-regulator. This theory is correct as far as it goes, but the degree of flexibility cannot be regulated. When it is considered that the pressure of the wind blowing fifteen miles an hour is quite nine times as much as that of a wind of five miles an hour, the futility of depending on flexibility alone is at once plain. In practice it was found that as the wind increased these kites lost buoyancy and were finally driven to the ground, or were rendered incapable of lifting anything whatever. The force at Blue Hill has so far improved the Malay that within a year, and from the same spot as before, three of these kites, aided by one Hargrave, have lifted the meteorograph, weighing three pounds, 7500 feet above the reel.

The most important improvement was the substitution of piano-wire for cord. Wire is twice as strong as cord of the same weight, and only one sixth the diameter. Two thousand feet of the cord formerly used presented to the wind a surface of about sixty square feet. This made the main line



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

FIVE HARGRAVE KITES LIFTING A BASKET
CONTAINING A MAN.



FORMS TRIED BY THE WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON. NONE OF THEM IS EFFICIENT.

FORMS TRIED BY THE WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON. NO. 3 IS THE MOST EFFICIENT.

sag so badly that very high altitudes were impossible. If additional kites are needed to lift the cord, they increase the pull until frequently the breaking-point is reached. On one occasion when the kites broke loose the instruments were found three miles away. They travelled this distance in falling fifteen hundred feet. The pull of a large kite flying in a gale of forty miles an hour is from five to eight pounds per square foot of kite surface. Some of the Blue Hill kites have forty feet of surface, and when three are on the same main line the task of holding the «team» is no light one. A black kite in a driving snow-storm is a picturesque spectacle; and as it fades from sight there is something uncanny about the violent, jerky pulls on the cord, which appears to lead off into nowhere. The kites are often covered with frost when they return from the clouds in winter. Ordinarily a cold day would not be chosen by the amateur for kite-flying; but the scientist wants facts, and under all conditions. The

Blue Hill force sent up their kites on February 17, 1895, during the lowest temperature on record for twelve years. Where warmer waves are found above, it indicates that within six or eight hours the influence of these waves will be felt below. As the kites ascend the wind-velocity increases and usually bears off to the right, showing a uniform curve in the direction of the wind. This does not always occur, but more frequently in south and westerly winds than in others. At Blue Hill the sea breeze is from the east, and it has been found, by sending kites up until they meet another current and face about, that these sea breezes are seldom more than twelve hundred feet thick. Clouds from which rain is falling, or about to fall, are often less than one thousand feet up.

The cumuli which boil up rapidly on a summer day are not so easily reached. The formation of one of these clouds may often be seen. It resembles a puff of steam shot into the blue ether, and this puff instantly begins

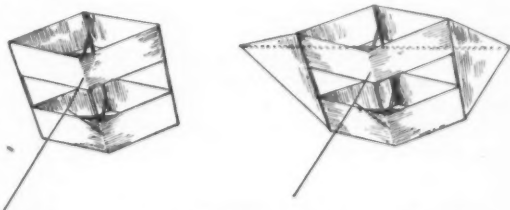
to grow and boil like its kind. Several times at Blue Hill the kites have been caught under a newly born cumulus, and carried speedily up to a great height, showing that there is a strong upward current under the cloud. These currents seem to exist under all cumuli, but are particularly noticeable under the spot where a cloud has just formed. The night offers the best conditions for kite ascensions, for the upper current flows with the steadiness of a mighty river. It is possible that a lantern on the leader could be seen with a night-glass; but even if the apparatus be entirely out of sight the elevation may be calculated. Professor Marvin of the Weather Bureau has published a formula by which this may be done when the length of wire out, the tension, and the inclination at the reel are known.

What is wanted in a scientific kite is the maximum of lift and the minimum of drift. By «lift» is meant the force directed upward vertically (the vertical component), and by «drift» the force which tends to send the kite to leeward (horizontal component). Of the three forces acting on the kite so as to produce lift and drift, gravity alone is constant. The pull on the string and the pressure of the wind on the kite surface, the other two forces, are variable; and as the former is the result of the latter, it is not properly a force in itself. Therefore, it follows that wind pressure is the only force which differs from time to time as conditions change. The problem in kite-flying, therefore, is so to construct the supporting plane or planes, and so to arrange the point of tying on the string, as to enable the kite to adjust itself quickly to changes, however violent, in the direction as well as in the force of the wind. In winds of twenty miles an hour gusts of from thirty to thirty-five miles frequently occur. On the water squalls are avoided by taking in sail; but even if a kite could be furled when aloft, it would be necessary to accomplish this at a moment's notice, since gusts approaching upon kites far up in the air are invisible from below. The apparatus would therefore have to be automatic, and may yet be invented.

It is seen that the wings of a bird when soaring bend upward slightly, forming a dihedral angle; and until Mr. Hargrave published the proportions and drawings of his cellular kites, with which, using several tandem, he lifted himself about fifteen feet

(and could of course have exceeded this), it was always thought that no kite could fly without a tail unless its two lateral surfaces were made so as to form such an angle, or to be capable of making one when met by the wind. This is true of single-plane kites, but multiplane forms introduce new possibilities. Any kite becomes efficient in proportion as flexibility in the surface can be avoided without disturbing the equilibrium. The cellular construction permits bracing of parts so as to present to the wind reasonably rigid planes. The truss structure of the cells enables the inventor to use very light wood and fine wire, and the tension on the cloth covering is never on the bias, so that all stretching is uniform. Moreover, the force of the wind seems to stiffen the whole structure and to compel all the parts to work together. A still further advantage is obtained by curving the supporting surfaces fore and aft, so that the wind strikes a slightly convex plane, just as in the case of a bird's wings. Actual tests made by tying weights on cellular kites show that those with planes curved in this way are much the better lifters, and for the same reason they fly in much lighter winds. Even the simplest cellular kites lift much more than Malays of the same area; and as the pleasure in flying kites, as well as the scientific profit, depends considerably on the pull and lift, they are far the best for ordinary use.

At first sight it is not easy to understand why these forms fly at all, for they violate all past ideas of kites. The explanation is,



TWO FORMS USED AT THE WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON.
BOTH WERE FAIRLY EFFICIENT.

however, simple. The side planes act as fins to keep the kite in the wind. The rear cell acts as a rudder, and actually lifts about one third as much as the front cell when both are of the same area. This depends, however, on the distance between the front and rear cells, which must be great enough to allow the wind to escape freely, after it has deflected from the front cell, without interfering with the current acting on the rear cell. It was found in yachting that cutting the old-fash-



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

THE «LADDER KITE» INVENTED BY MR. OCTAVE CHANUTE.

The wings are fastened to a central frame made like a pair of «lazy-tongs» so as to produce various transformations and changes in the position and angle of incidence of the wings. This kite flies very steadily, pulls very hard when arranged as shown in this illustration, and very little (while sustaining the same weight) when adjusted so as to resemble a step-ladder. It is the prototype of a gliding-machine recently constructed by Mr. Chanute.

ioned big jib up into two or three small ones resulted in more power, because the wind was enabled to escape out of the way after it had done its work, and to permit a fresh current to impinge. The same law holds good in cellular kites, with the additional factor that equilibrium depends on it.

The Weather Bureau at Washington tried a large number of different arrangements of cells, varying in number and shape; but it was found at last that the two-celled rectangular kite, such as is shown in the accompanying illustrations, was the most efficient. It is also the easiest to make and the most durable. No diamond-shaped kite can be made without cutting the cloth or paper on the bias. This means that the edges will stretch and the proportions alter. A Malay which flew with perfect success in a heavy wind to-day may fail utterly to-morrow, unless thoroughly overhauled to remedy some imperceptible change in dimensions. The cellular kite, on the other hand, needs very little attention, and can be depended on to fly day after day. A tandem team of these kites may be safely counted upon to reach a higher elevation than any other combination, for the reason that they can be connected back to back and

therefore pull in one direction. Malays cannot be so joined, but are put on in loops, and are often pulling at a disadvantage.

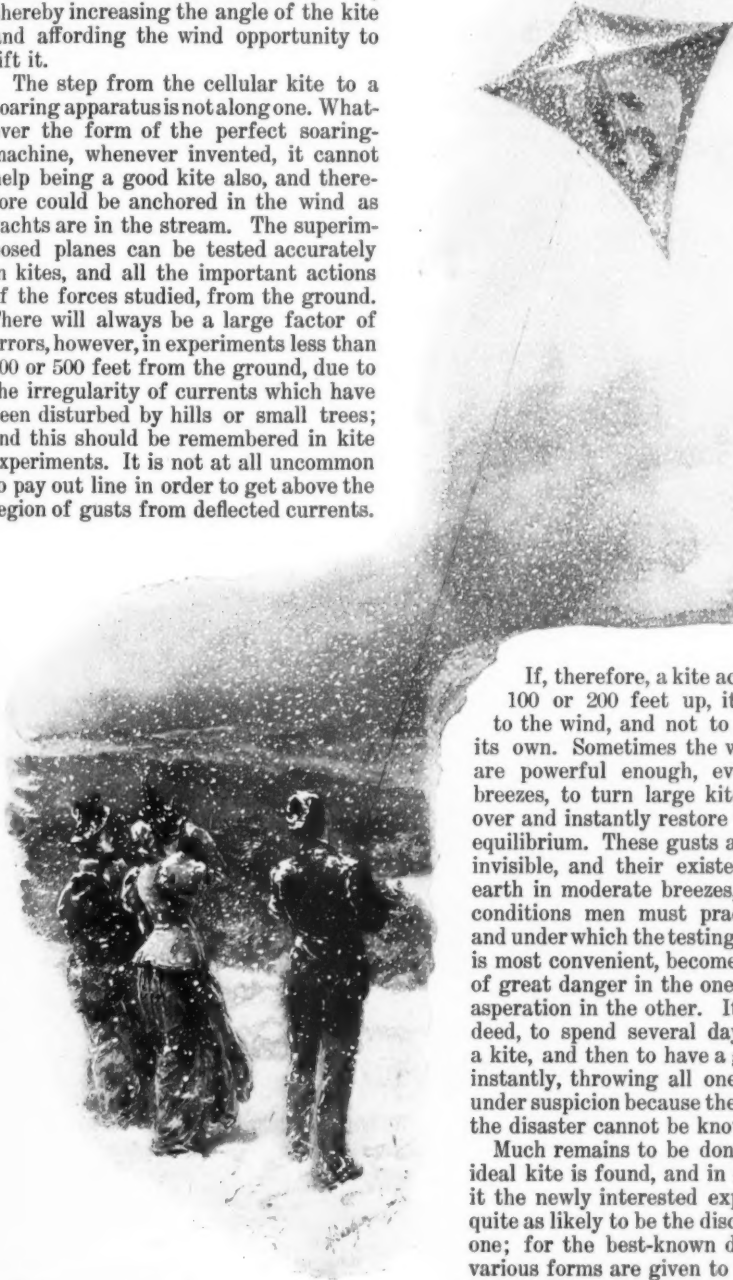
The possible use of kites in time of war, either for photographing the surrounding country at night, for signaling by kites illuminated by electricity, or for lifting observers into the air, is attracting the attention of inventors. For photographing the cellular is by far the better, because the camera may be attached to the kite-frame instead of being hung below. It is much steadier than the Malay under any conditions, and its position may be changed through a considerable arc by hauling taut on either of the two light strings which may be tied for the purpose to the lower front corners; while the angle of incidence, or inclination to the horizon, may be altered very much, for a few moments at a time, by

pulling on both light strings at the same time. This regulates the field of the camera fairly well. As for raising men into the air, no one who has ever felt the lifting-force of a cellular kite containing twenty-five square feet, in a wind of twenty-five miles an hour, can have any doubt of it. The small model is already at hand, and it only remains to plan a kite large enough for the purpose. Naturally the details of construction would have to be entirely changed, because of the well-known law that the weight of solids varies as the cube of the dimensions, while the strength varies as the square.

The observation kite shown in the illustration on page 74 has several new features, one of the most important being the extended side planes which, while adding much to the lifting-power, prevent the kite from tipping sidewise, and convert it into a parachute the moment it breaks loose or is cut adrift. The observer in the basket has complete control of further ascent or descent without the assistance of those on the ground; for, by pulling on the supporting guy which leads forward, the observer's weight is brought forward, and causes the kite to assume a more horizontal position. It therefore spills

the supporting wind and sinks slowly. If the observer wishes to mount higher he pulls his basket toward the rear cell, thereby increasing the angle of the kite and affording the wind opportunity to lift it.

The step from the cellular kite to a soaring apparatus is not a long one. Whatever the form of the perfect soaring-machine, whenever invented, it cannot help being a good kite also, and therefore could be anchored in the wind as yachts are in the stream. The superimposed planes can be tested accurately in kites, and all the important actions of the forces studied, from the ground. There will always be a large factor of errors, however, in experiments less than 400 or 500 feet from the ground, due to the irregularity of currents which have been disturbed by hills or small trees; and this should be remembered in kite experiments. It is not at all uncommon to pay out line in order to get above the region of gusts from deflected currents.

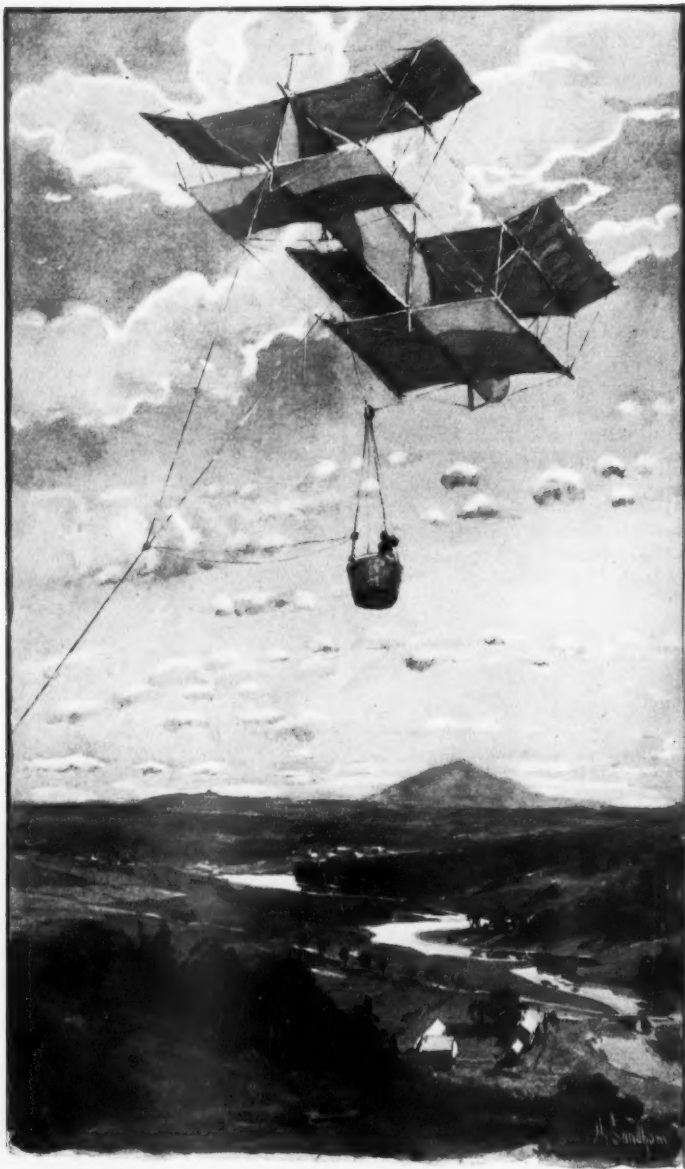


If, therefore, a kite acts badly when 100 or 200 feet up, it may be due to the wind, and not to any fault of its own. Sometimes the whirling gusts are powerful enough, even in gentle breezes, to turn large kites completely over and instantly restore them to their equilibrium. These gusts are, of course, invisible, and their existence near the earth in moderate breezes, under which conditions men must practise soaring, and under which the testing of *aéroplanes* is most convenient, becomes an element of great danger in the one case and exasperation in the other. It is trying, indeed, to spend several days in making a kite, and then to have a gust wreck it instantly, throwing all one's knowledge under suspicion because the real cause of the disaster cannot be known.

Much remains to be done before the ideal kite is found, and in searching for it the newly interested experimenter is quite as likely to be the discoverer as any one; for the best-known dimensions of various forms are given to the world, as well as tables of resistance, and the weight per square foot of different materials,

DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

FLYING A MALAY KITE IN A SNOW-STORM.
Vol. LIV.—10.

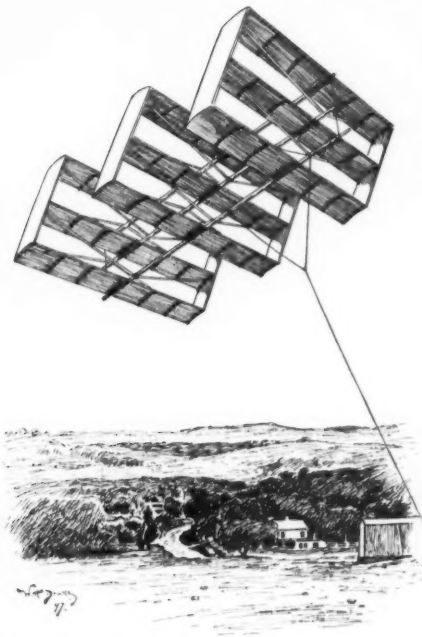


DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

OBSERVATION KITE DESIGNED BY J. B. MILLET.

In this kite the central vertical plane acts at once as a keel and as a backbone. In order to make the efficiency of the rear aeroplanes equal to the front ones, they are made nearly twice as large. The tendency of the kite is to assume a horizontal position, since the bridle-cord or wire runs loose through a block where the flying-rope is attached. Therefore, so long as the observer in the basket can at will place his weight as nearly under the rear or front cells as he chooses, he can control the ascent or descent of the kite. For, if he allows the basket to swing forward, the kite assumes a horizontal position and sinks to the ground; if he pulls the basket aft, the kite must rise. The inclined planes not only add much to the lifting-power, but convert the kite into a perfect parachute in case it breaks away or is cut adrift. This has been demonstrated by experiment with heavy weights.

and the best methods of handling kites in various winds. Well-recorded failures are often of more value than marked successes. It is necessary to know by trial under what wind pressure a given form will collapse, and at what point; and many variations in dimensions must be tried before we are sure of the best. It is clear that the kite which takes the best angle—that is, flies nearest the zenith—gives the most promise, provided it maintains its position as the wind increases. A kite which lifts ten pounds and flies at an angle of 20° is of no use in meteorology, for it could never obtain a high elevation or assist other kites to do so. The angular elevation of an unweighted kite ought to be from 50° to 60° under the best conditions, and will frequently run up to 70° or 80° for a short time. The relation that the weight of the kite bears to the force of the wind will indicate what may be expected of the kite without trial. If the pressure of the wind is only two or three times the weight of the kite, only a low



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

« LADDER KITE » INVENTED BY J. B. MILLET.

The *aéroplanes* are all curved fore and aft, and in the illustration are inclined at an angle of about ten degrees. In other words, the front edges are lifted so as to catch the wind better. This angle may be changed at will. The *aéroplanes* are placed so that each one gets the full and unbroken force of the wind. The spaces between the *aéroplanes* have been calculated with reference to the width and thickness of the *aéroplanes* so as to allow plenty of room for the wind to escape freely after it has done its work.

angle is possible. For high elevations the wind must be strong enough to produce a pressure from five to seven times the weight of the kite.

The highest ascent ever made with kites occurred on October 8, 1896, when the Blue Hill meteorograph was sent up to a height of 8740 feet above the hill, or 9375 feet above sea-level. Nine kites (seven Malays and two Hargraves), having a total area of nearly one hundred and seventy square feet, were used to lift the instrument and the three miles of piano-wire to which the kites were attached. About twelve hours were spent in making the ascent and descent, although between 11 A.M. and 1 P. M. the wire was wound in until the meteorograph was at a height of 600 feet, in order to remove a defective kite (a Malay). From this point the ascent was completed in less than ten hours.

The rise in humidity at 2 P. M. shows when the instrument entered the cloud, and its

emergence is also indicated by the fall in humidity between 3 and 4 P. M. When the kites were drawn in, the instrument again entered a cloud (about 5:30 P. M.), and for the next hour and a half the whole apparatus remained stationary. The marked fall in humidity at 7 P. M. shows clearly when the weather cleared. When the meteorograph was at its highest point the recorded temperature was 20.2° F., at which time the temperature at the observatory was 46.2° F. The pull on the wire varied from thirty to one hundred pounds, and for several hours, when the kites were at the highest elevation, the pull was from sixty to one hundred pounds. The windlass used was wound in by hand, and the entire work was done by Messrs. Clayton, Fergusson, and Sweetland. Not the least difficult portion of the work is winding in the wire. Two miles seem a long distance when there is a pull of fifty pounds. Then the kites have to be taken off the main line as they come in, and landed safely. This takes both strength and skill. During the ascent one observer is detailed to take the angle of the leading kite (near which the meteorograph is fastened) at regular intervals, at the same time recording in the field-book the time, the



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

TRIPLE-CELLED KITE ARRANGED WITH DIFFERENT-COLORED ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN EACH CELL.

They are connected with the ground through the flying-wire, and any one of them may be illumined at will, thus enabling signals to be exchanged at night. Designed by J. B. Millet.

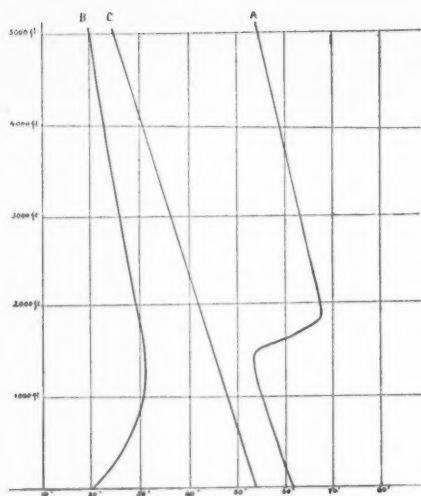


DIAGRAM OF PLOTTED CURVES.

number of feet out, and the number, size, and kind of kites on the line. Whenever a kite is added to the "team," the size, kind, and distance from the one ahead is carefully noted, as well as the minute when the added kite started. The total pull on the wire must be watched, and special care used to avoid electric shocks, for very frequently it is necessary to ground the wire. After the kites are 3000 feet up, sparks appear even in clear weather, and are particularly troublesome in snow-storms.

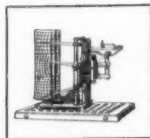
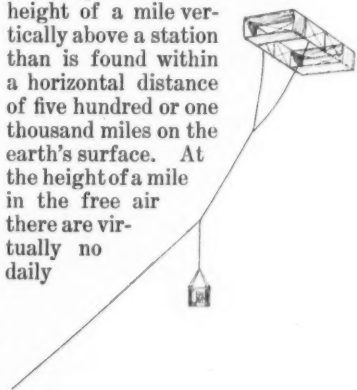
From the records of ascents the following facts appear: As a rule, the temperature of the air falls as the recording instrument ascends. Warm and cold waves are felt in the upper air many hours earlier than at a station on the ground beneath, which gives us a basis for prediction. If a recording instrument is sent up before the warm wave is felt on the ground, it enters the warm wave at some point above, when the temperature suddenly rises a few degrees, and then falls slowly with farther ascent. These changes are illustrated in the diagram above by the line marked A. In this diagram the lines running vertically upward from the figures at the bottom show the temperatures, and the figures at the left show the height in feet. The condition shown by the curve A is a very common one in the atmosphere, and whenever found indicates warmer weather soon.

The fall of temperature illustrated by the line C in the diagram precedes and continues during cold waves. In this case the instrument records a very rapid fall of

temperature as it ascends. After the cold wave passes over and a southeast storm begins to set in, the change of temperature with height shown by the curve B is found. In this case the temperature rises rapidly as the instrument ascends, until at a height of from 1000 to 2000 feet it becomes stationary, and then, with farther ascent of the instrument, begins to fall. But in such cases it may be warmer at the height of a mile than at the earth's surface. The part of the curve where the temperature is stationary is generally found cloudy, and in some cases the cloud extends entirely to the earth's surface as a dense fog.

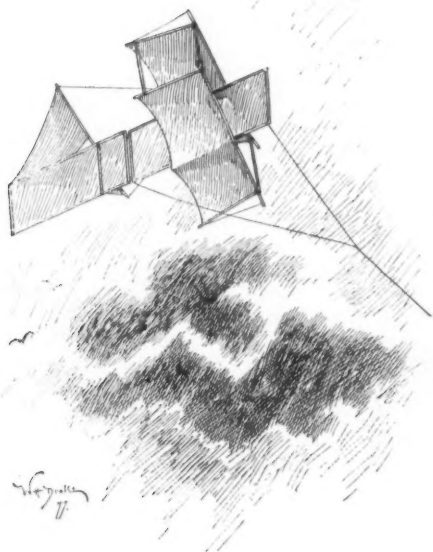
After a warm wave has set in, and in ordinary fair weather, the fall of temperature during the day is in a straight line like that shown by C, but is very much slower, the average fall being 4° in a thousand feet in ordinary weather. At night the change of temperature with height resembles very much that of the curve B, being coldest in the lowest places, as in valleys or hollows, and warmest at a height of a few hundred feet above the ground.

A greater difference of weather conditions is usually found at the height of a mile vertically above a station than is found within a horizontal distance of five hundred or one thousand miles on the earth's surface. At the height of a mile in the free air there are virtually no daily



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

METHOD OF ATTACHING METEOROGRAPH.



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

TRIPLE-PLANE CELLULAR KITE INVENTED
BY C. F. LAMSON.

changes of temperature. The kite observations indicate that the average temperature of the night is less than a degree colder than the day temperature. Virtually the only changes which occur at this height are those due to the passage of warm and cold waves. The daily changes of humidity are, however, very marked. The days are very damp, the air being frequently saturated with moisture, while the nights during fair weather are very dry, so that the air rivals in dryness that at the ground over the driest desert. This daily change of humidity is the reverse of that found at the ground, where the days are dry and the nights damp.

At the height of a mile the wind-velocity averages four times as great as that found at the ground, and gales of one hundred miles an hour are not uncommon. (Clouds have been observed moving at the rate of one hundred and seventy-four miles an hour.) The air is not infrequently serenely clear, while the earth below is enveloped in clouds.

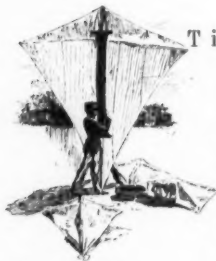
The facts already collected by the observations with kites at Blue Hill will serve to modify some of the opinions now expressed in text-books, and it is hoped will aid in solving some of the difficulties in the way of more accurate weather forecasting. The successive chiefs of the Weather Bureau have each expressed the opinion that observations in the upper air are the main reliance of more accurate weather forecasting in the future. The lifting of recording instruments to great elevations by means of kites at the Blue Hill Observatory has shown for the first time that frequent observations at altitudes exceeding a mile, and probably exceeding two miles, are possible. The highest ascent was but little short of two miles, and with improved appliances there is little doubt that ascents to this altitude will be frequent. Greater heights are entirely possible if mechanical skill becomes interested enough to work out the desiderata now formulated by science. It is no longer sufficient to make and wreck kites in order to learn what to avoid. Only those imperfections which are most prominent can be discovered in this way. Analysis of the forces acting on the kite, and of the kite's movements, will lead to a development along the lines of scientific accuracy. Without such assistance the minute details will elude the inventor, and we are even now at a point where no details can be ignored. A sunken yacht may serve again as a model, but a distorted or broken kite may not, unless the cause of the wreck is understood. Fragile as the best kites are, they are seldom broken by the wind alone. They should not be expected to withstand violent contact with the earth or trees, but should be built to resist wind pressure only.

The air above us is as yet unconquered, although much of the mystery which surrounds its unseen motions has been dispelled. The resistless and merciless force of its currents in violent action constantly reminds man of the utter uselessness of undertaking its entire subjection; and it is because that fact is recognized that one finds peculiar and almost vindictive pleasure in occasionally winning a victory in the combat between scientific ingenuity and the invisible forces which tantalize and defy us.

J. B. Millet.

EXPERIMENTS WITH KITES.

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WRITER'S ASCENT FROM GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,
NEW YORK HARBOR.



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

A 12-FOOT EDDY KITE
(MODIFIED MALAY).

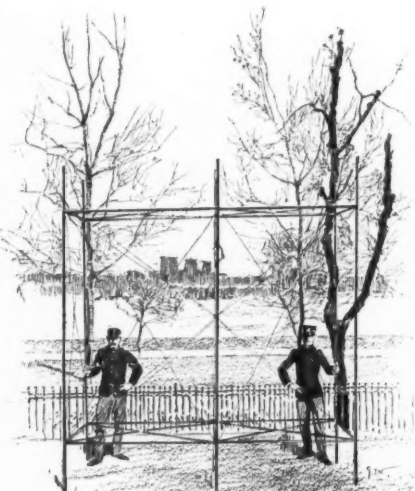
It is not my intention to discuss the mathematical principles of the kite, or to enter into an investigation of the forces acting upon it; for, however interesting it might be to the student of the subject, it would be decidedly uninteresting to the average reader. My object is simply a description of a few of the many experiments that I have undertaken in the neighborhood of New York.

The invention of the kite is usually attributed to the Chinese. The first man on actual record as having used the kite is Archytas (about 400 B. C.). For what purpose he employed it I have been unable to ascertain, but it is not probable that he accomplished anything of scientific importance; and it was not until 1749, when Dr. Alexander Wilson and Mr. Thomas Melville, in Scotland, used it for taking the temperature of the upper air, that the kite showed possibilities of becoming a useful and scientific apparatus. Franklin's well-known experiment of obtaining atmospheric electricity by means of a kite again drew attention to it. It is, however, within the last decade that the kite has gained nearly all of its importance; and this is due to its development by men who have studied it, and the forces acting upon it, in a scientific way. Among others may be named Marvin, Langley, Hargrave, and Eddy; by their labors a hitherto useless toy has become an important scientific apparatus.

The limits of this article forbid even a hasty reference to the experiments conducted under the direction of these men, or to the wonderful results accomplished in aerial photography by Eddy, and in meteorological observations by the Weather Bureau. My own experiments began in September, 1896, when, having become interested in the subject, I took it up principally for the amusement that it afforded, without feeling

at all sure that it was of any value, and without knowing that it was then receiving much attention. Since then I have devoted much study and labor to kites, and have experimented with them with a view to determining their value for various purposes, two of which are the subject of this article.

The first kite that I built was a five-foot kite of the Hargrave cellular type modified by Lieutenant J. K. Cree, Fifth United States Artillery. This kite, which was built exceedingly light and was covered with Manila wrapping-paper, was excellent in light breezes; but one day, in a moderate wind, it suddenly collapsed. In the meantime I had read all the kite literature that I could find, and had obtained descriptions of the Hargrave kite and the Eddy Malay kite, one of each of which I built; and though I have since experimented with a number of other forms, I have found none equal to these.

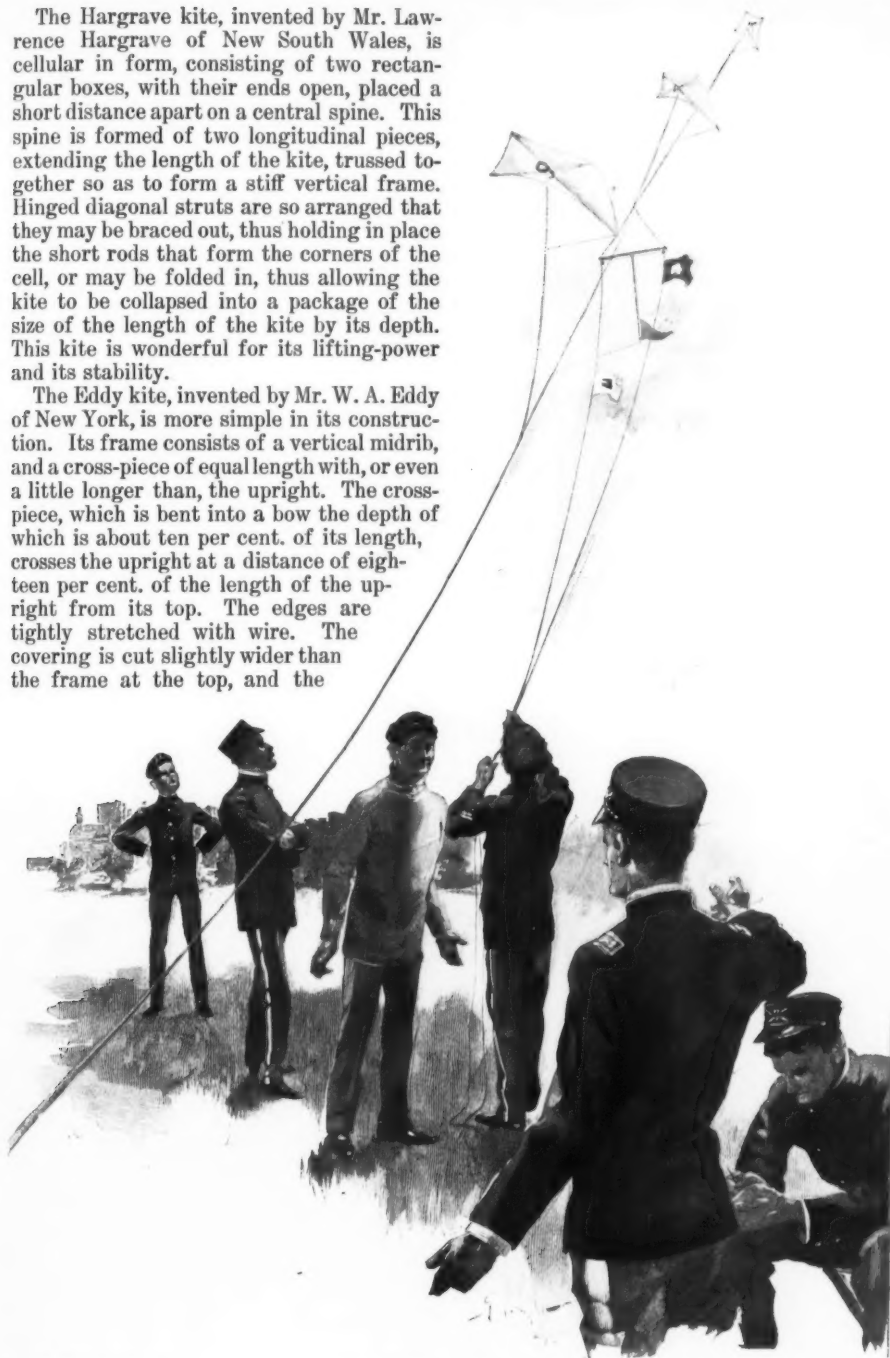


DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

FRAMEWORK OF THE LARGEST CELLULAR KITE (LIEUTENANT WISE'S MODIFIED HARGRAVE KITE).

The Hargrave kite, invented by Mr. Lawrence Hargrave of New South Wales, is cellular in form, consisting of two rectangular boxes, with their ends open, placed a short distance apart on a central spine. This spine is formed of two longitudinal pieces, extending the length of the kite, trussed together so as to form a stiff vertical frame. Hinged diagonal struts are so arranged that they may be braced out, thus holding in place the short rods that form the corners of the cell, or may be folded in, thus allowing the kite to be collapsed into a package of the size of the length of the kite by its depth. This kite is wonderful for its lifting-power and its stability.

The Eddy kite, invented by Mr. W. A. Eddy of New York, is more simple in its construction. Its frame consists of a vertical midrib, and a cross-piece of equal length with, or even a little longer than, the upright. The cross-piece, which is bent into a bow the depth of which is about ten per cent. of its length, crosses the upright at a distance of eighteen per cent. of the length of the upright from its top. The edges are tightly stretched with wire. The covering is cut slightly wider than the frame at the top, and the



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

INTERNATIONAL SIGNAL-CODE.

fullness is gathered in a box-plait in the middle. Mr. Eddy has had for his object the development of a kite that would fly at a high angle, and that would require only a low wind-velocity to raise it, and for these purposes the Eddy kite is unexcelled. It lacks the lifting-power of the cellular kite, and I have therefore used it principally when the wind was not strong enough to sustain the cellular kite, but when by a tandem of large Eddy kites I could obtain sufficient lifting-power.

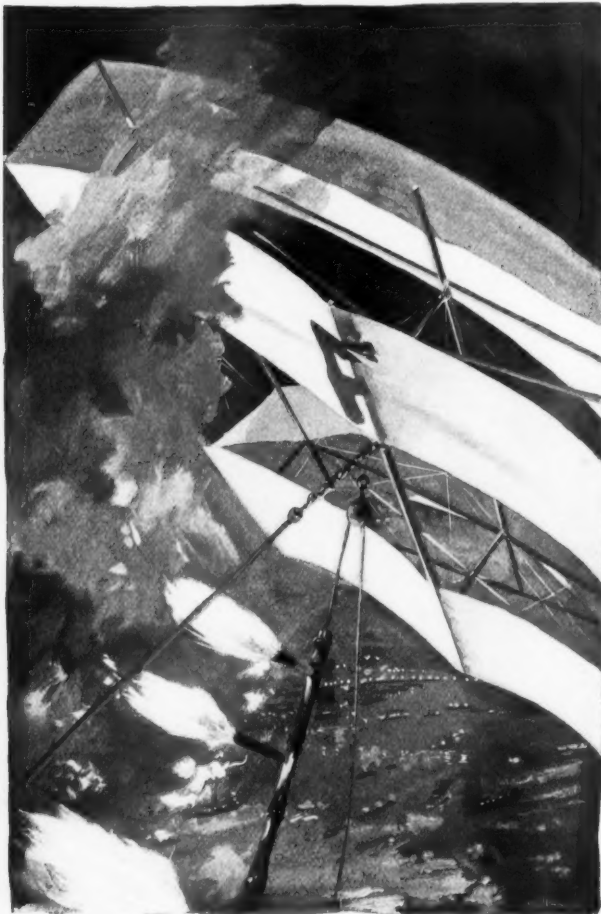
For a while my Hargrave kite flew well, but one day, in a high wind, it suffered the fate of my first kite. I was too well pleased with this form to abandon it, so I decided to build one that would not collapse. Retaining the Hargrave proportions, which, after experiments with others, proved to be the best,

I modified simply the structure. It will be remembered that in the Hargrave kite the corners of the cells were short rods. The result was that, even when the fore and aft cells were connected by wires, there was always some independent movement of the cells—a twisting of the central truss—which greatly impaired the strength and efficiency of the kite. Again, there being no connection between the ends of the struts, a sudden strain was liable to break them.¹ To overcome these weaknesses, portability had to be sacrificed to some extent. The trusses were made complete by ties, the corner pieces were extended the entire length of the kite, and the whole structure was strongly braced with wire. To prevent fluttering of the sails, leeches were formed by sewing in their edges

a strong cord boiled in paraffin. This construction slightly increased the weight of the kite, but not enough to offset the advantages of increased strength and rigidity. In smaller kites the struts were replaced by diagonal ties of wire. The first kite built of this form was 5 feet 7 inches high, covered with cambric, and had a lifting-surface of 34.8 square feet.

At 9 P. M. on the day that it was completed it was sent aloft in a twenty-mile breeze, bearing a two-pound stable-lantern, the weight of which had apparently no effect upon the action of the kite. It was evident that if lanterns of different colors were sent up, so arranged that their relative positions could be changed, the army signal-code could be used. Accordingly a very simple apparatus was devised. A bamboo rod five feet long was hung in a horizontal position below the kite. From the middle of this rod, and about ten feet below it, was suspended a white railroad-lantern.

¹ In Mr. Hargrave's more recent construction this fault has been overcome.



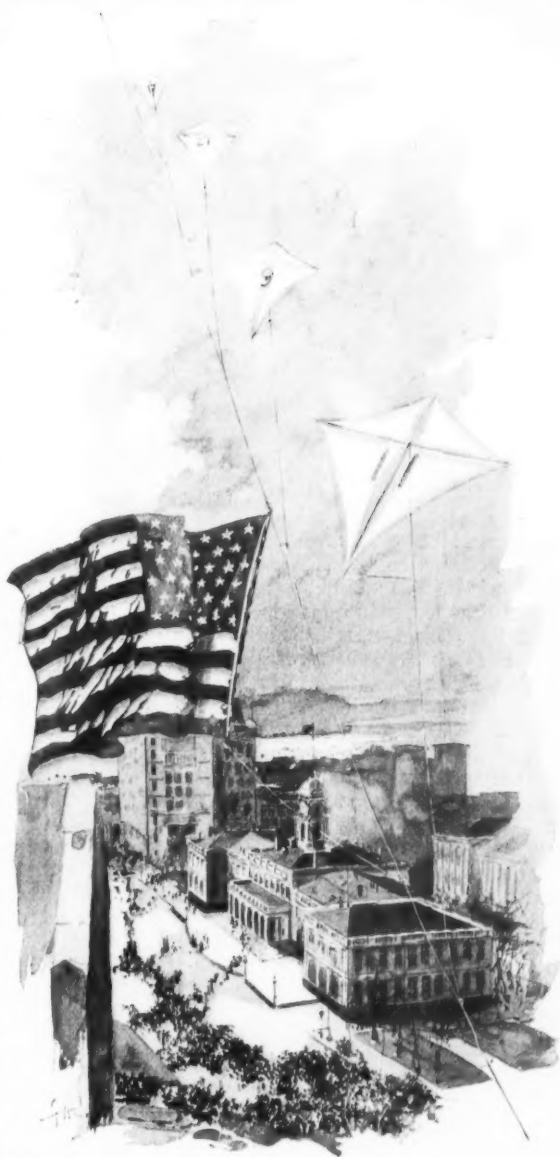
DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

A CHEMICAL-LIGHT SIGNAL.

At each end of the rod was a pulley, and over these passed an endless cord which hung to the ground. To each side of this cord, twenty feet below the rod, was attached a lantern, one red, the other green. This apparatus was then sent aloft in a twelve-mile breeze by a tandem of two cellular kites. When it had reached an altitude of about five hundred feet, a man on the ground beneath the kites, grasping the halyard, could make the following combinations, reading from top to bottom: (1) white, red, green; (2) red, white, green; (3) white, green, red; (4) green, white, red. These were sufficient to enable us to use the regular signal-code, and a message was sent and read. On the following day the same experiment was repeated, using signal-flags instead of lanterns.

It was, of course, a simple matter to use a code of set signals, such as the international code; for in that case the only apparatus necessary was a pulley, over which passed a halyard. The flags, being tied to the halyard in their proper order, were quickly run up to the pulley; and while they were aloft the next set was tied to the other side of the halyard, and rose as the first set was lowered. This method made it possible to use powerful chemical lights instead of lanterns. A long bamboo rod with holes in it being lashed to the halyard, sticks of combustible substances that burned with great brilliancy and gave different-colored lights were stuck in the holes in the proper order. The fuses being lighted, the rod was run up to the pulley, where the lights burned for five minutes with sufficient brilliancy to be seen at a distance of about fifteen miles.

While these devices for night signaling were successfully operated, yet there are certain objections to them. A better device by far would be a powerful incandescent electric light of about fifty-candle power. Such a light could be seen for about twelve miles. The cur-



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

DISPLAYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

rent could be sent over the small wire cable with which the kite is flown, the core and surface of which should be separated by insulation, the current going up the inside of the cable and down the outside. A key similar to the telegraph-key would enable the operator to flash his messages as with a heliograph, and all heavy apparatus and cumbersome trailing



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

LAUNCHING A LARGE KITE.

lines would be avoided. A sample which I have of such a cable fulfils all the requirements of strength and lightness, and I hope some day in the near future to operate successfully an electric light on a kite.

One of the most powerful tandems of Eddy kites that I have ever flown was composed of eleven kites varying in size from $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet to 12 feet high, and aggregating 329 square feet of surface. On this tandem a United States flag measuring 20 feet by 36 feet was raised. The top of the staff was tied to the main cord below the sixth kite, and a back guy to the foot of the staff held it in a vertical position. The flag was brailed to the staff by a cord, the end of which was retained as the flag rose. When at an altitude of five hundred feet a quick pull withdrew the cord from the flag, the cord fell to the ground, and the stars and stripes burst forth and stood spread in the breeze as though alone in the sky.

Having been successful in sending aloft such considerable weights, I determined to try to raise even greater ones, and, if possible, to lift a man by kites. Before this was done it was necessary to determine what was the best form of tandem and to what point the weight could be most advantageously attached. The wonderful lifting-power of the cellular kites made it evident that they should be used, and the rectangular cell was unquestionably the best form. Accordingly, four small kites of this form were carefully built for the experiments. I now had a most valuable assistant in Corporal Lewis, and after a number of experiments we decided that a tandem of cellular kites, each tied to the back of the one below it and rather close together, gave the best results; for though a single kite of the same area of lifting-surface apparently had a slightly greater lifting-power, yet the tandem gave greater stability. To determine the proper position for the

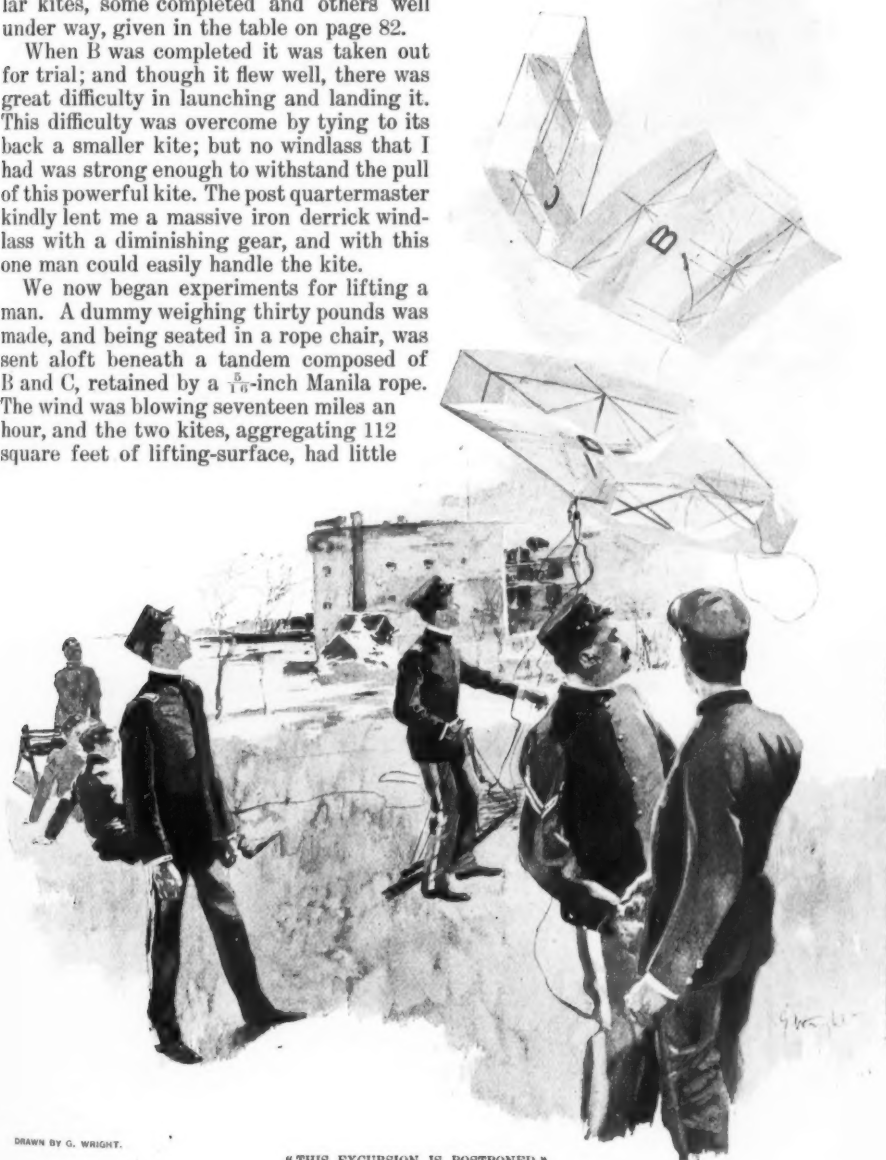
Kite.	Total length.	Total width.	Length of cell.	Breadth of cell.	Distance between cells.	Distance from front edge to flying start.	Size of Spines.	Size of Corner-pieces.	Size of Struts.	Weight.	Lifting-surface.	Covering.
	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	inches.	inches.	inches.	lbs. oz.	sq. ft.	
A	5 7	4 10	4 10	1 10	1 11	1 6	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	4	34.8	Cambric.
B	9	9	9	2 6	4	2 10	1 x 1	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	16 8	90	Muslin.
C	4 6	4 6	4 6	1 3	2	1 5	1 x 1	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	4 8	22.6	Cambric.
D	9	9	9	2 6	4	2 10	1 x 1	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	17	90	Muslin.
E	12	12	12	3 6	5	3 10	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	1 x 1	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	30	160	Muslin.
F	6	6	6	1 9	2 6	1 11	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	8	40	Cambric.
G	2	2	2	7	10	8	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	8	5	Silk.
H	3 4	3 4	3 4	10	1 8	1 1	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	12	10	Silk.
I	2 9	2 9	2 6	2 6	1 1	1 3	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	8.5	Silk.
J	3 7	3 7	3 7	2 9	1 11	1 2	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$	12	9	Silk.

attachment of the weight was by no means an easy task, for the uncertain action of the wind rendered it almost speculative. We finally concluded, however, that the best place to attach the weight was to the main line, close up against the lower kite. An excellent carpenter was put to work, and I soon had, besides twenty-two Eddy kites and a number of kites of various forms, the cellular kites, some completed and others well under way, given in the table on page 82.

When B was completed it was taken out for trial; and though it flew well, there was great difficulty in launching and landing it. This difficulty was overcome by tying to its back a smaller kite; but no windlass that I had was strong enough to withstand the pull of this powerful kite. The post quartermaster kindly lent me a massive iron derrick windlass with a diminishing gear, and with this one man could easily handle the kite.

We now began experiments for lifting a man. A dummy weighing thirty pounds was made, and being seated in a rope chair, was sent aloft beneath a tandem composed of B and C, retained by a $\frac{3}{16}$ -inch Manila rope. The wind was blowing seventeen miles an hour, and the two kites, aggregating 112 square feet of lifting-surface, had little

difficulty in rising with their burden. Indeed, the angle of flight was not much diminished, being nearly 40° . Had the dummy been a live man, he would surely have died of seasickness, for the loose-jointed way in which he performed as the kites first rose, at times



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

"THIS EXCURSION IS POSTPONED."

swinging entirely over the main rope, was almost appalling even to those who knew him to be simply an old uniform stuffed. This aeronaut rose to an altitude of five hundred feet, and was then wound in and landed safely. Having demonstrated that if a man was to go up on the kites, they should first be allowed to rise far enough to become steady, this martyr, like Columbus, was cast into a cellar, and has never made another voyage.

Experimenting with large kites is not without its humorous phases, and a day or two after the experiment with the dummy an incident occurred which, though ridiculous, well nigh resulted seriously. The same kites that bore the dummy aloft had been sent up about two hundred feet, when the two men who were assisting me went for another kite, leaving me alone at the windlass. Noticing that the rope was in danger of being cut by the cogs, I put on the brake, and passing around to the front, bore down on the rope, which did not appear to be under great strain. In order to readjust the rope on the drum it was necessary to relieve the tension. Near the windlass a piece of rope had been spliced to the main

line as a leader for the cord of another kite. This I wrapped around my waist and tied with a bow; then, drawing my knife, I cut the main line from the windlass. I was not long in discovering my mistake, for as the rope parted the knife flew from my hand, I was jerked over on my back, and started for a sleigh-ride across the grass at a rapid pace. In my efforts to untie the bow, I pulled the wrong end and made a hard knot. Finally I managed to get to my feet; but this was little better, and in spite of my efforts I was rapidly ap-



THE FIRST KITE
ASCENT.

proaching the sea-wall. Where it would all have ended I am unable to say; but I am inclined to believe that I should have needed no ferry ticket to Staten Island had not a friendly lamp-post happened to be directly in the line of travel. I approached it with outstretched arms, clasped it in a fond embrace, and there I hung until assistance arrived. With great difficulty three men led back this runaway team and harnessed it again to the windlass. Since then I have not been "so attached" to large kites.

Having successfully lifted the dummy, my next attempt was to lift a man. I had now two nine-foot kites, B and D. On an afternoon when the anemometer showed a wind-velocity of twenty-two miles an hour, B, D, and C, aggregating a lifting-surface of 202 square feet, which a hasty calculation showed to be sufficient, were taken out. The windlass having been pegged to the ground, 300 feet of $\frac{7}{16}$ -inch Manila rope, capable of bearing a strain of 1250 pounds, was run out

and stretched to leeward, and to it D was made fast. Sixty feet of $\frac{3}{16}$ -inch rope, capable of bearing a strain of 750 pounds, was tied to the back of D and stretched in prolongation of the other rope, and to its end B was made fast. A man was stationed by each kite to hold it flat upon the ground. A pulley was lashed to the main line close up to D, and over it passed a long rope to one end of which a boatswain's chair was attached, my idea being to allow the kites to rise unhampered at first, and when they became steady to hoist myself to them, then to cleat the halyard to the chair and allow the kites to rise. C, having been launched, was tied to the back of B. Taking my seat in the chair, I gave the signal. The man at B raised its front edge, and it bounded into the air, followed by D, and the halyard spun over the pulley. Anticipating a jerk on the main line, I had stationed six men to hold it in front of the windlass in order to lessen the jar upon the kites. I had underestimated, however, the tremendous power of the tandem; for as it rose the men were dragged forward, and the rope tightened upon the windlass with a jerk that tore the whole central truss from the lower kite. The two upper kites, steadied by the weight of the helpless lower one, floated away. As they passed over the fort they were caught by some soldiers, and the tandem was saved, though the kites were broken against the neighboring walls in lowering them. So ended this experiment, and the work of weeks had been torn to pieces in a few moments.

An experiment is a failure when nothing is accomplished by it; therefore this one was not a failure, for by it were detected errors to be avoided in the future, and the

damaged kites were the price paid for their detection.

For the next two months I was engaged in experiments of another kind, which are not within the limits of this article; and it was not until E, probably the largest kite of this type ever built, was completed that I again attempted an ascent. In the meantime the broken kites had been repaired, and strong ash spines had been substituted in the large kites. On January 22, at 4 P. M., the anemometer registered a wind-velocity of fifteen miles an hour, which was more than sufficient to lift a man with the kites now at my disposal. All my experiments had shown that the best tandem for lifting weight was one in which the kites were tied one to another; but as I had more power than I needed, I decided to send up two tandems, and to unite them, since this greatly facilitated their management. The windlass, wound with 500 feet of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rope, was placed in position and lashed to a tree. C was launched and tied to the back of B, and the two kites were allowed to rise to the end of 150 feet of $\frac{3}{16}$ -inch rope, which was then made fast to a tree. One hundred feet of the large rope was now run from the windlass and made fast to E, to the back of which F, having been launched, was tied. Six men took hold of the rope fifty feet from E, the man stationed by the kite raised its front edge, and it rose gracefully from the ground. The strain was given gradually to the windlass, and then the first tandem was brought up and tied to the main line. At the point of junction the same apparatus used in the last experiment was made fast, and the kites were allowed to rise until the pulley was about thirty feet from the ground, when,



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

A RUNAWAY.

taking my seat in the chair, I was hoisted to the pulley. The line sagged badly, so that I was at a height of only about twenty feet. In a few minutes the breeze died out considerably, and I was lowered to the ground, where I waited for the wind to freshen.

After a short wait the wind rose to seventeen miles an hour, and when I was hoisted to the pulley there was not a great sag in the line. Grasping the halyard, I made it fast to the chair, and gave the signal to the men at the windlass. As the rope ran out the kites bore me up until I was as high as the neighboring houses, when I signaled to stop the windlass. A measurement of the trailing rope showed a height of forty-two feet from the ground to the chair. The sensation was not at all unpleasant—a gentle swaying and lifting not unlike the motion of a swing. I was tempted to go higher, for there would have been no difficulty; but I was not provided with a parachute, and I did not wish to run any unnecessary risk. After remaining aloft a short while and observing the action of the kites, I signaled to wind in, and when near the ground I was lowered by the pulley, with the satisfaction of knowing that this experiment at least had been a success, and that it was the first kite ascension in the United States.

In this ascent the lifting-area was:

	sq. ft.
C	22.6
F	40.0
B	90.0
E	160.0
Total	312.6

The weight lifted:

	lbs.
Four kites	59
Ropes	20
Chair and man	150
Total	229

The tension on the cord varied from 300 to 500 pounds. The angle from the windlass to the seat was 32° .

I am not altogether satisfied with the experiment, and I now see how many improvements may be made; but as a result of it I believe a kite can be built that will safely carry a man.

It is nonsense to suppose that the kite can ever replace the captive balloon, for in its very nature it is dependent upon the wind. On the other hand, a kite of the proper form, with a frame of steel tubes—for these offer great advantages of strength and lightness—and covered with strong cloth, can be safely used in a wind that would render an ascent by a captive balloon most hazardous, if not impossible. Such a kite can be made portable, its cost is relatively small, the expense of an ascent is nothing, and I think it highly probable that it might be a valuable accessory to the balloon service.

Again, there are instances where the balloon cannot be used on account of its size, such, for instance, as on a small war-ship. A tandem of ten folding cellular kites, each of about thirty square feet lifting-surface, could be stored in a small space, and could be sent up with a man, even in a calm, by the wind pressure due to the speed of the ship, affording the man an opportunity of observing everything within the range of a telescope.

To signaling with kites the same objection holds true—the wind is too uncertain to be relied upon. But occasions might arise when large flags or bright lights high in the air would prove valuable.

On the whole, the kite, though not a new invention, is new in its development. It has proved itself most efficient for some purposes, and doubtless the scientific study which it is now receiving will soon render this old toy an apparatus useful for many purposes of peace and of war.

Hugh D. Wise,
U. S. A.

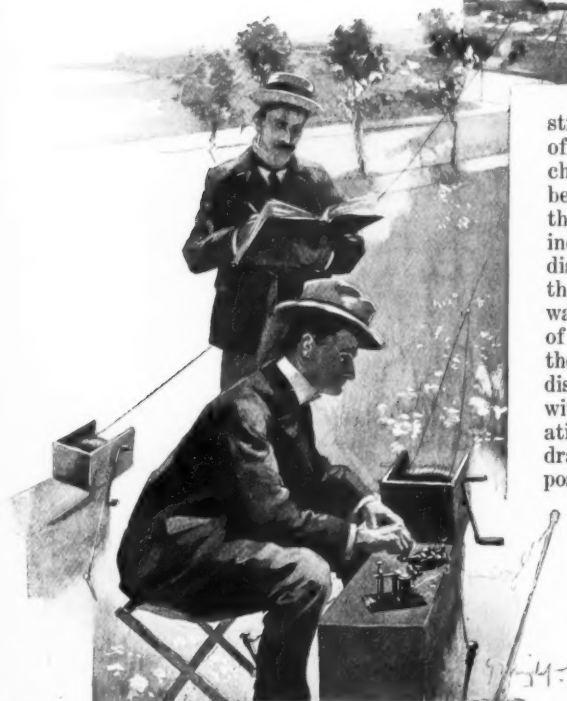
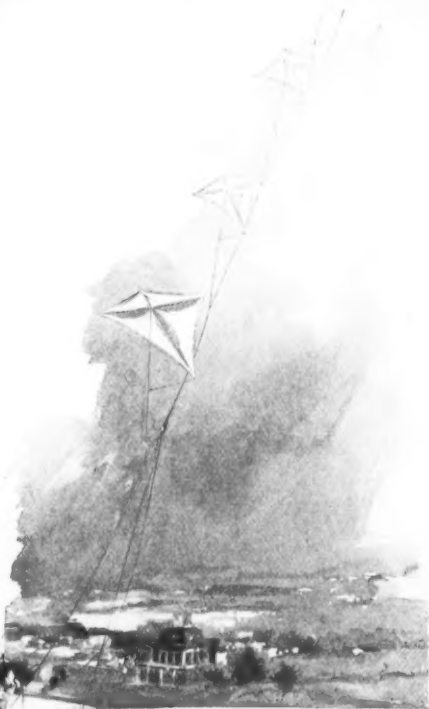
PHOTOGRAPHING FROM KITES.

INCLUDING ACCOUNTS OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHING FROM KITES AND OF THE FIRST TELEPHONING AND TELEGRAPHING THROUGH A LINE HELD BY KITES.

ON May 30, 1895, at Bayonne, New Jersey, I obtained my first photograph by means of a camera suspended from a kite-line. This was undoubtedly the first aerial kite photograph of any kind taken in the Western Hemisphere. My instantaneous camera worked too

readily, however, making the first exposure too near the ground, although I sent the camera up several hundred feet, supposing the exposure had not been made. I first used a dropping lead weight with a fall of about six inches to operate the shutter, the detach-

ment resulting when I pulled a special string running up from the earth; but I found that the fall of the weight detracted from the clearness of the picture by jarring the camera, and that the camera shutter would now and then be forced open, causing over-exposure and the destruction of the picture. I soon substituted an arrangement whereby the shutter could be snapped by means of a gradually increasing pull, which lessened the number of accidents and at the same time steadied the camera. My first bracing apparatus, or fastening to the upward-slanting kite-string, included a projecting spar which clearly indicated from below the direction in which the camera was pointing. I was forced to give this up, however, because the spar became unexpectedly part of the photograph. I finally used a triangular kite-stick frame guyed into my main kite-line in such a manner that a relatively horizontal view was taken. When the camera would rise no higher I would pull the special thread-like string leading up from the earth, snapping the shutter, and at the same time dropping a metal ball, which remained hanging by a



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

TELEGRAPHING WITH THE AID OF KITES.

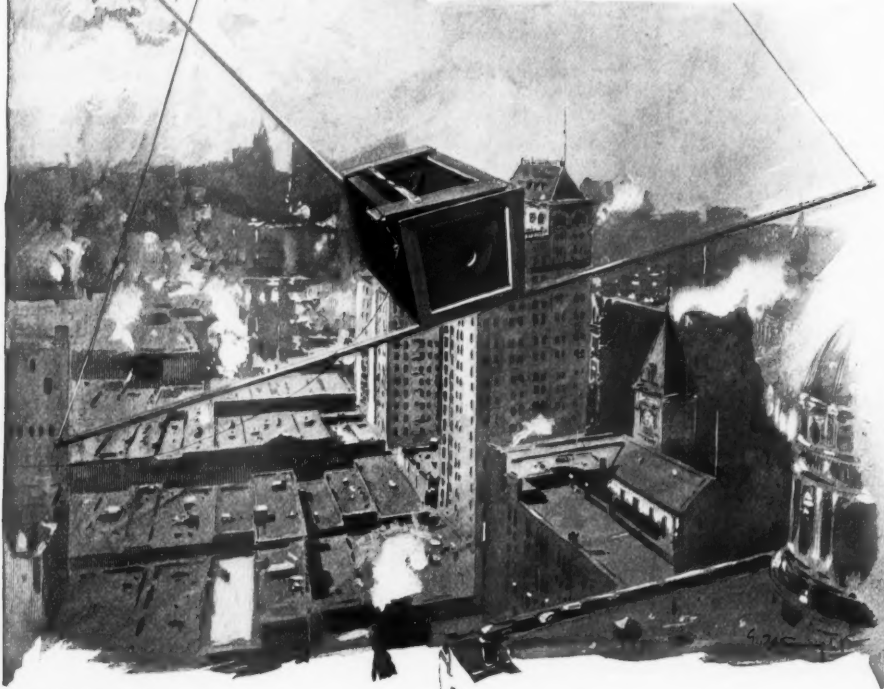
string six feet long. The gleam of the polished metal as the ball changed position, and its fall, could be seen at a great distance, although the signal-ball was only two inches in diameter. I have since discontinued this signal, as I found that the time was too valuable to waste in adjusting it, the dangers of a declining wind, of a break in the main line owing to a gust, of distortion of the bracing frame, with other perils, making it imperative that I should send up and draw in the camera as rapidly as possible. The chief danger in mid-

air kite photography is that the strong pull of forty or fifty pounds used to lift the camera may break the line. This strain may be more than tripled any moment by a gust. In such an accident the camera does not fall directly, but swings downward with a pendulum-like motion, because it remains attached either to



the line leading to the reel or to that leading to the kites. While I was photographing from mid-air the great sound-money parade of October 31, 1896, with a camera suspended above Broadway, New York, the main kite cable was broken in a peculiar way.

Three kites built for light winds were at a great height when they were borne down by a gust, the main kite-line becoming entangled in the high iron framework of an unfinished structure on the east side of Broadway, the kites having been sent up from the roof at the corner of Broadway and Duane street. The main cable was snapped by an attempt to drag in the entangled line, the three kites and one flag disappearing to the eastward. They were never recovered. Meantime, the camera fell with a swinging motion to the top of the next building, far below the level of the fourteen-story building from which I had sent out the line of kites. I was obliged to crawl across the wire netting in an interior court before I recovered the camera and replaced it in the line. I then



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

EDDY'S AÉRIAL CAMERA.



continued my mid-air photographing until nearly 5 P. M.

The perils threatening a camera in mid-air are many, and increase rapidly with altitude. In August, 1896, a careless knot, tied by a well-meaning spectator when I was not looking, caused the descent of my camera into a tree-top on Boston Common. The camera and runaway kites were rescued with great difficulty, in the presence of a large crowd, in Beacon street. The films were not injured by the fall, and were afterward successfully developed. I think that glass plates would have been broken.

At Bayonne my camera has been lodged in telegraph wires, dragged through tree-tops, and bumped into the ground. The most usual accident is the chance catching of the shutter-string in weeds, prematurely springing the shutter.

The danger of falling from one's point of vantage is one to be borne in mind constantly by kite-fliers in cities. Of the six high buildings from which I have sent out my kites, all but two had parapets or walls protecting nearly all the edges of their roofs. Two of the buildings had low boundary walls, but were otherwise safe. The most dangerous roof I ever encountered was in Jersey City, where I flew kites in the darkness, and sent out colored clear-glass lanterns above the North River, during the great naval parade on the evening of October 24, 1896. This roof was not steep, but it had no protecting railing near its edge. Fortunately, the vague outlines of the chimneys gave me an indication of the outline of the roof. In two instances I have been obliged to run a protecting cable eight or ten feet within the roof boundary. While handling single kites in light winds I am often compelled to back toward the parapet while looking up at the kite to be sure that it still continues to rise. When removing the adjustable spools of cable from the reel I usually hold the kite strain of forty or fifty pounds temporarily by hand until another full spool is placed in the reel, which ordinarily I lash to a flag-pole or other projection. Should the line break, and this at times happens, I should be precipitated over the inside guard-line, and not over the edge of the roof. In case the kites are sent out before an inside guard-line is in position, I usually make fast to any railing, and then pay out around a flag-pole while facing the sheer descent to the street below. Then if there should be a break in the line I would fall toward the center of the roof, and not over a low parapet or cornice into mid-air.

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From long practice at Bayonne, where the kites are sent out from vacant lots, and where I have had some severe falls over stones and other obstacles, I now keep up a double watch upon the declining kites and upon the nature of the ground over which I am backing, as well as upon the positions of telegraph wires, tree-tops, roofs, and chimneys. A stumble or fall when the kites are exerting a strain of fifty pounds, with the line cut to insert the camera, may cause the escape of the line and the recession of the kites to a great distance. Twice mine have escaped from Bergen Point and crossed the Kill van Kull diagonally to Staten Island, about two miles away.

When sending up my line on high buildings I have many reserve kites; and unless the camera also escapes, I let the runaway kites go, and send up a new set of about the same weight and adapted to the same wind-velocity. They are all tailless, and need that appendage only when they are badly made. Very light winds call for kites having thin paper and thin sticks, while powerful winds call for cloth and heavy bracing at the center of the kite. The fragile light-wind kites are constantly being destroyed by sudden increases of wind-velocity, while the strong-wind cloth kites usually last for years.

The rush of light into a camera high in the air is apt to cause over-exposure; and when a very high altitude is attained above a smoky city, the buildings photographed are not so clear as those taken when the camera is nearer the roofs. In some instances the foreground will be perfectly clear, while the distance seems to suffer from a slight waver of the camera. Sometimes the ground appears to be whirling, giving only fragmentary glimpses of objects, while in extreme cases there is nothing but a rotary streak. Occasional map-like vertical views are desirable, yet it is usually better to get a perspective horizontal view, which is more interesting. The mid-air camera, even with an ordinary lens, makes buildings and scenes look not so far away as they are. In a photograph taken with the camera above the City Hall, New York, the heights of Brooklyn look very near. The effect is like a mirage, a distant landscape, ordinarily invisible, seeming to rise into the sky. Some pictures have been taken diagonally, as if the square film were purposely held in a position resembling the shape of a diamond, while others appear to be tipped slightly, and some are perfectly square and regular, as if taken by hand from a tripod.

In winter the difficulty in handling heavy

strains is greatly increased. There is danger of slipping in the snow when the line is cut to insert the camera. The pull as the camera is about to start upward is always very strong, as we have seen; and should the person temporarily holding the line lose his footing, the whole line would escape. I have not yet sent out kites from a snow-covered roof in a great city, all my kite photographs in winter having been taken at Bayonne; but I believe that excellent and very novel photographs can be taken of the city's whitened roofs, with glimpses of snow-laden trees in the parks. In light winds, when the kites sink downward, much of the line would be on the roof and be damaged by melting snow, because moisture deteriorates the twine very fast. No appreciable damage will be caused if the temperature is below the freezing-point, because the snow will then be fairly dry. In open ground the line does not become seriously wet unless trodden into the snow during a thaw. While photographing with the camera sustained by kites on Christmas day, 1896, with deep snow on the ground, two or three kites were left on the surface of the snow during most of the day without damage. They were discarded as not having the right weight to fit the wind, which was deceptive in that it was strong aloft and light at the earth. I did not find this out until the topmost kite had risen to an altitude of about a thousand feet. At times when snow was falling I have had my kites in the air, but they were generally borne down by the accumulation of snow on their upper surfaces, which gathered faster than I could shake it off by vibrating the line. In time such snow usually wets the kite-cable. During my first experiment with a kite in the rain, I soon found that even a paper-muslin kite became very heavy from the soaking that it got, and that a wind of twenty miles an hour was hardly strong enough to sustain the kite, which attained a height of 568 feet, and remained in the air about two hours. The line became so heavy with rain that the kite would not rise very high. With a very strong wind and a powerful kite flown from wire, I believe that high altitudes can be maintained for hours in the rain. During a downpour in winter the reel can be easily pinned to the earth with iron pins, except toward spring, when much hammering is required to force the pins into the frozen ground.

A complete view of the horizon can be taken at one ascent by arranging eight or more cameras in mid-air, back to back, on a

circular platform, and snapping them simultaneously. I have completed designs for this apparatus, and I see no more difficulty in taking eight photographs than in taking one, if lighter-weight cameras of aluminium are used. That part of the horizon from which the sun shines would fog the film unless the cameras facing in the general direction of the sun were provided with colored shading-glasses to exclude excess of light. By such an octagon camera arrangement a man-of-war beyond the horizon, within a distance of twenty miles, could be found. In fact a group of cameras can be prevented from twisting, and a chart on the deck would give the number of the camera containing the negative of the distant man-of-war. At a height of nine hundred feet the horizon at sea is visible forty miles away. The hull of a vessel would be seen at a much greater distance than on land when photographed from aloft, because the dark landscape affords less contrast of light and shade, except in winter when snow covers the ground. Such a mid-air camera has some of the characteristics of the search-light, in that it discloses objects otherwise invisible.

Before the camera is sent into the air one should take into consideration the direction in which the kites are flying, the direction of the sun, the direction of the building or scene to be photographed, and the freedom from cloud shadows. The camera can be made to point anywhere. It is aimed at the object to be photographed before it is sent up, allowance being made for its probable position when in the air as related to the steepness and direction of the kite-line. It is often directed at right angles to the point toward which the kites are flying. In this way I am able to include a particular building in the view, with only a slight margin of uncertainty. The camera is often suspended behind the kite-line, and photographs it. It is difficult to place the camera above a street like Broadway, New York, because the distance to the camera cannot well be judged by the eye, and there is usually no time for measuring the cable paid out. The camera often points in such a way that I am included in the view while pulling the camera string. Street views from high buildings ought to be taken at noon, before the declining sun has cast the surface of the street into deep shadow. The camera in the air always looks farther away than it is; and in my anxious effort to get a view of the great sound-money parade in Broadway I overshot the mark several times.

The mid-air kite camera would be useful in time of war. The gas is forced out of a captive balloon in a high wind, taking away its ascending force at a time when a kite will do the work. Kites cost far less than balloons, and it is a fact that they can be flown during nearly every rainless day in the week, and even in the rain if the wind is strong. An enemy's encampment beyond high hills could readily be photographed and the negative developed in fifteen minutes. A print by electric light can be made in two hours, and by sunlight in less than five minutes, after the development of the negative.

In the autumn of 1895, in coöperation with Mr. J. Woodbridge Davis, I used my kites to float messenger buoys across the Kill van Kull. Mr. Davis's well-known live-saving kites, having been built for storm-winds of the open sea, were, as a rule, too heavy for coast use, and so he decided to use my tandem kite apparatus, because my kites, if rightly made, fly steadily in winds of from four to fifty miles an hour. The messenger buoys, both with and without keels, were towed by the kites rapidly to Staten Island, demonstrating the value of the Davis buoys for carrying messages ashore from ships. The keel-buoys floated at nearly right angles to the pull, thus maintaining the kites in the air even in light winds.

On the night of December 5, 1896, at Bayonne, probably the first kite telegraph and telephone messages were sent over a mid-air wire. Dr. William H. Mitchell, the electrician of the experiment, and Mr. Henry L. Allen were associated with me in accomplishing this difficult feat. The three kites, two seven feet and one six feet in length, were sent up at 4:30 P. M., held by a cord reel pinned to the ground with iron pins. The altitude attained was about one thousand feet. The kites were left in the air until 7 P. M., with the usual safety-lantern signal attached to the line, to notify me of the descent of any of the kites in the darkness. The thin electric wire, to the end of which a plummet lantern was fastened, was paid out through a pulley held high in the air by the kite-cable. The kites and wire were thus paid out and away until the plummet lantern carried down the wire beyond trees, telegraph wires, and houses, enabling us to attach telephones at each end of the wire. The voice of Dr. Mitchell came to me over the

wire, and was heard in the telephone with great clearness; and conversation was continued until nearly midnight, when the kites and wire were all drawn in. No battery was used in telephoning, the weak currents from the magnets in each telephone operating the line, with the probable assistance of earth and atmospheric currents, as shown by the clearness with which sounds and distant voices were heard. The apparatus could undoubtedly be used to drop a telephone wire over the heads of a besieging army in the darkness; but owing to differences in the direction of the wind, it would be necessary to communicate from the circumference of a circle. The changes of wind in a week would enable a party within a fort to drop a wire at a given point outside. Indeed, this could be done at once if the wind happened to be in the right direction. A white disk, which would be visible only to those looking for it as it approached the earth, could be sent aloft at night in place of the plummet lantern. The wire would drop its telephone to those expecting it in the besieged fortress.

In 1892 my first electric spark was drawn from a copper wire festooned to the kite-line and connected with a tinfoil-coated rectangular collector suspended aloft on the kite-cable. The power of the spark was greatly increased by means of a coil passed around soft iron. Archibald of England, who was the first to use steel wire for kite-line in 1884, complained of unpleasant shocks of electricity. During more than four years I have experimented almost incessantly with electricity drawn from kite-wires, and I find that the sparks cause an unpleasant sting. At Blue Hill Observatory, near Milton, Massachusetts, where I introduced my kites in 1894 with the courteous permission of Messrs. A. L. Rotch, H. H. Clayton, and S. P. Fergusson, owing to the dryness of the rock at the summit of the hill, the observers at times grounded the electricity by connecting their kite-wire with another running down the hill.

The impact of sparks from my kite-wire produces slight mechanical motion. This force, which interferes with those who use wires for kite-flying, will in time operate delicate appliances, enabling the mid-air photographer to change his films or glass plates and operate the shutter of his camera without hauling it down to the earth until the end of the experiment.

William A. Eddy.



DRAWN BY GEORGE BLADEN FOX.

THE ART BUILDING OF THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.
A MODEL OF THE PARTHENON, ACTUAL SIZE.

TENNESSEE AND ITS CENTENNIAL.

CRADDOCK'S mountaineers have made Tennessee famous, without giving more than a very limited idea of its people. Mr. Cable's « John March, Southerner, » while not directed particularly to Tennessee, describes another and more general aspect with marvelous fidelity. But Mr. Page's « In Ole Virginia » might have been written in the heart's blood of Tennesseans, just as it was written in the heart's blood of Virginians, for it truthfully portrays the Tennessean's ideal, toward which the early settlers strained invincible energies, for which the passing generation fought with incomparable gallantry, and of which their successors dream and sing and make orations and write in the newspapers and magazines. To commemorate their achievements in the pursuit of this ideal during the hundred years of Statehood just completed by Tennessee, the citizens have prepared at Nashville a Centennial Exposition, which will be open to the public from May till November of this year. The occasion is excellent for the study of that personal self-consciousness which belongs to a community as well as to individuals, and is the essence of patriotism.

Nature has liberally endowed Tennessee with riches and variety. It is isothermal with Spain, Italy, Greece, and Japan, yet its wind-swept plateaus have the summers of Norway, and a few of its mountain-peaks

reach near to the line of perpetual snow. Four times it is measured from side to side by navigable waters—twelve hundred miles in all; their countless tributaries afford excellent water-power, and are well stocked with fish; while Reelfoot Lake, covering half a county, is the sportsman's paradise—a midway station for all the migratory birds.

Between the gaunt metamorphic crags of the Unaka Mountains on the east, and the broad alluvial plains of the Mississippi River on the west, twenty-seven geological formations have been recognized, belonging to each of the seven geological ages. Their dynamic history has divided the State into three regions of nearly equal size and striking diversity, which have been further distinguished by social developments and legislative enactment.

East Tennessee is the wreckage of a vast convulsion wherein everything was mixed, from Cambrian to Carboniferous. Its surface is crossed and scored by precipitous ridges, sheltering fertile valleys and confining impetuous streams which are eager to be in harness to the saw-mill and the ore-crusher. Middle Tennessee is a land of broad meadows and peacefully rounded hills, scoured into submissive contour by the glaciers, and of late so thoroughly subject to the arts of agriculture that it is called by its inhabitants a garden. More than half of it is a

low basin, greater in area than, and identical in character with, the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky. West Tennessee has the level surface of modern sedimentary deposits. For the most part, its soil is a mellow loam, working kindly and washing easily; but in the Mississippi bottoms the black earth produces each year two crops of the most exhausting character, the forests are dense, the streams are sluggish, and while the cranberries are being gathered in the Unakas, here figs are ripening.

Sixty per cent. of the State is forest land, the tulip-tree, misnamed the poplar, being the most abundant of the highly-prized woods; oak comes next, and the Central Basin has the largest red-cedar forests in America.

Excepting the tropical fruits of Florida and California, every crop grown in the United States flourishes in Tennessee. In the last Federal census the highest averages, both as regards quantity per acre and excellence of quality, were awarded to various sections of the State for its great staples, corn, wheat, cotton, and tobacco. Tennessee wheat sells at a premium, and the tobacco of west Tennessee has drawn to the center of that district a permanent colony of European buyers. The light, aromatic leaves produced in the northeastern corner of the State are prized as ingredients for smoking-mixtures. But new conceptions of agricultural economy are becoming prevalent, and next to these staples, strawberries and tomatoes constitute the largest farm exports.

Blue grass, native to the soil, is gradually predominating in a State where every square foot of open land is covered with grass of some kind. Watered by plentiful springs and rills, this territory, where cattle need to be housed only two months in the year, affords ideal conditions for the cultivation of live stock; and although over three millions of acres of good pasturage in the State are unfenced and scarcely utilized, Tennessee is famous for the extent and perfection of its stock-farms. One establishment alone, for breeding race-horses, is valued at two and a half millions of dollars, its oldest stallion at a quarter of a million, and at its annual sales yearlings average two thousand dollars a head. Running, trotting, and pacing thoroughbreds lead the industry; yet the number of registered kine in the State is exceptionally large, and Tennessee wool took the gold medal over all competitors at the World's Fair, London, in 1851.

Nevertheless, it appears that the chief wealth of the State lies beneath the surface.

Coal, iron, marble, copper, zinc, lead, phosphates, petroleum, cement, lithographic stone, gold in moderately paying quantities, dolomites for the manufacture of steel, barytes for paint, kaolin clay for pottery, granite, and roofing-slates, are now being mined, and the full resources of the region are still undiscovered. Twenty-two counties are comprised in the coal-fields; beneath them lie forty-two billions of tons of coal, enough to supply the State, at its present rate of consumption, for the next twenty thousand years. The quality varies from soft bituminous to cannel and anthracite. Connected with this deposit are petroleum reservoirs which repeated borings during the last thirty years have demonstrated to be of great capacity; their development is at present exciting lively interest. Since each division of the State contains hills and mountains of iron ore,—limonite, hematite, brown and red, and even magnetite in considerable amounts,—the supply is practically inexhaustible. Coal or charcoal, iron ore, and the limestone used as a reagent in the blast-furnaces, are usually found within a stone's throw of one another. This so greatly lessens the cost of smelting that Tennessee pig-iron competes advantageously with the product of States nearer market.

In east and middle Tennessee are found two hundred varieties of marble, from jet-black to Parian white. The brown marble which takes its name from the State is familiar throughout the world, owing to its superior decorative value. It is the only domestic stone admitted to the highest place of honor—the superb rotunda—of the Congressional Library at Washington, in harmonious contrast with the marble imported from Italy and Egypt. The railroads in Tennessee are ballasted with this beautiful stone, and it is used in the construction of the humblest dwellings.

The phosphate deposits, which have been only recently prospected, are estimated by the State geologist to be worth one hundred and twenty-three million dollars net profit. Copper ore of excellent grade is found and mined in a region of forty square miles. Six counties have prolific veins of lead and zinc.

The inhabitants of this bountiful domain number close upon two million. Only eighteen per cent. live in the fifty-three towns and villages, of which only four contain over thirty thousand souls. Nashville, the capital, numbers, with its immediate suburbs, one hundred and fifty thousand. The proportion of negroes to whites in the State is less than

thirty per cent., and is steadily diminishing. The foreign-born population is only one and a half per cent. of the whole.

Nevertheless foreign capital is a large sharer in the agricultural, live-stock, mining, and manufacturing industries, which, with the usual large show of aggressive enterprise, are at the same time accomplishing much solid growth. Three thousand miles of railway are operated; the coal and coke trade employs six thousand persons; there are twenty-six iron furnaces, feeding several foundries and rolling-mills; twenty-five large quarries prepare marble for shipment; and ten smelters are supplied by the copper-, lead-, and zinc-mines. Cotton-, woolen-, and flouring-mills thrive; leather and tobacco engage a number of large factories; and lumber, handled from the trees to agricultural implements and finished hard wood, supports one of the chief industries. As a lumber-market the State is prominent in America and Europe; its interests are thoroughly organized and ably represented by a prosperous journal. Although two million dollars are annually expended upon public schools, education is one of the most fruitful sources of revenue: nearly one thousand private schools, including six universities, enroll a yearly population of forty-four thousand, largely from other States. Book-printing and kindred crafts are extensively practised, especially as connected with religious organizations.

Self-sufficiency, therefore, is frequently claimed for Tennessee. Survivors of the old South are at times fond of talking about a condition of siege in which the State, cut off from every succor of the external world, could rejoice and prosper indefinitely, producing within its own borders all of the necessities and most of the luxuries of modern civilization.

It is remarkable to find how far this trait of self-sufficiency—borrowed doubtless, to a considerable degree, from their environment—goes to explain the social characteristics of Tennesseans. Obstinate faith in native endowments, a mettle and zest for any enterprise in the face of whatever odds, and a grip on destiny which never loosens this side of death or victory—these qualities have shaped the history of the State, and constitute the most brilliant virtues of its public men. The first settlers (1754) were the first Anglo-Americans to build homes south of Pennsylvania, west of the Alleghanies. Twice these emigrants from Virginia and North Carolina were repulsed and

butchered by the Indians, whom, on their third expedition, they compelled to sue for peace. During the Revolution, not only the men,—including the parsons,—but even the women and children, rushed to the aid of the colonies. One of the women, who at the cost of her life ministered to the Americans in hospitals and on the battle-field, was the mother of General Andrew Jackson; one of the six leaders who routed the British at King's Mountain was Colonel John Sevier, first governor of the State. Thirty years after their earliest settlement the pioneers, impatient of dependence upon North Carolina, declared themselves to constitute the State of Franklin; and although this government endured for only three years, the spirit of which it was an expression obtained from Congress, within the decade, territorial privileges which, on June 1, 1796, were perfected by the formal admission into the Union of the State of Tennessee.

Religion promptly followed the trails of the pioneers, carried from settlement to settlement by men who declared themselves to be the firebrands of God. Many of them were crude woodsmen converted suddenly from desperados to missionaries. Under their preaching the virile frontiersmen were infected with a frenzy of religious excitement, which in the years 1801–3 became one of the most notable revivals in American history, and firmly established in Tennessee three great Protestant denominations—Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian. Even here the trait of self-reliance manifested itself: a remonstrance from certain clergymen against the ministry of uneducated persons led to the foundation, in 1810, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which ordained the despised preachers and cherished them to such good purpose that it is now one of the most prosperous denominations in the Southern and Western States, a leader in educational as well as religious activities.

In many respects General Andrew Jackson is the central figure and chief representative of Tennessee life during the early years. He was born shortly after the first settlement of the territory; at thirteen he was a Revolutionary soldier, at fourteen a British prisoner, at fifteen an orphan and destitute, at nineteen a licensed lawyer, at twenty-one attorney-general of the district afterward comprised in Tennessee. His fearless and indefatigable journeys through the primeval forest which separated the sparse settlements of the pioneers, exposed to perils of ferocious beasts and hostile savages; his horse-racing,

foot-racing, and cock-fights; his eager acquisition of the choicest farm and timber lands, were typical of his sturdy generation. Together, Jackson and his fellows drafted the State constitution; side by side they fought in national House and Senate for frugality at home and inflexibility abroad; on the supreme judicial bench of the State they were the forerunners of later Tennesseans who performed honorable service on the supreme judicial bench of the nation; they were rivals in agriculture and merchandise, or on the race-course and the dueling-ground; and perhaps Jackson's only distinction in these lines was the multiplicity of his pursuits. But in his great campaigns also—the return from Natchez, where he won the name «Hickory»; the four battles in which he exterminated the Creeks and broke forever the power of the red man in North America; the rash invasion of Spanish dominions in Florida, to begin the work of repelling the British, which he gloriously consummated at New Orleans in 1815; finally, the Seminole war, with its swift success and grave international menaces resulting from his peremptory disregard of *habeas corpus*—in these campaigns, which distinguished him as the military leader of the nation, faithful Tennesseans under his guidance fought and suffered, and despised every obstacle, earning for their home the proud title of «the Volunteer State.» Sam Houston, governor and senator from Tennessee, the avenger of the Alamo and Goliad, the creator of Texas and the father of the red man, emulated General Jackson in his contempt of greater forces than his own, and was rewarded with equally marvelous victories. To complete the parallel, two other Tennesseans have followed President Jackson to the White House; and although Mr. Polk was of far gentler temperament, to his vigorous administration is due, from beginning to end, the Mexican war, in which Tennesseans figured eminently; while Andrew Johnson, the intrepid war governor of Tennessee, out-Hickoried «Old Hickory» as President, by his domineering impatience of constitutional limitations and official dignities.

It was in the nature of things that Tennessee should be among the last to join the Confederate States; but the first general secession convention was held in Nashville (in 1850), and Tennessee troops were the first to answer the call to arms after the attack upon Sumter. During the war one hundred and three thousand Tennesseans fought for the Confederacy, constituting one sixth of the entire insurgent force, and exceeding the

whole number under arms at the surrender. Of these Tennesseans, two, Forrest and Stewart, were lieutenant-generals, seven were major-generals, and thirty-two were brigadier-generals. Meanwhile several gallant Tennessee regiments entered the Union army. Within the confines of the State one hundred and thirty-seven battles were fought, including Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Shiloh, Stone's River, Cumberland Gap, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Knoxville, and Franklin, which were among the bloodiest and most decisive of the war. Next to Virginia, no State suffered so much from the ravages of the conflict, and in next to none has the havoc been more energetically repaired.

To this the present Centennial and International Exposition bears eloquent witness. Vermont and Kentucky entered the Union in 1791, but allowed their hundredth anniversaries to slip by without celebration; Tennessee has set the example for younger States, and upon a scale that will hardly be surpassed. Not only has the World's Fair at Chicago been fearlessly imitated, but it is safe to affirm that in certain respects it has been rivaled; at Nashville, as at Chicago, every endeavor has conspired to the one effect of harmonious beauty, and the enterprise of the Tennesseans has been wonderfully assisted by the munificence of nature and the abundance of time allowed for preparation. Thus a second example is given of the new love for architecture in America, which finds characteristic expression on a scale of magnificence beyond the dreams of an Oriental despot, yet in structures so ephemeral that their use is overpassed in less than a year. Literally a city has been built, with sewerage, water, and electric subways, with an elaborate system of public illumination, with graded streets and asphalt walks, with navigable waters spanned by costly bridges,—one of these a reproduction of the Venetian Rialto,—with countless devices for comfort and refreshment, and, finally, with public buildings of every description, which in extent and elegance transcend the permanent adornments of a modern metropolis.

When the affair was at first proposed, applications were made to the State and national governments for aid or coöperation. Upon the failure of these attempts, and in spite of the grievous business depression which prevailed, there ensued a generous rivalry of private contributions, which thoroughly demonstrated the patriotic character of the

enterprise. The plans called for an outlay of two million dollars, which were secured by various devices, a notable measure coming from shareholders at five dollars each. The children of the State gathered enough to erect a spacious building, and purchased for it a belfry of silver chimes. All responsibility for the Woman's Building was assumed by the women, who earned a considerable amount by conducting a special edition of the State's leading newspaper. The departments of general administration were undertaken without salary by professional and business men; artists, architects, and contractors volunteered many services free of charge; implements and materials were given; and in many instances even the laborers remitted a large proportion of their wages to the common fund. The effect of this was particularly noticeable in one contract, estimated at four hundred thousand dollars, which was completed for just one half that sum. It follows that all interests and classes are pledged to the success of the Exposition; original and eager thought has been concentrated upon it from every point of view, and the outcome is thoroughly representative of the entire State.

That some of the features are quaintly provincial is a natural consequence; but by far the most impressive fact is the universality of the Exposition, based perhaps as much upon the self-complacency as upon the self-sufficiency of Tennessee. If the idea of even a national fair, which obtained previous to 1893, had been the limit of the present enterprise, almost the whole might have been sheltered in the great Commerce Building of the Tennessee Centennial: but there have been erected fourteen buildings corresponding in size and beauty with the one devoted to commerce, and a score of smaller edifices have been constructed by other States, or counties, cities, churches, and private corporations. A separate village, to be known as *"Vanity Fair,"* comprises the same motley assortment of diversions which became famous as the *"Midway Plaisance"* at Chicago. In addition, stables, a cattle-ring, and a pavilion, an athletic field and an amphitheater, and the quarters and parade-ground for a continuous military encampment, occupy separate locations adjacent to the Exposition.

In his *"Shadow of a Dream,"* Mr. Howells credits those who live remote from the great centers of artistic and literary activity with the liveliest critical faculties and the most thorough reverence for masterpieces. Art culture has long received loyal support in

Tennessee, and the Centennial gives to it the place of honor, making the Parthenon the central figure about which all the other buildings are grouped. This is a studiously classical reproduction of that glory of Greek architecture. Before it stands the colossal *Athene* of the Acropolis; but within the cella the plan of the temple is modified to afford admirable hanging-space for paintings, under the supervision of a numerous committee of American artists, with Mr. E. H. Blashfield at the head. Cash prizes, as well as medals of honor, will be awarded. The Centennial advertises the first general collection of art pottery in one department, and the first dedication of special days to art conventions during the summer program.

Of paramount significance is a noble structure fronting the Parthenon, devoted to the first exhibition by the negro race in America, contributed by organizations created for the purpose in the principal cities of the Union. Herein are displayed the records of a century's progress from barbarism to civilization, a presentation doubtless without parallel in the history of mankind.

Since we like to believe that Southern womanhood has been little involved in the coming of the new woman, it is pleasant to find that Tennessee women of the old school have outstripped all the other departments of the Centennial in designing, completing, and paying for the Woman's Building, which is a Greek idealization of the typical Southern mansion, as exemplified in the *"Hermitage,"* the residence of General Andrew Jackson. The Children's Building, set on the edge of a deer-park, contains exhibits collected by United States consuls in every part of the world. Daily exercises will be conducted by children from the schools of the State.

The pride of Tennessee in its past suggested a History Building, which, although it came somewhat as an afterthought, is in admirable accord with the original plans, which it perfects and dignifies. It reproduces a third memorable feature of the Acropolis—the Erechtheum. This temple was more intimately associated with the cultus of *Athene* and the fortunes of Athens than the Parthenon; but since its construction suffered more vicissitudes and its present ruin is more complete, the architects at Nashville have contented themselves with fidelity to the spirit of the original rather than strict adherence to archæology. Two of the four porches have been preserved in dimensions and details; rooms have been substituted for the other two, so that the interior consists

of five compartments, devoted respectively to history and antiquities, the Confederate Veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the Revolution, and miscellanies.

Between ten and eleven millions live within a night's ride of Nashville. Over eighty conventions, chiefly representative of their common concerns, but several also of national importance, will meet during the six months of the Centennial. For them and for various festal occasions an auditorium has been provided, a majestic specimen of colonial architecture, with a seating capacity of six thousand.

It was not until the Exposition neared its completion that assurance was obtained of a Federal appropriation, of which thirty thousand dollars is to be expended upon a United States Building, and one hundred thousand dollars upon government exhibits. On the other hand, Congress early released from duty all foreign exhibits intended for the Centennial, and the State Department invited every city and commonwealth on the globe to participate. These interests were further promoted by the same staff of special agents who represented the World's Fair abroad. Consequently the fifty thousand square feet

of space allotted to foreign exhibits were occupied three months in advance of the opening, and several countries erected special buildings.

The most commodious and imposing edifices are those appropriated to industries and natural resources—commerce, machinery, transportation, minerals and forestry, and agriculture. Their utilitarian character has been entirely superseded by the diligent adaptation of them to the purposes of architectural display. Greek models, suggested by the immediate presence of the Parthenon, were confirmed by a tradition in favor of Greek architecture which has always prevailed in the Southern States. Present variations from the classic are in keeping with this tradition; and since all the exteriors are white, the entire effect is eminently chaste and reposeful. Built by local artists in accordance with local tastes, this White City is essentially a home production. A generous half of its charm is due to the pure skies, the encircling hills, the luxuriant blue grass, the maples and oaks, and thousands of roses, which associate with the art work of man the bewitchments of nature, and are modestly claimed by Tennesseans to surpass sky and water, trees and flowers, wherever else they may be found.

Marks White Handly.

DAYS TO COME.

A LONG, grim corridor; a sullen bar
 Of light athwart the pavement, where no fleet
 Pale sunshine spreads for dark her winding-sheet.
 A light not born of noon or placid star
 Glows lurid through the gloom, while from afar
 Beats marching of innumerable feet.
 Is this the place where tragic armies meet?
 The throb of terror that presages war?
 I strain to see; then softly on my sight
 There falls the vision: manifold they come—
 White, listless Day chained to her brother Night;
 Their hands are shackled and their lips are dumb,
 And as they meet the air where each one dies
 They turn and smile at me with weary eyes.

Helen Hay.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG AND RAIDS ON WASHINGTON.

A DISAPPOINTED BAND-MASTER.



ARTHWORKS had been thrown across the neck of land upon which City Point is located. This intrenched line ran from a point on the James to a point on the Appomattox River. A small garrison had been detailed for its defense, and the commanding officer, wishing to do something that would afford the general-in-chief special delight, arranged to send the band over to the headquarters camp to play for him while he was dining. The garrison commander was in blissful ignorance of the fact that to the general the appreciation of music was a lacking sense and the musician's score a sealed book. About the third evening after the band had begun its performances, the general, while sitting at the mess-table, remarked: "I've noticed that that band always begins its *noise* just about the time I am sitting down to dinner and want to talk." I offered to go and make an effort to suppress it, and see whether it would obey an order to "cease firing," and my services were promptly accepted. The men were gorgeously uniformed, and the band seemed to embrace every sort of brass instrument ever invented, from a diminutive cornet-à-pistons to a gigantic double-bass horn. The performer who played the latter instrument was engaged within its ample twists, and looked like a man standing inside the coils of a whisky-still. The broad-belted band-master was puffing with all the vigor of a quack-medicine advertisement, his eyes were riveted upon the music, and it was not an easy task to attract his attention. Like a sperm-whale, he had come up to blow, and was not going to be put down till he had finished; but finally he was made to understand that, like the hand-organ man, he was desired to move on. With a look of disinheritorship on his countenance, he at last marched off his band to its camp. On my return the general said: "I fear that band-master's feelings have been hurt, but I did not want him to be wasting his time upon a per-

son who has no ear for music." A staff-officer remarked: "Well, general, you were at least much more considerate than Commodore —, who, the day he came to take command of his vessel, and was seated at dinner in the cabin, heard music on deck, and immediately sent for the executive officer, and said to him: 'Have the instruments *and men* of that band thrown overboard at once!'"

HUNTER'S RAID.

HUNTER's bold march and destruction of military stores had caused so much alarm that Lee, as has been said before, was compelled to send Breckinridge's force and Early's corps to the valley of Virginia. Hunter continued to drive back the troops he encountered till he reached Lynchburg. There he found that the strength of the works and the combined forces brought against him would prevent the further success of his raid. On June 18 he decided to exercise the discretion which had been left to him in such a contingency and retire toward his base. The result of the campaign, besides compelling Lee to detach troops from his own army, was the burning of Confederate cloth-mills, gunstock and harness factories, and foundries engaged in the manufacture of ammunition, the destruction of about fifty miles of railroad, and the capture of three thousand muskets, twenty pieces of artillery, and a quantity of ammunition. The stringent orders given by Grant to Sigel, and by him turned over to Hunter, who had succeeded him, were prepared with a view to preventing all wanton destruction. They were in part as follows: "Indiscriminate marauding should be avoided. Nothing should be taken not absolutely necessary for the troops, except when captured from an armed enemy. Impressments should be made under orders from the commanding officer and by a disbursing officer. Receipts should be given for all property taken, so that the loyal may collect pay and the property be accounted for." Notwithstanding these orders, there were some houses burned and damage done to individual property during this raid.

EARLY'S RAID ON WASHINGTON.

HUNTER having been compelled to fall back into West Virginia, the roads to Washington were left uncovered, and the enemy now advanced into Maryland. Sigel's small force retreated precipitately across the Potomac, followed by the enemy. It had been impossible for General Grant to obtain any reliable news for a number of days in regard to these movements, and it was not until the 4th of July that he received definite information.

We did not find many leisure moments to indulge in patriotic demonstrations at headquarters on Independence day, for the directions for executing the plans for checking the enemy in his present movement fully occupied every one on duty. Grant telegraphed to Halleck to concentrate all the troops about Washington, Baltimore, Cumberland, and Harper's Ferry, bring up Hunter's troops, and put Early to flight. While Grant was thinking only of punishing Early, there was great consternation in Washington, and the minds of the officials there seemed to be occupied solely with measures for defending the capital. Hunter's troops had fallen back to Charleston, West Virginia, and a drought had left so little water in the Ohio River that the ascent of the vessels on which his troops had embarked was greatly delayed.

All eyes were, as usual, turned upon Grant to protect the capital and drive back the invading force. On July 5, seeing, as he thought, another opportunity for cutting off and destroying the troops that Lee had detached from his command, Grant ordered one division of Wright's corps and some dismounted cavalry to Washington by steamers. Under subsequent orders the infantry division (Rickett's) proceeded *via* Baltimore to reinforce General Lew Wallace, at the Monocacy. General Grant had been very much dissatisfied with all of Sigel's movements, and now that the situation was becoming somewhat serious, he determined to make an effort to have him removed from his command. On the 7th he sent Halleck a despatch, saying: "I think it advisable to relieve him [Sigel] from all duty, at least until present troubles are over." Sigel was immediately removed, and General Howe put in command of his forces until Hunter's arrival. By means of the telegraphic communications which he constantly received Grant was able to time pretty well the movements of the enemy, and to make preparations for meeting him before he could attempt the capture of

Washington. He had been planning some important offensive operations in front of Richmond, but he now decided to postpone these and turn his chief attention to Early.

The Nineteenth Corps, which had been ordered from New Orleans by sea, and which was now arriving at Fort Monroe, and the remainder of Wright's Sixth Corps from in front of Petersburg, were instructed to proceed at once to Washington. Instead of sympathizing with the alarming messages from the capital and the many rash suggestions made from there, the general telegraphed on July 9: "Forces enough to defeat all that Early has with him should get in his rear, south of him, and follow him up sharply, leaving him to go north, defending depots, towns, etc., with small garrisons and the militia. If the President thinks it advisable that I should go to Washington in person, I can start in an hour after receiving notice." The President answered, saying that he thought it would be well for the general to come to Washington, but making it only as a suggestion. General Grant replied to this: "I think, on reflection, it would have a bad effect for me to leave here, and, with Ord at Baltimore, and Hunter and Wright with the forces following the enemy up, could do no good. I have great faith that the enemy will never be able to get back with much of his force." The general said, in conversation with his staff on the 10th: "One reason why I do not wish to go to Washington to take personal direction of the movement against Early is that this is probably just what Lee wants me to do, in order that he may transfer the seat of war to Maryland, or feel assured that there will be no offensive operations against Petersburg during my absence and detach some of his forces and send them against Sherman. Sherman is at a long distance from his base of supplies, and I want to be able to have him feel that I shall take no step that will afford an opportunity of detaching troops from here to operate against him."

General Lew Wallace, in command of what was called the Middle Department, made a gallant stand at the Monocacy, and effected a delay in the enemy's movements toward Washington; but his small force was of course defeated. Early now moved directly on Washington, and on July 11 advanced upon the outer line of fortifications; but, to the surprise of his troops, they saw the well-known banners of the Sixth Corps, and found that Washington, instead of being weakly defended, was

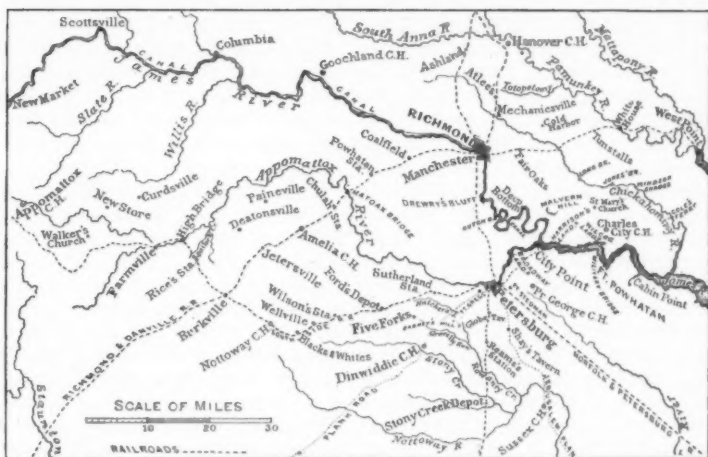
now guarded by veterans of the Army of the Potomac. Early discovered that he had been outmaneuvered, and on the night of the 12th began a retreat. Grant had now but one anxiety, which was to have an efficient head selected for the command of the troops that he was collecting to operate against Early. He sent a despatch to Halleck, saying: "Give orders assigning Major-General Wright to supreme command of all troops moving out against the enemy, regardless of the rank of other commanders. He should get outside the trenches with all the force he possibly can, and should push Early to the last moment, supplying himself from the country." The next day (July 13) Wright moved forward with his command, following up Early.

There had been several days of serious perplexity and annoyance at headquarters. The commanders had to be changed, and the best results possible obtained with the material at hand. Twice the wires of the telegraph line were broken, and important messages between Washington and City Point had to be sent a great part of the way by steamboat. It was rumored at one time that Hill's corps had been detached from Lee's front, and there was some anxiety to know whether it had been sent to Early or to Johnston, who was opposing Sherman; but the rumor was soon found to be groundless. Grant's orders now were to press the enemy in Maryland with all vigor, to make a bold campaign against him, and destroy him if possible before he could return to Lee. Early, however, had gained a day's start, and although a number of his wagons and animals and some prisoners had been captured, no material damage was inflicted upon him. On July 20 he reached Snicker's Ferry, and the chase was abandoned. Early continued his march to Strasburg, where he arrived July 22.

GRANT AS A WRITER.

THE general had occupied himself continually during this anxious and exciting period in giving specific instructions by wire and messengers to meet the constantly changing conditions which were taking place from day to day and from hour to hour in the theater of military operations; and no despatches were ever of greater importance than those which were sent from headquarters at this time. His powers of concentration of thought were often shown by the circumstances under which he wrote. Nothing that went on around him, upon the field or in his quarters,

could distract his attention or interrupt him. Sometimes, when his tent was filled with officers talking and laughing at the top of their voices, he would turn to his table and write the most important communications. There would then be an immediate "Hush!" and abundant excuses offered by the company; but he always insisted upon the conversation going on, and after a while his officers came to understand his wishes in this respect, to learn that noise was apparently a stimulus rather than a check to his flow of ideas, and to realize that nothing short of a general attack along the whole line could divert his thoughts from the subject upon which his mind was concentrated. In writing his style was vigorous and terse, with little of ornament; its most conspicuous characteristic was perspicuity. General Meade's chief of staff once said: "There is one striking feature about Grant's orders: no matter how hurriedly he may write them on the field, no one ever has the slightest doubt as to their meaning, or ever has to read them over a second time to understand them." The general used Anglo-Saxon words much more frequently than those derived from the Greek and Latin tongues. He had studied French at West Point, and picked up some knowledge of Spanish during the Mexican war; but he could not hold a conversation in either language, and rarely employed a foreign word in any of his writings. His adjectives were few and well chosen. No document which ever came from his hands was in the least degree pretentious. He never laid claim to any knowledge he did not possess, and seemed to feel, with Addison, that "pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion—a form of knowledge without the power of it." He rarely indulged in metaphor, but when he did employ a figure of speech it was always expressive and graphic, as when he spoke of the commander at Bermuda Hundred being "in a bottle strongly corked," or referred to our armies at one time moving "like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together." His style inclined to the epigrammatic without his being aware of it. There was scarcely a document written by him from which brief sentences could not be selected fit to be set in mottos or placed upon transparencies. As examples may be mentioned: "I propose to move immediately upon your works"; "I shall take no backward steps"; the famous "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and, later in his career, "Let us have peace"; "The best means of securing the repeal of an obnox-



MAP OF THE PETERSBURG CAMPAIGN.

ious law is its vigorous enforcement"; "I shall have no policy to enforce against the will of the people"; and "Let no guilty man escape." He wrote with the first pen he happened to pick up, and never stopped to consider whether it was sharp-pointed or blunted, good or bad. He was by no means as particular in this regard as General Zachary Taylor, of whom an old army rumor said that the only signature he ever made which was entirely satisfactory to him was written with the butt-end of a ramrod dipped in tar. General Grant's desk was always in a delirious state of confusion; pigeonholes were treated with a sublime disregard, and he left his letters piled up in apparently inextricable heaps; but, strange to say, he carried in his mind such a distinct recollection of local literary geography as applied to his writing-table that he could go to it and even in the dark lay his hand upon almost any paper he wanted. His military training had educated him to treat purely official documents with respect, and these were always handed over to Colonel Bowers, the adjutant-general, to be properly filed; but as to his private letters, he made his coat pockets a general depository for his correspondence until they could hold no more, and then he discharged their contents upon his desk in a chaotic mass. The military secretaries made heroic struggles to bring about some order in this department, and generally saw that copies were kept of all letters of importance which the chief wrote. Whatever came from his pen was grammatically correct, well punctuated, and seldom showed an error in spell-

ing. In the field he never had a dictionary in his possession, and when in doubt about the orthography of a word, he was never known to write it first on a separate slip of paper to see how it looked. He spelled with heroic audacity, and "chanced it" on the correctness. While in rare instances he made a mistake in doubling the consonants where unnecessary, or in writing a single consonant where two are required, he really spelled with great accuracy. His pronunciation was seldom, if ever, at fault, though in two words he had a peculiar way of pronouncing the letter *d*: he always pronounced corduroy "corjuroy," and immediately "im-mejetly."

GRANT DEVOTES ATTENTION TO SHERMAN.

WHILE planning means for the defeat of Early, General Grant was still giving constant attention to the movements of Sherman. That officer had been repulsed in making his attack on Kenesaw Mountain, but by a successful flank movement had turned the enemy's very strong position, and compelled him to fall back over the Chatahoochee River on July 4. On the 17th Sherman crossed that river and drove the enemy into his defenses about Atlanta. It now looked as if Sherman would be forced to a siege of that place; and as he was many hundreds of miles from his base, and there was only a single line of railroad to supply him, it was more than ever important that no troops should be allowed to leave Virginia to be thrown against his lines.

Grant was frequently in consultation with

Meade in regard to preventing the enemy from withdrawing troops from Petersburg. The Southern papers received through the lines gave very conflicting accounts of the operations on Sherman's front, and indicated that there was a great demand for the reinforcement of Johnston, and expressed the belief that there would be vigorous movements made to break Sherman's communications. In a despatch to Halleck Grant said: «If he [Sherman] can supply himself with ordnance and quartermaster's stores, and partially with subsistence, he will find no difficulty in staying until a permanent line can be opened with the south coast.» The general directed a large quantity of the stores at Nashville to be transferred to Chattanooga. There was another contingency which he mentioned, and which he had to devise steps to guard against—a determination on the part of the enemy to withdraw the troops in front of Sherman and move them quickly by rail to Petersburg, and in the meantime march Early's corps back to Lee and make a combined attack upon the Army of the Potomac. This, Grant believed, would be done only in some extreme emergency, and in case the enemy felt convinced that Sherman was so far from his base of supplies that he could not move much farther into the interior. One means which the general-in-chief had in contemplation at this time for preventing troops from being sent from Virginia was to start Sheridan on a raid to cut the railroads southwest of Richmond.

Important news reached headquarters on July 17 to the effect that General Joe Johnston had been relieved from duty, and General Hood put in command of the army opposed to Sherman. General Grant said when he received this information: «I know very well the chief characteristics of Hood. He is a bold, dashing soldier, and has many qualities of successful leadership, but he is an indiscreet commander, and lacks cool judgment. We may look out now for rash and ill-advised attacks on his part. I am very glad, from our standpoint, that this change has been made. Hood will prove no match for Sherman.» He waited with some curiosity to know just what policy Hood would adopt. As was anticipated, he came out of his lines and made an attack on July 20, but was repulsed with great loss. He made another offensive movement on the 22d, and fought the celebrated battle of Atlanta, but was again driven back. On the 28th he made another bold dash against Sherman, but in this also he was completely defeated, and fell back

within the defenses at Atlanta. In the battle of the 22d General McPherson was killed. When this news reached General Grant he was visibly affected, and dwelt upon it in his conversations for the next two or three days. «McPherson,» he said, «was one of my earliest staff-officers, and seemed almost like one of my own family. At Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga he performed splendid service. I predicted from the start that he would make one of the most brilliant officers in the service. I was very reluctant to have him leave my staff, for I disliked to lose his services there, but I felt that it was only fair to him to put him in command of troops where he would be in the line of more rapid promotion. I was very glad to have him at the head of my old Army of the Tennessee. His death will be a terrible loss to Sherman, for I know that he will feel it as keenly as I. McPherson was beloved by everybody in the service, both by those above him and by those below him.»

GRANT'S TREATMENT OF HIS GENERALS.

In the midsummer of 1864 General Grant had an increasing weight of responsibility thrown upon him every day. While he was requiring his commanders to sleep with one foot out of bed and with one eye open, lest Lee might make some unexpected movement which would require a prompt change in the general plan of operations, he had to devise new methods almost daily to check raids in different parts of the country, protect the capital, save the North from invasion, and lay vigorous siege to Petersburg, which had been rendered as nearly impregnable by the enemy as the art of the military engineer was capable of making it. He was constantly embarrassed, too, by some of his subordinates. General W. F. Smith was engaged in quarrels with his superior officers as well as with his associates. An acrimonious personal warfare was progressing between Butler and him, and his bitter criticisms of Meade had aroused the resentment of that officer, which added a new phase to the general quarrel. Grant finally made up his mind that he would either have to relieve General Smith or several prominent commanders, and the result was that Smith was given a leave of absence, and was never recalled. General Grant felt that in the true interests of the service this had become absolutely necessary in order to restore harmony and coöperation.

As a commander General Butler had not been General Grant's choice. The general-

in-chief, when he assumed command of the armies, found Butler in charge of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and utilized him to the best advantage possible. He had always found him subordinate, prompt to obey orders, possessed of great mental activity, and clear in his conception of the instructions given him. He was a good administrative officer, though often given to severe and unusual methods in enforcing discipline and in dealing with the dissatisfied element of the population living within his department; yet he did not possess the elements necessary to make an efficient officer in the field. As he was inexperienced in fighting battles, Grant felt reluctant to give him charge of any important military movement. One embarrassment was that he was the senior officer in rank in Virginia, and if General Grant should be called away temporarily, Butler would be in supreme command of the operations against Petersburg. The general struggled along under this embarrassment by keeping matters under his own direction when Butler's forces were employed in actual battle, and by sending an experienced corps commander to handle the troops in the immediate presence of the enemy.

General Meade's irritability of temper, and over-sensitiveness to implied censure or criticism on the part of the newspapers, led him at one time to tender his resignation as commander of the Army of the Potomac. General Grant talked to him very kindly on the subject, soothed his feelings, and induced him to reconsider his intention. The general-in-chief did not mention the matter publicly, and was very glad that hasty action had been prevented. If Meade had resigned at this time, Hancock would have succeeded him, and Ingalls, who had shown such signal executive ability, might possibly have been given an important command. Ingalls and I expressed a desire repeatedly to serve in command of troops, as such service gave promise of more rapid promotion and was more in accordance with our tastes; but the general always insisted upon retaining us on his staff.¹

General Meade was a most accomplished officer. He had been thoroughly educated in his profession, and had a complete knowledge of both the science and the art of war in all its branches. He was well read, possessed of a vast amount of interesting information,

had cultivated his mind as a linguist, and spoke French with fluency. When foreign officers visited the front they were invariably charmed by their interviews with the commander of the Army of the Potomac. He was a disciplinarian to the point of severity, was entirely subordinate to his superiors, and no one was more prompt than he to obey orders to the letter. In his intercourse with his officers the bluntness of the soldier was always conspicuous, and he never took pains to smooth any one's ruffled feelings.

There was an officer serving in the Army of the Potomac who had formerly been a surgeon. One day he appeared at Meade's headquarters in a high state of indignation, and said: «General, as I was riding over here some of the men in the adjoining camps shouted after me and called me «Old Pills,» and I would like to have it stopped.» Meade just at that moment was not in the best possible frame of mind to be approached with such a complaint. He seized hold of the eyeglasses, conspicuously large in size, which he always wore, clapped them astride of his nose with both hands, glared through them at the officer, and exclaimed: «Well, what of that? How can I prevent it? Why, I hear that, when I rode out the other day, some of the men called me a «d—d old goggle-eyed snapping-turtle,» and I can't even stop that!» The officer had to content himself with this explosive expression of a sympathetic fellow-feeling, and to take his chances thereafter as to obnoxious epithets.

In view of the want of harmony which often prevailed, the service would have suffered severely if an officer of a different character had been in supreme command; but Grant was so complacent in his manner, so even in temper, and so just in his method of dealing with the conflicting interests and annoying questions which arose, that whatever his subordinates may have thought of one another, to him they were at all times well disposed and perfectly loyal.

GRANT'S EQUANIMITY.

THROUGHOUT this memorable year, the most important as well as the most harassing of his entire military career, General Grant never in any instance failed to manifest those traits which were the true elements of

¹ A reference to this subject occurs in «Around the World with General Grant,» by the Hon. John Russell Young, who accompanied him upon his tour. The language used by General Grant in one of his interviews with Mr. Young is reported as follows: «Ingalls in com-

mand of troops would, in my opinion, have become a great and famous general. . . . Horace Porter was lost in the staff. Like Ingalls, he was too useful to be spared. But as a commander of troops Porter would have risen, in my opinion, to a high command.»—EDITOR.

his greatness. He was always calm amidst excitement, and patient under trials. He looked neither to the past with regret nor to the future with apprehension. When he could not control he endured, and in every great crisis he could "convince when others could not advise." His calmness of demeanor and unruffled temper were often a marvel even to those most familiar with him. In the midst of the most exciting scenes he rarely raised his voice above its ordinary pitch or manifested the least irritability. Whether encountered at noonday or awakened from sleep at midnight, his manner was always the same; whether receiving the report of an army commander or of a private soldier serving as a courier or a scout, he listened with equal deference and gave it the same strict attention. He could not only discipline others, but he could discipline himself. If he had lived in ancient days he might, in his wrath, have broken the twelve tables of stone: he never would have broken the laws which were written on them. The only manifestation of anger he had indulged in during the campaign was upon the occasion, hereinbefore mentioned, when he found a teamster beating his horses near the Totopotomoy. He never criticized an officer harshly in the presence of others. If fault had to be found with him, it was never made an occasion to humiliate him or wound his feelings. The only pointed reprimand he ever administered was in the instance mentioned in the battle of the Wilderness, when an officer left his troops and came to him to magnify the dangers which were to be feared from Lee's methods of warfare. The fact that he never "nagged" his officers, but treated them all with consideration, led them to communicate with him freely and intimately; and he thus gained much information which otherwise he might not have received. To have a well-disciplined command he did not deem it necessary to have an unhappy army. His ideas of discipline did not accord with those of the Russian officer who, one night in the Moscow campaign, reprimanded a soldier for putting a ball of snow under his head for a pillow, for the reason that indulgence in such uncalled-for luxuries would destroy the high character of the army.

GRANT AS A THINKER.

It was an interesting study in human nature to watch the general's actions in camp. He would sit for hours in front of his tent, or just inside of it looking out, smoking a cigar very slowly, seldom with a paper or a map in

his hands, and looking like the laziest man in camp. But at such periods his mind was working more actively than that of any one in the army. He talked less and thought more than any one in the service. He studiously avoided performing any duty which some one else could do as well or better than he, and in this respect demonstrated his rare powers of administration and executive methods. He was one of the few men holding high position who did not waste valuable hours by giving his personal attention to petty details. He never consumed his time in reading over court-martial proceedings, or figuring up the items of supplies on hand, or writing unnecessary letters or communications. He held subordinates to a strict accountability in the performance of such duties, and kept his own time for thought. It was this quiet but intense thinking, and the well-matured ideas which resulted from it, that led to the prompt and vigorous action which was constantly witnessed during this year, so pregnant with events.

He changed his habits somewhat at this period about going to bed early, and began to sit up later; and as he preferred to have some one keep him company and discuss matters with him of an evening, one of the staff-officers always made it a point not to retire until the chief was ready for bed. Many a night now became a sort of "watch-night" with us; but the conversations held upon these occasions were of such intense interest that they amply compensated for the loss of sleep they caused, even after a hard day's ride at the front. The general, however, did not always curtail the eight hours of rest which his system seemed to require; for he often pieced out the time by lying in bed later in the morning when there was no stirring movement afoot.

WHY GRANT NEVER SWORE.

WHILE sitting with him at the camp-fire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him: "General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the rough and tumble of army service and frontier life, and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation." "Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear," he replied. "When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In

fact, I could never see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time." His example in this respect was once quoted in my hearing by a member of the Christian Commission to a teamster in the Army of the Potomac, in the hope of lessening the volume of rare oaths with which he was italicizing his language, and upon which he seemed to be placing his main reliance in moving his mule-team out of a mud-hole. The only reply evoked from him was: "Then thar's one thing sart'in: the old man never druv mules."

MEADE AND WARREN.

ON July 22 General Grant called upon the aides to go with him to Meade's headquarters. Soon after our arrival there, Meade mounted his horse and rode out with us to visit Warren. The meeting between Meade and Warren was not very cordial, in consequence of a rather acrimonious discussion and correspondence which had just taken place between them; but they were both such good soldiers that they did not make any display of their personal feelings while engaged in their official duties. A Pittsburg newspaper had stated that Meade had preferred charges against Warren for disobedience and tardy execution of orders. Warren at once wrote to Meade, asking him what truth there was in it, and if the rumor was correct that he had told General Grant that he had threatened him (Warren) with a court martial if he did not resign. Meade replied, denying the statement of the newspaper, but said he had been offended by the temper and ill feeling that Warren had manifested against him recently in the presence of subordinates, and the want of harmony and coöperation which he had exhibited, and that he had spoken to Grant about this, and had gone so far as to write a letter to him asking that Warren might be relieved; but that, in the hope that disagreements might not occur in future, and in order to avoid doing him so serious an injury, he had withheld the letter.

A thorough examination of Warren's front and other parts of the line was made. Sharp firing occurred in front of Burnside, which was thought to indicate something of importance; but it was only a random fusillade on the part of the troops, kept up between the parts of the lines which were quite close together.

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SEWARD VISITS GRANT.

SATURDAY, July 23, William H. Seward, the Secretary of State, came down from Washington to visit General Grant and see the armies. He arrived at seven o'clock in the morning on the steamer *City of Hudson*, and came at once to General Grant's quarters. The general had seen but little of the distinguished Secretary of State previous to this time, and was very glad to welcome him to City Point, and make his more intimate acquaintance. He presented the officers of the staff who were in camp at the time, and invited them to take seats under the tent-fly in front of his quarters, where he and the Secretary were sitting. Mr. Seward was profuse in his expressions of congratulation at the progress which had been made by the Union armies in the East, and their successes generally throughout the country. We soon began to realize that he fully merited his reputation as a talker. He spoke very freely in reference to the progress of the war, and more particularly about our foreign relations. He had conducted our many delicate negotiations with foreign nations with such consummate ability that every one was anxious to draw him out in regard to them. The first topic of conversation which came up was the unfriendliness of our relations with England the first year of the war, and especially how near we came to an open break with that power in regard to the "Trent affair," in which Commodore Wilkes, commanding the U. S. S. *San Jacinto*, had taken Slidell and Mason, the Confederate emissaries, from the English vessel *Trent*, upon which they were passengers. Mr. Seward said: "The report first received from the British government gave a most exaggerated account of the severity of the measures which had been employed; but I found from Commodore Wilkes's advices that the vessel had not been endangered by the shots fired across her bows, as charged; that he had simply sent a lieutenant and a boat's crew to the British vessel; that none of the crew even went aboard; that the lieutenant used only such a show of force as was necessary to convince the 'contraband' passengers he wanted that they would have to go with him aboard the *San Jacinto*. The books on international law were silent on the subject as to exactly how an act such as this should be treated; and as our relations abroad were becoming very threatening, we decided, after a serious discussion, that whatever was to be done should be done promptly, and that, under all the circumstances, it would be wise

and prudent to release the prisoners captured, rather than contend for a principle which might not have been sound, and run the risk of becoming involved in a war with Great Britain at that critical period. The great desire of the Davis government was to have this incident embroil us in such a war, and we were not anxious to please it in that respect. Our decision in the matter was the severest blow the Confederacy received in regard to its hope of (assistance from abroad.)»

This naturally led to the mention of a more recent event upon the seas—the destruction of the *Alabama* by the *Kearsarge*. General Grant had rejoiced greatly at this triumph of our sister service the navy, and admired immensely the boldness and pluck exhibited by Winslow, the commander of the *Kearsarge*, in forcing the fight with the Confederate cruiser. The general was naturally delighted, for it showed that Winslow was a man after his own heart, who acted upon the commendable military maxim, «When in doubt, fight.» Mr. Seward was asked whether he had in contemplation any steps to take England to task for the action of the British yacht *Deerhound* for picking up and carrying off our prisoners. He said: «I have communicated with our minister at London, directing him to lay before the British government our grievance in this matter. I feel pretty well convinced that the captain of the *Deerhound* had arranged with Semmes, the captain of the *Alabama*, previous to the fight, to transfer to the yacht certain moneys and valuables which Semmes had aboard, so as to carry them to England for him, and to occupy a position during the fight near enough to render assistance under certain contingencies. It was reported that Captain Winslow asked the captain of the *Deerhound* to rescue the crew of the *Alabama*, who were drowning when that vessel was sinking; but that did not seem to be necessary, as Winslow was able with his boats to rescue all the men. It appears that many of Semmes's guns were manned by British gunners, and the wounded who were picked up were carried to England and cared for in a British naval hospital. The circumstance is a most aggravating one, and we have given Great Britain to understand that such acts will not be tolerated in future by this nation.»

General Grant then brought up the subject of the empire in Mexico, which was supported by Louis Napoleon. The general's services in the Mexican war had made him thoroughly well acquainted with Mexico, and he not only had deep sympathy for her

people in their present struggle, but was a staunch supporter of the Monroe doctrine generally, and was opposed on principle to any European monarchy forcing its institutions upon an American republic. Mr. Seward expressed himself at great length upon this subject, saying among other things: «I have had a very exhaustive correspondence on this subject with Louis Napoleon's ministry. He has tried by every form of argument to justify his acts; but I have insisted from the start that when an American state has established republican institutions, no foreign power has the right to use force in attempting to subvert the government formed by its people and set up a monarchy in its place. When an American republic becomes a monarchy by the voluntary act of its people, the matter is no affair of ours, as the people are always the rightful source of authority; but in the present instance a European emperor has stepped in to deprive the Mexicans of the right of republican freedom. I have been insisting very forcibly that Louis Napoleon must withdraw his army from Mexico. Why, rumors have reached us from time to time that his forces were to advance across the Rio Grande, by an understanding with the Davis government, and take possession of the State of Texas. We shall never feel easy until those troops are withdrawn.»

General Grant said: «While we don't want another war on our hands before we finish the present one, yet I feel that the reestablishment of republican government in Mexico would really be a part of our present struggle. As soon as the war of secession ends, and I think it is coming to a close pretty rapidly, we will have a veteran army in the West ready to make a demonstration upon the Rio Grande with a view to enforcing respect for our opinions concerning the Monroe doctrine. I regard this expedition to Mexico not as a movement of the French people, but as one of the ambitious schemes of Louis Napoleon, which shows that he has as little respect for the French people's opinions as for our own. The French people are our old allies; it is natural that we should have a great regard for them, and there is a very close bond of sympathy between the two countries; but Louis Napoleon does not represent the people of France. I hope that his power may some day cease, and that France may become a republic, and I do not think that day is far distant.» Mr. Seward remarked, «Yes; we want to get Napoleon out of Mexico, but we don't want any war over it; we have certainly had enough of war.»

One of the party remarked to Mr. Seward that he always seemed to have an abiding faith in the triumph of the Union cause. The Secretary replied: «Yes; though we have passed through many gloomy periods since the breaking out of the war, I have always felt confident that the integrity of the Union would be preserved. It is a part of my philosophy to believe that the American republic has now, and will have for many years to come, enough virtue in its people to insure the safety of the state. Sometimes there does not seem to be any virtue to spare, but there's always enough.»

After some further conversation, Mr. Seward, by invitation of General Grant, visited some of the nearest camps; and in the afternoon General Butler accompanied the Secretary on his steamer on a trip up the James River as far as it was safe to go. Mr. Seward was urged to prolong his visit, but as he had an engagement to be in Norfolk in the evening, he felt compelled to start for that place in the afternoon, as soon as his steamer returned from the excursion up the James.

PREPARING THE PETERSBURG MINE.

At this time the general-in-chief was devoting much of his attention to the planning of an important movement in connection with the explosion of the famous Petersburg mine, which had now been completed. The operations attending it were novel and interesting, though the result was the greatest disaster which occurred during the siege of Petersburg. After the assaults on the 17th and 18th of June, Burnside's corps established a line of earthworks within one hundred yards of those of the enemy. In rear of his advanced position was a deep hollow. In front the ground rose gradually until it reached an elevation on which the Confederate line was established. Colonel Pleasants, commanding the 48th Pennsylvania regiment, composed largely of miners, conceived the idea of starting a gallery from a point in the hollow which was concealed from the enemy's view, pushing it forward to a position under his earthworks, and there preparing a mine large enough to blow up the parapets and make a sufficiently wide opening for assault columns to rush through. Before the end of June he communicated the project to Burnside, who talked the matter over with General Meade. It was then submitted to General Grant for his action. This point of the line was in some respects unfavorable for an as-

sault; but it was not thought well to check the zeal of the officer who had proposed the scheme, and so an authorization was given for the undertaking to continue. There was a main gallery, 511 feet long and 4½ feet square, and two lateral galleries. The terminus was under the enemy's parapet, and at a depth of about 23 feet below the surface of the ground. These preparations were completed July 23, and the mine was soon after charged with eight thousand pounds of powder, and made ready for use. A movement preliminary to its explosion was begun on July 26, that required the exercise of much ingenuity and good generalship, and which the general-in-chief had planned with great care. It involved making a feint against Richmond, which should be conducted with such a show of serious intention that it would induce Lee to throw a large portion of his command to the north side of the James, and leave the works at Petersburg so depleted that the movement on Burnside's front would have in its favor many chances of success. Hancock's corps drew out from its position on the afternoon of the 26th, and made a rapid night march to Deep Bottom on the north side of the James, and was followed by Sheridan with the cavalry. This entire force was placed under Hancock's command. On the morning of the 27th it advanced and captured a battery of rifled guns. I had been sent to Hancock that morning, and found him with his troops, lying upon the grass with some of his staff during a lull in the firing. I threw myself on the ground beside him while we conversed in regard to the situation, and informed him that General Grant would be with him some hours later. Suddenly firing broke out again in front, and we all sprang to our feet to mount our horses. Hancock wore a thin blue-flannel blouse, and as I rose up one of my spurs caught in the sleeve, and ripped it open from wrist to elbow. I felt not a little chagrined to find that I was the means of sending this usually well-dressed corps commander into battle with his sleeve slit open and dangling in the air, and made profuse apologies. There was not much time for words, but Hancock treated the matter so good-naturedly in what he said in reply that he at once put my mind at ease.

General Grant rode out on the field in the afternoon, arriving there at half-past three o'clock, for the purpose of determining upon the spot what the possibilities were on that side of the river before giving directions for carrying out the rest of his plans. Lee was

now rushing troops to the north side of the James to reinforce the defenses of Richmond. The next morning (July 28) Sheridan, while moving around the enemy's left, was vigorously assaulted by a large body of infantry, and driven back a short distance; but he promptly dismounted his men, made a determined counter-attack, and drove the enemy back in confusion, capturing two hundred and fifty prisoners and two stands of colors. This engagement was called the battle of Darbytown. Now that Grant had satisfied himself that more than half of Lee's command had been sent to the north side of the James, he made preparations to throw Hancock's corps again in front of Petersburg, and carry out his intended assault upon that front.

It was decided that the attack should be made at daylight on the morning of the 30th. In the meantime, in order to keep up the deception and detain the enemy on the north side of the river, many clever ruses were resorted to, in which the general-in-chief's ingenuity and rare powers of invention were displayed to the greatest advantage. Meade and Ord were directed to cease all artillery firing on the lines in front of Petersburg, and to conceal their guns, with a view to convincing the enemy that the troops were moving away from that position. Hancock withdrew one of his divisions quietly on the night of the 28th, and moved it back, while he remained with his two other divisions north of the James until the night of the 29th, so as still to keep up the feint. On the 28th Sheridan had the pontoon-bridge covered with moss, grass, and earth to prevent the tramping of horses from being heard, and quietly moved a division of his cavalry to the south side of the James. He then dismounted his men, concealed his horses, and marched back by daylight, so that the enemy would suppose that infantry was still moving to the north side. A train of empty wagons was also crossed to that side in sight of the enemy. Steamboats and tugs were sent up the river at night to the pontoon-bridges, and ordered to show their lights and blow their whistles for the purpose of making the enemy believe that we were transferring troops to the north side. These maneuvers were so successful that they detained the enemy north of the James all day on the 29th. Immediately after dark that evening the whole of Hancock's corps withdrew stealthily from Deep Bottom, followed by the cavalry. On the morning of the 30th Lee was holding five eighths of his army on

the north side of the James, in the belief that Grant was massing the bulk of his troops near Deep Bottom, while he had in reality concentrated his forces in the rear of Burnside at a point fifteen miles distant, ready to break through the defenses at Petersburg.

EXPLODING THE MINE.

ON the afternoon of July 29 the general-in-chief proceeded with his staff to Burnside's front, and bivouacked near the center of his line, to give final instructions, and to be upon the spot when the assault should be made. Burnside had been carefully instructed to prepare his parapets and abatis in advance for the passage of his assaulting columns, so that when daylight came the troops would have no obstacles in their way in moving to the attack rapidly and with a strong formation. Ord had been moved to a position in Burnside's rear. Burnside had proposed to put Ferrero's colored troops in advance, but Meade objected to this, as they did not have the experience of the white troops; and in this decision he was sustained by Grant, and white troops were assigned to make the assault. Burnside, of course, was allowed to choose the division commander who was to lead the attack; but instead of selecting the best officer for the purpose, he allowed the division commanders to draw straws for the choice, and the lot fell, unfortunately, upon Ledlie, who was by far the least fitted for such an undertaking. Meade had joined Grant at his bivouac near Burnside's headquarters, and every one was up long before daylight, aiding in communicating final instructions and awaiting the firing of the mine.

Now came the hour for the explosion—half-past three o'clock. The general-in-chief was standing, surrounded by his officers, looking intently in the direction of the mine; orderlies were holding the saddled horses near by; not a word was spoken, and the silence of death prevailed. Some minutes elapsed, and our watches were anxiously consulted. It was found to be ten minutes past the time, and yet no sound from the mine. Ten minutes more, and still no explosion. More precious minutes elapsed, and it became painfully evident that some neglect or accident had occurred. Daylight was now breaking, and the formation of the troops for the assault would certainly be observed by the enemy. Officers had been sent to find out the cause of the delay, and soon there came the information that the match had been

applied at the hour designated, but that the fuse had evidently failed at some point along the gallery. Another quarter of an hour passed, and now the minutes seemed like ages; the suspense was agonizing; the whole movement depended upon that little spark which was to fire the mine, and it had gone out. The general-in-chief stood with his right hand placed against a tree; his lips were compressed and his features wore an expression of profound anxiety, but he uttered few words. There was little to do but to wait. Now word came that the men of the 48th Pennsylvania were not going to permit a failure. Not knowing whether the fuse had gone out or was only "holding fire," a search through the long gallery meant the probability of death to those who undertook it; but Lieutenant Jacob Douty and Sergeant Henry Reese, of the 48th Pennsylvania, undertook to penetrate the long passageway and discover the cause of the failure. They found that the fire had been interrupted at a point at which two sections of the fuse had been defectively spliced. They promptly renewed the splice, and as soon as they emerged from the gallery the match was again applied. It was now twenty minutes to five, over an hour past the appointed time. The general had been looking at his watch, and had just returned it to his pocket when suddenly there was a shock like that of an earthquake, accompanied by a dull, muffled roar; then there rose two hundred feet in the air great volumes of earth in the shape of a mighty inverted cone, with forked tongues of flame darting through it like lightning playing through the clouds. The mass seemed to be suspended for an instant in the heavens; then there descended great blocks of clay, rock, sand, timber, guns, carriages, and men whose bodies exhibited every form of mutilation. It appeared as if part of the debris was going to fall upon the front line of our troops, and this created some confusion and a delay of ten minutes in forming them for the charge. The crater made by the explosion was 30 feet deep, 60 feet wide, and 170 feet long. One hundred and ten cannon and fifty mortars opened fire from our lines. Soon fatal errors in carrying out the orders became painfully apparent. The abatis had not been removed in the night, and no adequate preparations had been made at the parapets for the troops to march over them; the débouchés were narrow, and the men had to work their way out slowly. When they reached the crater they found that its sides were so steep that it was almost impossible to climb out

after once getting in. Ledlie remained under cover in the rear; the advance was without superior officers, and the troops became confused. Some stopped to assist the Confederates who were struggling out of the debris, in which many of them were buried up to their necks.

The crater was soon filled with our disorganized men, who were mixed up with the dead and dying of the enemy, and tumbling aimlessly about, or attempting to scramble up the other side. The shouting, screaming, and cheering, mingled with the roar of the artillery and the explosion of shells, created a perfect pandemonium, and the crater had become a caldron of hell.

GRANT'S ADVENTURE BETWEEN THE LINES.

WHEN it was found that the troops were accomplishing so little, and that matters were so badly handled, General Grant quickly mounted his horse, and calling to me, said, "Come with me." I was soon in the saddle, and, followed by a single orderly, we moved forward through some intervening woods, to make our way as far as we could on horseback to the front of the attack. It was now a little after half-past five. We soon came to a brigade lying upon its arms. The general said to an officer near by, who proved to be General Henry G. Thomas, a brigade commander, "Who commands this brigade?" "I do," he replied, springing up from the ground suddenly, and manifesting no little surprise to find that the voice of the person addressing him was that of the general-in-chief. "Well," remarked the general, "why are you not moving in?" The officer replied, "My orders are to follow that brigade," pointing to the one in front of him. Then, after a pause, he added, "Will you give me the order to go in now?" "No," said General Grant, not wishing to interfere with the instructions of the division commander, "you may keep the orders you have," and moved on to the front. A Pennsylvania regiment was now met with knapsacks piled on the ground, and about to move to the attack. The commanding officer made a salute, and the general returned it by lifting his hat. The men now recognized him, and it was all the commander of the regiment could do to keep them from breaking out into a cheer, although all noise had been forbidden. The officer said to me some years after: "If the general had given me only a slight nod of the head that morning I should have been delighted; but when I saw him, at such a try-

ing moment, look at me and politely take off his hat, it brought the tears to my eyes and sent a big lump into my throat."

The enemy had now rallied his men upon the line in the rear of the crater, and there was heavy fighting going on between them and our advanced troops. After proceeding a short distance I said: "General, you cannot go much farther on horseback, and I do not think you ought to expose yourself in this way. I hope you will dismount, as you will then be less of a target for the enemy's fire." Without saying a word, he threw himself from his horse and handed the reins to the orderly, who was then directed to take our animals back to the edge of the woods, while we proceeded to the front on foot. The general had by this time taken in the situation pretty fully, and his object was to find the corps commander, to have him try to bring some order out of the chaos which existed. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that Burnside was on our left and some distance farther in advance. General Grant now began to edge his way vigorously to the front through the lines of the assaulting columns as they poured out of the rifle-pits and crawled over the obstructions. It was one of the warmest days of the entire summer, and even at this early hour of the morning the heat was suffocating. The general wore his blue blouse and a pair of blue trousers—in fact, the uniform of a private soldier, except the shoulder-straps. None of the men seemed to recognize him, and they were no respecters of persons as they shoved and crowded to the front. They little thought that the plainly dressed man who was elbowing his way past them so energetically, and whose face was covered with dust and streaked with perspiration, was the chief who had led them successfully from the Wilderness to Petersburg. Some officers were now seen standing in a field-work to the left, about three hundred yards distant, and Burnside was supposed to be one of the number. To reach them by passing inside of our main line of works would have been a slow process, as the ground was covered with obstacles and crowded with troops; so, to save valuable time, the general climbed nimbly over the parapet, landed in front of our earthworks, and resolved to take the chances of the enemy's fire. Shots were now flying thick and fast, and what with the fire of the enemy and the heat of the midsummer Southern sun, there was an equatorial warmth about the undertaking. The very recollection of it, over thirty years after, starts the perspira-

tion. Scarcely a word was spoken in passing over the distance crossed. Sometimes the gait was a fast walk, sometimes a dog-trot. As the shots shrieked through the air, and plowed the ground, I held my breath in apprehension for the general's safety. Burnside was in the earthwork for which we were heading, and was not a little astonished to see the general approach on foot from such a direction, climb over the parapet and make his way to where the corps commander was stationed. Grant said, speaking rapidly: "The entire opportunity has been lost. There is now no chance of success. These troops must be immediately withdrawn. It is slaughter to leave them here." Burnside was still hoping that something could be accomplished; but the disobedience of orders and the general bungling had been so great that Grant was convinced that the only thing to do now to stop the loss of life was to abandon the movement which a few hours before had promised every success. The general then made his way on foot, with no little difficulty, to where our horses had been left, mounted, and returned to where we had parted from Meade.

FAILURE OF THE ASSAULT AT THE MINE.

INSTRUCTIONS were reiterated to Burnside to withdraw the troops; but he came to Meade in person and insisted that his men could not be drawn out of the crater with safety; that the enemy's guns now bore upon the only line of retreat; and that there must be a passageway dug to protect them in crossing certain dangerous points. Both of these officers lost their tempers that morning, although Burnside was usually the personification of amiability, and the scene between them was decidedly peppery, and went far toward confirming one's belief in the wealth and flexibility of the English language as a medium of personal dispute. Meade had sent Burnside a note saying: "Do you mean to say your officers and men will not obey your orders to advance? If not, what is the obstacle? I wish to know the truth." Burnside replied: "I have never, in any report, said anything different from what I conceived to be the truth. Were it not insubordinate, I would say that the latter remark of your note was unofficerlike and ungentelemanly." It was quite evident that the conference was not going to resolve itself into a "peace congress." However, both officers were manly enough afterward to express regret for what they had written and said under the excitement of the occasion. Although Ledlie had proved a fail-

ure, other division commanders made gallant efforts to redeem the fortunes of the day, but their men became disorganized, and huddled together inextricably in the crater. When the confusion was at its worst Burnside threw in his division of colored troops, who rushed gallantly into the crater, but only added greater disorder to the men already crowded together there. As a colored regiment was moving to the front in the midst of this scene of slaughter, a white sergeant, who was being carried to the rear with his leg shot off, cried out: "Now go in with a will, boys. There's enough of you to eat 'em all up." A colored sergeant replied: "Dat may be all so, boss; but de fac' is, we hab n't got jis de bes' kind ob an appetite for 'em dis mornin'."

The enemy soon brought to bear upon the crater a mortar fire, which did serious execution. There were many instances of superb courage, but the most heroic bravery could not make amends for the utter inefficiency with which the troops had been handled by some of their officers. It was two o'clock before all the survivors could be withdrawn. The total losses amounted to about thirty-eight hundred, nearly fourteen hundred of whom were prisoners.

Thus ended an operation conceived with rare ingenuity, prepared with unusual forethought, and executed up to the moment of the final assault with consummate skill, and which yet resulted in absolute failure from sheer incapacity on the part of subordinates. Burnside had given written orders which were excellent in themselves, but he failed entirely to enforce them. When the general-in-chief and staff rode back to Petersburg that day, the trip was anything but cheerful. For some time but little was said by him, owing to his aversion to indulging in adverse criticisms of individuals, which could not mend matters. He did not dwell long upon the subject in his conversation, simply remarking: "Such an opportunity for carrying a fortified line I have never seen, and never expect to see again. If I had been a division commander or a corps commander, I would have been at the front giving personal directions on the spot. I believe that the men would have performed every duty required of them if they had been properly led and skilfully handled." He had no unkind words for Burnside, but he felt that this disaster had greatly impaired that officer's usefulness. Two weeks afterward Burnside was granted a leave of absence, and did not serve again in the field. General Parke, one of his division commanders, and

an officer of eminent ability, was placed in command of the Ninth Corps. Grant and Burnside, however, did not break their amicable relations on account of this official action, and their personal friendship continued as long as they both lived.

A surgeon told us a story, one of the many echoes of the mine affair, about a prisoner who had been dug out of the crater and carried to one of our field-hospitals. Although his eyes were bunged and his face covered with bruises, he was in an astonishingly amiable frame of mind, and looked like a pugilistic hero of the prize-ring coming up smiling in the twenty-seventh round. He said: "I'll jest bet you that after this I'll be the most unpopular man in my regiment. You see, I appeared to get started a little earlier than the other boys that had taken passage with me aboard that volcano; and as I was comin' down I met the rest of 'em a-go'in' up, and they looked as if they had kind o' soured on me, and yelled after me, 'Straggler!'"

A NEW COMMAND FOR SHERIDAN.

GENERAL GRANT ordered the cavalry and a corps of infantry to start south at daylight the next morning, before the enemy could recross the James River, with instructions to destroy fifteen or twenty miles of the Weldon Railroad. That night, however, information of the crossing of the Potomac by Early's troops compelled the general to change his plans and send Sheridan to Washington with two divisions of his cavalry.

Early, finding that pursuit had been abandoned, and that the Union forces had returned to Washington, put his army in motion and started to return to Maryland. His advance reached Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on July 30; and finding no troops to oppose them, burned the defenseless town, and left three thousand women, children, and unarmed men homeless. A week afterward this force, while retreating, was overtaken by Averell, and completely routed.

General Grant now expressed himself as determined not only to prevent these incursions into Maryland, but to move a competent force down the valley of Virginia, and hold permanently that great granary, upon which Lee was drawing so largely for his supplies. The most important thing was to find a commander equal to such an undertaking. No one had commended himself more thoroughly to the general-in-chief for such a mission than Sheridan, and he telegraphed Halleck to put

Sheridan in command of all the troops in the field, and to give him instructions to pursue the enemy to the death. Sheridan reached Washington on August 3. Halleck telegraphed expressing some other views in regard to the disposition to be made of Sheridan, but they did not prevail. On the evening of the 3d the President sent to General Grant the following remarkable telegram, which is so characteristic that it is given in full:

«I have seen your despatch in which you say: (I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy and follow him to the death; wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also.) This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the despatches you may have received from here even since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of (putting our army south of the enemy,) or of (following him to the death) in any direction. I repeat to you, it will neither be done nor attempted unless you watch it every day and hour, and force it.

«A. LINCOLN, President.»

It will be seen from this that the President was undoubtedly possessed of more courage than any of his advisers at Washington, and that he did not call for assistance to protect the capital, but for troops and a competent leader to go after Early and defeat him. It is the language of a man who wanted an officer of Grant's aggressiveness to force the fighting and send the troops after the enemy, even if the capital had to be left temporarily without defense.

General Grant received the President's despatch at noon of August 4, and he left City Point that night for Hunter's headquarters at Monocacy Station in Maryland, reaching there the next evening, August 5. He ordered all the troops in the vicinity to move that night to the valley of Virginia. The general had now a delicate duty to perform. He had decided to put General Sheridan in command of the active forces in the field; but he was junior in rank to General Hunter, and in order to spare the feelings of Hunter, and not subject him to the mortification of being relieved from duty, the general-in-chief suggested that he remain in command of the military department, and that Sheridan be given supreme control of the troops in the field. Hunter removed all embarrassment by saying that, under the circumstances, he deemed it better for the service that he should be relieved entirely

from duty. This unselfish offer was accepted, and Sheridan was telegraphed to come at once from Washington to Monocacy by a special train. Grant met him at the station, and explained to him what was expected of him. His present army consisted of nearly thirty thousand men, including eight thousand cavalry. Early's army was about equal in numbers. Grant said to Sheridan in his instructions: «Do not hesitate to give commands to officers in whom you have confidence, without regard to claims of others on account of rank. What we want is prompt and active movements after the enemy in accordance with the instructions you already have. I feel every confidence that you will do the best, and will leave you as far as possible to act on your own judgment, and not embarrass you with orders and instructions.» This despatch was eminently characteristic of Grant; it affords a key to his method of dealing with his subordinates, and explains one of the chief reasons why his commanders were so loyal to him. They felt that they would be left to the exercise of an intelligent judgment; that if they did their best, even if they did not succeed, they would never be made scapegoats; and if they gained victories they would be given the sole credit for whatever they accomplished.

As soon as Sheridan moved south the enemy was compelled to concentrate in front of him, and the effect was what Grant had predicted—the termination of incursions into Maryland. The general returned to City Point on August 8.

Rawlins had broken down in health from the labors and exposures of the campaign, and had been given a leave of absence on August 1, in the hope that he might soon recuperate and return to duty; but he was not able to join headquarters for two months. Already the seeds of consumption had been sown, from which he died while Secretary of War, five years afterward. He was greatly missed by every one at headquarters, and his chief expressed no little anxiety about his illness, although no one then thought that it was the beginning of a fatal disease.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE EXPLODED NEAR HEADQUARTERS.

An event occurred in the forenoon of August 9 which looked for an instant as if the general-in-chief had returned to headquarters only to meet his death. He was sitting in front of his tent, surrounded by several staff-officers. General Sharpe, the assistant



GENERAL GRANT HASTENING TO ORDER THE RECALL OF THE ASSAULTING COLUMN.

(SEE PAGE 110.)

provost-marshal-general, had been telling him that he had a conviction that there were spies in the camp at City Point, and had proposed a plan for detecting and capturing them. He had just left the general when, at twenty minutes to twelve, a terrific explosion shook the earth, accompanied by a sound which vividly recalled the Petersburg mine, still fresh in the memory of every one present. Then there rained down upon the party a terrific shower of shells, bullets, boards, and fragments of timber. The general was surrounded by splinters and various kinds of ammunition, but fortunately was not touched by any of the missiles. Babcock of the staff was slightly wounded in the right hand by a bullet, one mounted orderly and several horses were instantly killed, and three orderlies were wounded. In a moment all was consternation. On rushing to the edge of the bluff, we found that the cause of the explosion was the blowing up of a boat loaded with ordnance stores which lay at the wharf at the foot of the hill. Much damage was done to the wharf, the boat was entirely destroyed, all the laborers employed on it were killed, and a number of men and horses near the landing were fatally injured. The total casualties were forty-three killed and forty wounded. The general was the only one of the party who remained unmoved; he did not even leave his seat to run to the bluff with the others to see what had happened. Five minutes afterward he went to his writing-table and sent a telegram to Washington, notifying Halleck of the occurrence. No one could surmise the cause of the explosion, and the general appointed me president of a board of officers to investigate the matter. We spent several days in taking the testimony of all the people who were in sight of the occurrence, and used every possible means to probe the matter; but as all the men aboard the boat had been killed, we could obtain no satisfactory evidence. It was attributed by most of those present to the careless handling of the ammunition by the laborers who were engaged in unloading it; but there was a suspicion in the minds of many of us that it was the work of some emissaries of the enemy sent into the lines.

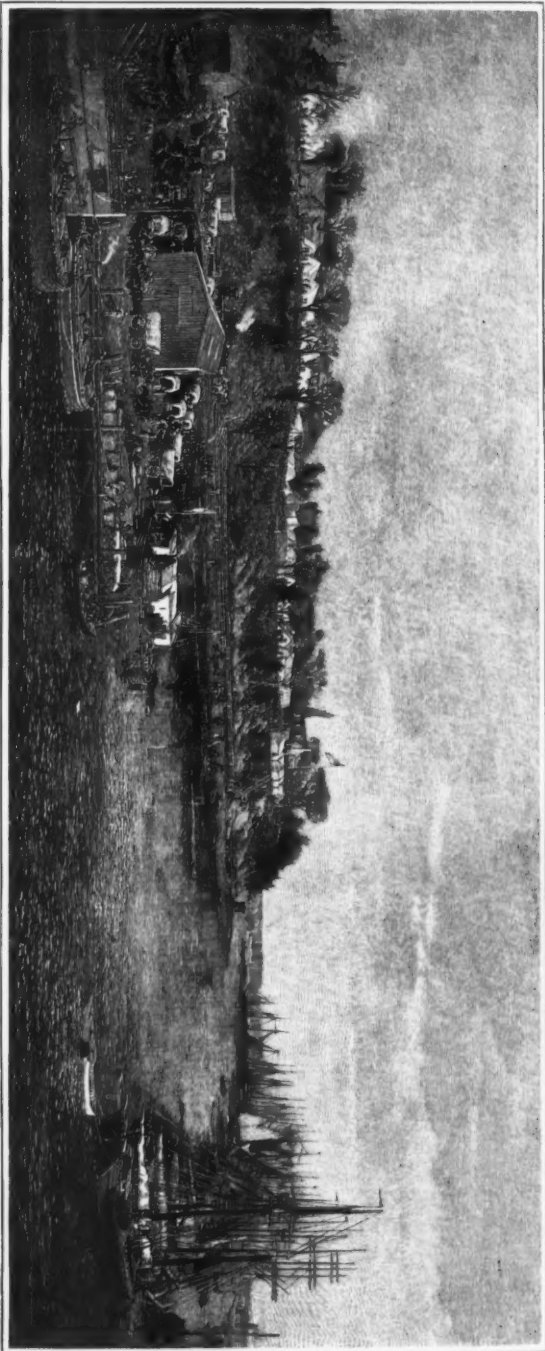
Seven years after the war, when I was serving with President Grant as secretary, a Virginian called to see me at the White

House, to complain that the commissioner of patents was not treating him fairly in the matter of some patents he was endeavoring to procure. In the course of the conversation, in order to impress me with his skill as an inventor, he communicated the fact that he had once devised an infernal machine which had been used with some success during the war; and went on to say that it consisted of a small box filled with explosives, with a clockwork attachment which could be set so as to cause an explosion at any given time; that, to prove the effectiveness of it, he had passed into the Union lines in company with a companion, both dressed as laborers, and succeeded in reaching City Point, knowing this to be the base of supplies. By mingling with the laborers who were engaged in unloading the ordnance stores, he and his companion succeeded in getting aboard the boat, placing their infernal machine among the ammunition, and setting the clockwork so that the explosion would occur in half an hour. This enabled them to get to a sufficient distance from the place not to be suspected. I told him that his efforts, from his standpoint, had been eminently successful. At last, after many years, the mystery of the explosion was revealed.

This occurrence set the staff to thinking of the various forms of danger to which the general-in-chief was exposed, and how easily he might be assassinated; and we resolved that in addition to the ordinary guard mounted at the headquarters camp, we would quietly arrange a detail of "watchers" from the members of the staff, so that one officer would go on duty every night and keep a personal lookout in the vicinity of the general's tent. This was faithfully carried out. It had to be done secretly, for if he had known of it he would without doubt have broken it up and insisted upon the staff-officers going to bed after their hard day's work instead of keeping these vigils throughout the long, dreary nights of the following winter. The general never knew of this action until his second term of the Presidency, when he made the discovery through an accidental reference to it in his presence by a visitor who had heard of it. He then expressed himself as feeling very much touched by the service which had been performed with a view to his personal protection.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.



REPRINTED FROM "THE GAZETTE" FOR NOVEMBER, 1887.

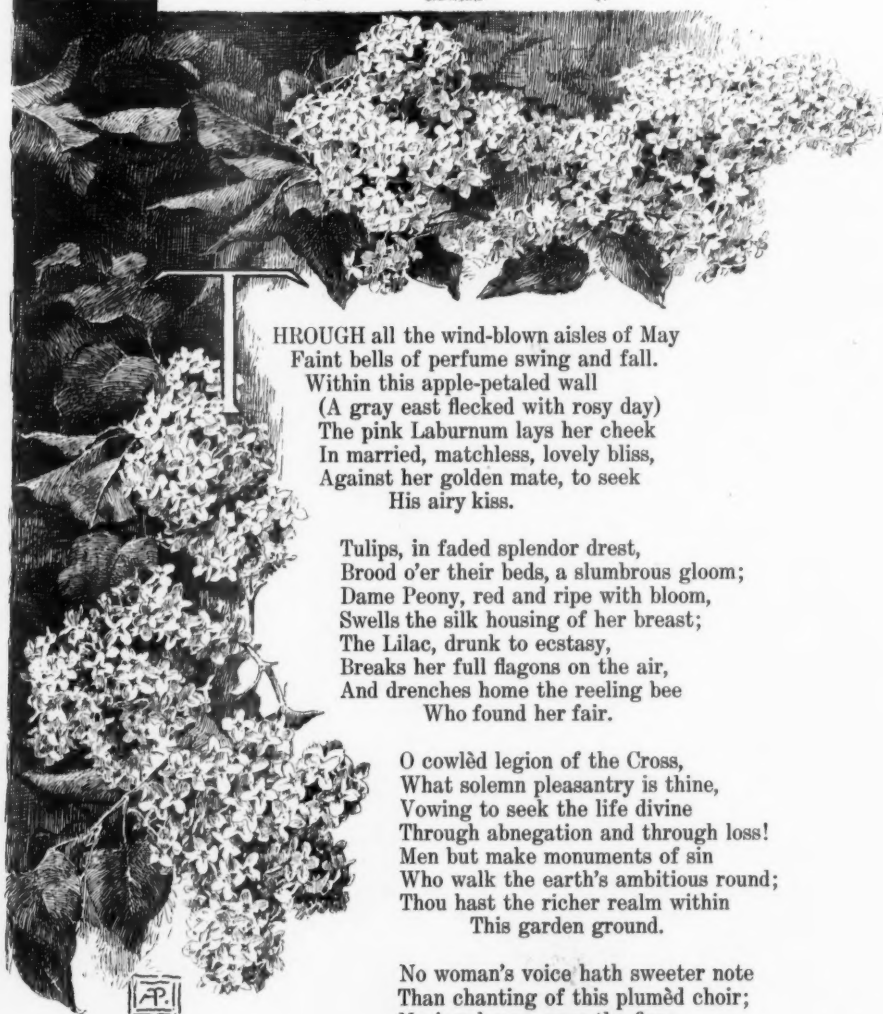
GRANTS HEADQUARTERS AND BASE OF SUPPLIES AT CITY POINT.

FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY E. L. HENRY,

OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.



A Benedictine Garden



THROUGH all the wind-blown aisles of May
Faint bells of perfume swing and fall.
Within this apple-petaled wall
(A gray east flecked with rosy day)
The pink Laburnum lays her cheek
In married, matchless, lovely bliss,
Against her golden mate, to seek
His airy kiss.

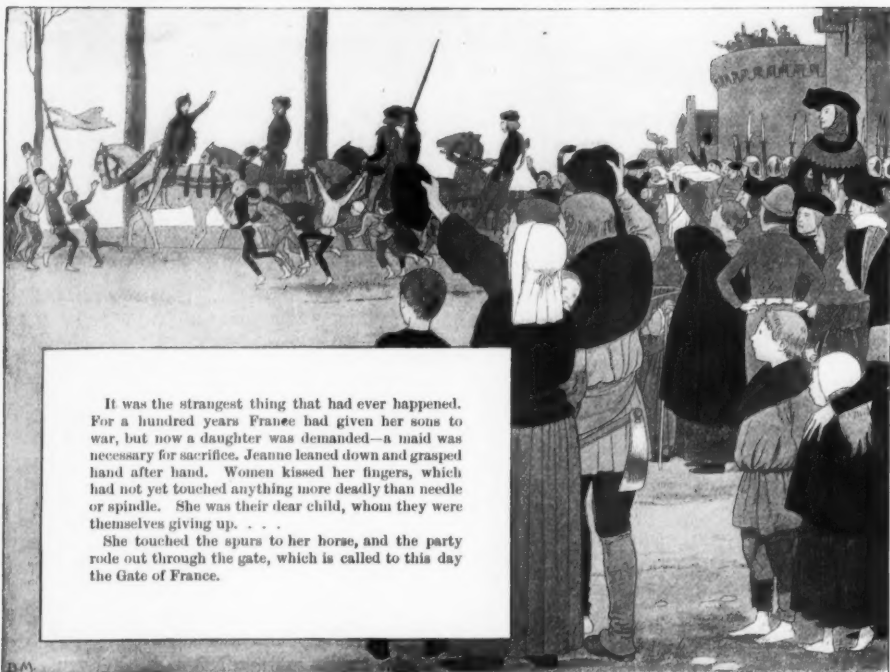
Tulips, in faded splendor drest,
Brood o'er their beds, a slumbrous gloom;
Dame Peony, red and ripe with bloom,
Swells the silk housing of her breast;
The Lilac, drunk to ecstasy,
Breaks her full flagons on the air,
And drenches home the reeling bee
Who found her fair.

O cowlèd legion of the Cross,
What solemn pleasantry is thine,
Vowing to seek the life divine
Through abnegation and through loss!
Men but make monuments of sin
Who walk the earth's ambitious round;
Thou hast the richer realm within
This garden ground.

No woman's voice hath sweeter note
Than chanting of this plumèd choir;
No jewel ever wore the fire
Hung on the dewdrop's quivering throat.
A ruddier pomp and pageantry
Than world's delight o'erfleets thy sod;
And choosing this, thou hast in fee
The peace of God.

Alice Brown.





JEANNE LEAVING VAUCOULEURS.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,

Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "The White Islander," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL

III.

THOUGH Jacquemine gave Mengette trouble, the burden of her life was Choux. Since the death of her father, Auguste Poulinet, and her mother, Marguerite Vallas, she had lived in her house with this relative, whose exact kinship could hardly be traced, yet who was handed down as a charge. Choux was a humpbacked creature, so old that age had given him up and delivered him again to the lithe activities of youth. He seemed made of steel springs. His joints and muscles did not sag when he walked. The skin was so tightly stretched across the bones of his large features that it scarcely wrinkled, but, deepening its brown, became like mummy husk, with points of fire surviving in the lively eyes. What few shreds of hair he had clung in forgotten strands to the skull; but these were seldom seen, for Choux wore always a red woolen cap tied under the chin like a woman's. This was as much a part of him as

the red sash girdling his clothes around the middle. He wore it indoors and out, to mass and to bed. When Mengette saw that the cap would have to be renewed, she made another, and standing behind the bench while he ate, put it over the one he wore. Choux let the strings hang down unheeded until he was alone. Whatever became of the first cap, whether he secretly burned it or buried it in the earth, it was never seen again. One pair of clean strings soon appeared under his chin, and Mengette drew a breath of relief.

But it was not so easy to get his garments from his body. Choux's instinct was that an animal's covering ought to shed naturally. He exhaled a hyena-like odor, and when on a February day he sat by the chimney, Mengette was thankful for its wide throat. Domremy was not too sensitive to smells. Chickens and geese lived in the streets, and manure-heaps ripened beside the front doors. But public comfort sometimes demanded that Choux should change his clothes; and the

curé, Father Fronte, was then obliged to labor with him. In his heart Choux despised the offices of the church, but he stood in terror of having its final protection denied him. When exhortations and threats had availed, Mengette flew to the river with his cast-off things. She had once anchored them and let them freeze, and as often as she could afford it she gave him an entire new outfit.

Choux had nothing except a high regard for himself, and he had not labored in her lifetime. He often sat bragging by the hour in the Widow Davide's wine-shop. The Widow Davide, when a customer grew noisy, would take him by the ear and lead him to the door, and it was his part to grin and submit. Choux, for more reasons than his tongue, was oftener led out than any other man; yet he never suffered it without indignation and astonishment.

He danced before the wine-shop to show his contempt for the Widow Davide, and made a tube of his fists, trumpeting through it. His hump, as he tilted and turned, gave him the high-shouldered appearance of a hyena. He sang derisively about the wine she sold. It was not fit for dogs—dogs would die of it, in fact. He could marry the Widow Davide if he wished, but who would marry a woman that sold such bad wine?

"Myself," proclaimed Choux, slapping his breast, "I was brought up on the best. Nothing is too good for me. When I was of an age to marry, all the maids of my village wanted me for a husband. I picked the handsomest and richest, and when I was married my wife did nothing but wait on me. She sold the last goose of her flock to provide me for travel. I have seen the world in my lifetime. I have been eastward as far as Nancy, and westward as far as Bar-le-Duc; and if my wife had lived to work for me I might have gone farther."

"He never was married in his life," the listeners told one another, laughing. "The Champenois are great boasters," was one of the proverbs of Lorraine. Choux came out of Champagne.

He trumpeted through his hands, and danced again, making a clatter on the hard road with his wooden shoes. "I can whip any man in the wine-shop. And this will be the case with me until I am ten years older. Come out, Widow Davide, and take me again by the ear. Have a care; it will not be the Burgundians who next time set fire to your house; the people of Domremy are fond of me. I do not lift a hand for myself. Everything is done for me. I am the flower of the Meuse valley."

Through all his dancing and boasting the

uncanny creature carried the natural grace and airiness of the Latin. An Anglo-Saxon boor, half tipsy before a wine-shop, would have broken the door or the head of its keeper. Choux's many words were to him what action is to the more forceful race. As he capered in the green winter twilight Mengette appeared at his elbow, to drive him to shelter as she had already driven her geese. He knew she had plenty of fagots in, and the soup steaming before the fire. He enjoyed the life he lived, and the homely night sound of dogs barking in Greux.

"Regard me now, Widow Davide. My supper is ready, with meat in the pot. Why do I ever come to your wine-shop to be poisoned? It is because I pity you. I am not above showing sympathy to a poor woman without a man."

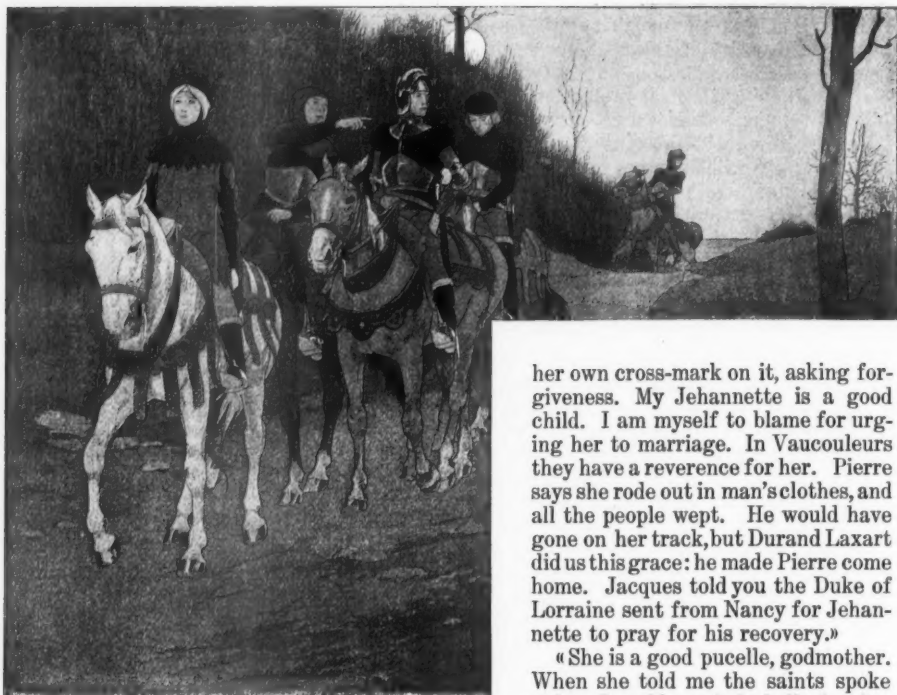
"Go home, Choux," said Mengette, pushing him. "The Widow Davide may declare your sympathy costs her more than I can pay with my spinning. There is no meat in the pot. They laugh at you, but messire the curé will not laugh if he sees you dancing longer here."

He was harder to chase into the house than an obdurate gander, and no spoon could fill Choux's mouth too full for talk. Mengette was glad when he turned into his lair for the night. He slept in a room which could be entered only from the garden; and though there was a chimney in it, he would not build himself a fire or permit one to be lighted on his hearth. He liked darkness, and had none of the craving of age for heat.

But Mengette was glad of her own fagots when she hooked the doors and opened her bed for the night. The light seemed a protection from the voice which talked with Choux in darkness, often alternating its high boyish note with Choux's deliberate croak half the night. Formerly when any neighbor came in after nightfall Choux kept silent; but since this unseen person, whom he called Valentin, had begun to visit him, he was so insolently noisy that Mengette dared not forecast what suspicions of sorcery he might bring upon himself. She felt the shame of an accomplice in trying to endure this invisible creature, who doubtless ought to be proclaimed and put out of the house; but Mengette shrunk from meddling in any way with the unusual. She wanted the natural things of life to surround and protect her from visions and voices.

A hand was on the door, and she unfastened it to admit Isabel Romée and Jacquemine.

The strong features of Jeanne's mother were thinned as by long illness. She did not cast her eye around with the usual oversight



ON THE ROAD TO CHINON.

of Mengette's housekeeping. The pots were in a neat row, and the hearth was scoured white, and Jacquemine felt satisfaction in sitting down before blazing fagots in this house where he was to be master. All three were silent, speechless trouble driving Choux and his voice out of Mengette's mind.

Isabel put both hands over her face and leaned forward sobbing.

«Pierrelo has come back from Vaucouleurs alone.»

«I know it, godmother. I saw him between Domremy and Greux when I was driving in the geese.»

«My child has gone into France! I shall never see her again.»

«She will come home sometime, godmother.»

«No, she will come home no more. I was sure of that from the first; but when I saw him riding by himself, it seemed that I had never known it. Did Pierre tell you he brought a letter from her?»

«He showed me a folded paper.»

«Her father sits by the hearth, and will not turn his head. The letter has been in his hand since the curé read it to us. She had it written by a clerk at Vaucouleurs, and put

her own cross-mark on it, asking forgiveness. My Jehannette is a good child. I am myself to blame for urging her to marriage. In Vaucouleurs they have a reverence for her. Pierre says she rode out in man's clothes, and all the people wept. He would have gone on her track, but Durand Laxart did us this grace: he made Pierre come home. Jacques told you the Duke of Lorraine sent from Nancy for Jehannette to pray for his recovery.»

«She is a good pucelle, godmother. When she told me the saints spoke to her, I could not help believing it.»

Isabel shook her head. The vigorous woman, who had little bent toward the superstition of her time, still denied Jeanne's visions. Saints certainly existed in a far-off place called heaven, but it was not likely they troubled themselves about anything in this world. Isabel considered them vaguely benevolent, but much taken up with tuning harps and singing. More than all, she felt it impossible that such holy beings should stoop to members of her own family. In other ages and countries heaven had communicated with blessed martyrs: but St. Michael had never shown himself in her garden behind the church; the child had dreamed it.

She wiped her face, raising it to meet what was yet in store for her.

«And now we must lose Pierrelo. In the spring, when the hermit friar sets out for Tours, the curé will ask him to take Pierrelo to Jehannette. The lad can hardly wait our consent.»

Jacquemine sat with his knees braced together and both hands resting on them. He now spoke out with virtuous determination:

«Myself, I will never forsake my father and mother to go to the wars, even with their consent.»

«You!» flashed Isabel, unreasonably re-

sending on him the pain inflicted by those she loved better. «Yes; Jacquemine will stay at home and be a daughter to us.»

Jacquemine burned scarlet, the blood submerging his freckles and mounting into his sandy hair. Mengette resolved that when he became her husband she would never make his eyes fill so piteously. She said to him, «Sit closer to the fire, Jacquemine,» and he did so, feeling that his part was taken and comfort offered him. She understood a home-keeping nature. Mengette would not have left Domremy for the crown of France. She loved to do the things she was accustomed to do, and sometimes thought of Choux's death almost with grief because, though it would permit her marriage, it must change her employment. The longer she was betrothed to Jacquemine the more satisfaction she took in the arrangement, though there was little chance for courtship, Isabel being watchful, and Mengette having that discretion which is given to some girls instead of mothers.

Isabel scarcely noticed them. She stared into space, wondering at the nature that had outgrown her guidance. It had been her delight to train Jeanne, the child was so docile and so responsive to good. Jeanne's eyes would fill with tears at sight of any suffering. No wonder the troubles in France had swept her away.

«But where is she now?» exclaimed Isabel. «My child is somewhere out in the night, with only men around her!» The room again resounded with unrestrained mourning.

«No one would hurt Jehannette,» declared Mengette.

«It is true the men were all put under oath by the Captain of Vaucouleurs to conduct her in safety, and Pierrele says they are very trusty men, and Bertrand de Poulengy is of the party. But my heart has begun to misgive me about Bertrand de Poulengy. One is afraid of everything when one's child is no longer under the roof. What is that?» demanded Isabel, with sudden attention. «I hear a stranger in Choux's room.»

Mengette swallowed her voice, and knew that her heart was beating audibly. A rapid, boyish treble rose higher and higher in Choux's chamber, and ended in shrill laughter. Jacquemine drew closer to the hearth, fading to ghastliness in the increased light, and seeking Mengette's eye for companionship. He had heard Choux boast in the wine-shop of this nightly visitor, and had laughed at it; for then it was broad daylight, and nobody believed a word Choux said.

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Isabel turned to her goddaughter, who knew that the moment for telling the truth had come. «What stranger is staying in your house?»

«It is no person at all, godmother. It is nothing but a voice. Choux says it comes and talks to him every night, and he calls it Valentin.»

Choux's croak and Valentin's high note jangled rapidly together, stopping on Isabel's lips the accusation of trickery. Her face became stupid with astonishment, the blankness changing to a look of humiliation.

«How long has he had this voice?»

«Not very long, godmother. Only a few months.»

«Why have you not told me?»

Mengette picked at her petticoat, and answered, «I did not like to.»

«These things put me out of patience,» said Isabel, fiercely. «I wonder what is abroad in the world, that even old Choux hath taken to him a familiar spirit? Run home, Jacquemine, if you have so much fear. As for me, voices and visions have broken my heart. They can no longer fright me.»

«I was but thinking that the curé should come with a censer,» Jacquemine answered, shrinking against the chimney.

«The curé should come with a stout club. Did Jehannette ever hear this voice of Choux's?»

«No; I am certain she never did. I alone have heard it, for they were not so bold with their talking before Jehannette went away.»

The contrasted laughter of cackling age and shrill youth filled the next chamber. Jacquemine repeatedly crossed himself against that unrestrained second presence, which grew more tangible to the imagination than Choux's head in its red cap.

Isabel lost no time, but thumped on the partition with her knuckles. It was a stone wall, but an open cupboard was let into it, making a good conductor of sound.

«Choux, stop that noise!»

There was silence. Then the young voice in mimicry repeated Isabel's command like an echo.

«Mengette shall not stay in the house with you, and no one in this village will feed you, if this sorcery be not stopped. If you must play your tricks with Satan, go out in the fields, where Christian folks cannot hear. I am going to sleep here with Mengette, and I will have you up before messire the curé if that limb of the fiend makes any more disturbance to-night.»

There was a flurry of whispering, and when

it ceased Choux lifted his husky voice to defy a woman he dreaded, but who stood at the other side of a wall. «Limb of the fiend be named thyself, Isabel Romée. Valentin, whom thou hast frightened off, is as honest a creature as any saint that ever went walking in thy own garden. It would have been better to listen to news from thy maid, who never stood in such peril as she stands in this night.»

«Such mock messengers bring no word for me. And now, mind what I tell thee: whether thou hast a familiar or art practising trickery, there shall be no more of it in this house.»

Isabel listened austere; but when she turned from silencing Choux her face had many more haggard lines, which were not the marks of fear. He had cunningly reminded her that Jeanne was sleeping in the open fields. The mother's thoughts tried to bridge darkness, roaming indefinitely southwestward, and having no means to come at the actual spot near the river Aube.

By bridle-paths and across country the riders from Vaucouleurs had achieved more than nine leagues the first day, and the same distance the second. The first night they were received at the Abbey of St. Urbain, in what is now the department of Haute-Marne, but the next night brought them to more dangerous ground. They descended into a valley near the little town of Bar-sur-Aube, and, avoiding it, forded the river some distance north of the walls. The place they selected for their camp was a cove between two shoulders of the winding hills. Some leafless trees sheltered it. Already there were monitions of spring in the air, and a faint green light, like the tender apple-green of the Meuse, swam in motes between one's eyes and gray slopes, until the world was blurred by night. Houses on the walls began to shine like candles. Jeanne's party lighted no fire, but ate cold bread and meat, and drank their wine, she sitting a little apart from the men, and the servants taking their portion to themselves.

The dauphin's messenger was a lean, light man in the saddle, running over with jokes and songs, which he could hardly suppress in the presence of the maid he was conducting; but he was the first one to wrap himself well in his cloak and lie down for the night. It had been agreed that the maid was to be guarded between Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy. These were Baudricourt's orders when camp was made under the open sky. So she lay down betwixt knight and squire, with her peasant dress under her head for a pillow; and the old soldier was soon asleep. But the

young one lay awake, with his face away from the cloaked maid whom he had so desired for his wife.

She slept with regular, low breathing, as unconscious of his presence as when he rode behind her all day. She had no armor. It was not necessary for him to serve her as squire; but he could watch unceasingly her gay eagerness to get forward, her steadiness in fording deep water, the curve of her back where waist met hips, and even the blush of tan beginning to tint ears and cheeks under her soldier's cap. He lay near enough to put his hand upon her, yet he had never in his life felt so remote from Jeanne d'Arc.

Tears swelled his eyeballs and choked his throat. The boy ground his teeth with an oath between them, changing his oath to a prayer, the anguish and unendurable contradictions of life filling him full to the lips. In starting to the wars he had counted on a sublime self that had been wearied out of his body, a high, priestly fellow with no personal needs whatever; and here he was the same Bertrand de Poulengy, heartsore, and full of fierce youth and desire. But while he lay with his back toward Jeanne, and his fists clenched, feeling like a dog,—a faithful, worshiping dog, yet one that was never to be rewarded by a pat,—some of the peace which enveloped her came over him. His blood ceased its rapid beating, and external things seemed to approach in a new way to divert and comfort him. He folded his arms and turned his face toward the sky. Humid night air, chill earth, and vapor-strewn stars became forces for him to resist hardily, with patience, as a man, and with a kind of toughening of the spirit. There was not one bitter or unsound spot in the boy.

«By the time down has grown stiff on my lip,» thought Bertrand, «and I have seen something of battle, I shall bear this without making a fool of myself.»

Couvre-feu had already rung in Bar-sur-Aube; the lights were out; no noises came from the town. The full river whispered. Without knowing it, the voices of the two sullen soldiers and Richard the archer, who had ridden with the messenger from Chinon, encroached more and more upon the silence. Bertrand knew they were sullen. He had seen them scowl when they rubbed down the horses, and wink derisively at one another when the maid went into a thicket with her rosary in her hand. One underthought of his wakefulness was to watch these men. The archer had been left on guard, to be followed by his companions in turn; but all three

heads were yet clustered together, as they had sat at their bread and meat, with a bottle going round from mouth to mouth. Peril enough attended this journey to Chinon without seeking any in the camp. Peril in the camp, however, will soon come seeking him who lets it be. Bertrand rested on his elbow and listened. He would have crept toward the men, but the letter of his oath bound him to his place by Jeanne's side during a night in the fields. Three dim shapes against the darkness of the hills, Richard the archer and the two soldiers pushed their voices farther and farther into the cove. The humid air carried cautious sounds in full volume to the listener.

"If the lot fell to me I would do it," spoke the archer. "We have had enough of this witch-work. Let us be rid of her."

"Since it comes to sleeping on the ground," said one soldier.

Bertrand's weapons, which hung from his belt when it was clasped, now lay within a fold of his cloak. He took the small ax and held it ready.

A murmur of urging and fragments of words reached his ears. He caught, without distinctly hearing, the men's determination to throw the maid into the Aube, and then desert with the horses; and reaching cautiously over Jeanne, he prodded De Metz with the ax-handle. De Metz slept on like an honest man. Bertrand thought this movement of his was seen by the soldier on whom the lot had evidently fallen; for the man paused in stealthy approach, and slunk back to his fellows, being met by a low growl like reviling.

Richard the archer, standing a foot above his companions, next stepped forward, and Bertrand held the ax ready to split his head as he stooped. But two lance-lengths beyond the reach of the guardian's arm he seemed to find a barrier that he could not pass, and collapsing backward as if he had already received a blow, scrambled on hands and knees toward his mates, who uttered a sound of panic.

Bertrand's blood was all alive, forgetting depression and the chill of the earth. Jealous of his right to protect the maid, he said to himself, "I will not wake De Metz." His own part of secrecy and silence amused him, and he tingled with laughter at the futile attempts.

"The poor fools really have no harm in them; they are only discontented; and when they have done easing full minds on one another they will go about their business."

Yet he determined to see that they went about their business, and clasp on his weapons, he stood up to follow them. A

swift smiting of light on the eyeballs, like that which flashes within the lid when sight struggles in pitch darkness, showed him the archer and both soldiers crouching a few feet away.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded; but they did not hear him. They did not look at him. A thinning of the dimness around, like the shadowed edge of light, revealed their staring eyes and the separate hairs bristling on their unshaven jaws.

Jeanne had risen to her knees betwixt De Metz and Bertrand, her muffled figure bent forward, the fixed curve of her body, the very threads of her cloak, whitened strangely in the night. No visible hovering presence poured glory on her, yet she shone. Her squire, still holding the ax, crossed his hands on his bosom, feeling drenched by some divine power.

Long after Jeanne lay down from her half-conscious prayer, breathing like a healthy child, and long after archer and soldiers, separating in silence, had taken to watch or to hiding, Bertrand stood with his hands crossed on his breast. He knew that he should never speak of this night except lightly, but he wondered what terror there could be for ignorant men in that instant's glow which had rested on the maid.

IV.

CHINON CASTLE stood among clouds above the compact walled town of Chinon, huge and white, buttressed along the cliffs, showing all its towers and battlements, from the horologe portal to an ancient Roman round fortress at its extremity, as the riders from Vaucouleurs approached it at sunset. The valley of the river Vienne, like so many of the valleys of France, stretched from the foot of sheer heights to far blue alluvial hills. Touraine was a rich country even then, when large tracts of the realm lay waste and unproductive year after year. The forward spring made a blur like green light over massed distances, showing, as no single tree by the river could do, revival of life in buds.

Some fishermen were in a boat, poling over the rocky bottom of the Vienne. Its dark-green water in shady places took the color of ale. As the party from Vaucouleurs crossed the bridge, the town gates were opened, and the dauphin's messenger came out to meet them.

"You have made good speed to-day without me," he said, wheeling his horse to enter beside De Metz, who led the company; "but it is a plain journey from Ste. Katherine de

Fierbois to Chinon. How many masses did the maid hear yesterday while she rested in the church of St. Katherine?"¹

"Only three," answered De Metz. His smile was indulgent, but the courtier's was mocking. "And every man of us, constrained to rub his knees so long on that stone floor, was fain to envy you riding forward at ease, with a letter to the dauphin, and the end of the journey in sight."

The horses neighed when the gates closed after them, scenting shelter and provender. Nimble-footed, they picked their way through lanes of overhanging houses crowded to the hill beneath the castle buttresses, remembering no more their twelve days' beating across varying soils of France. By way of Auxerre, Gien, Salbris, Ramorantin, Selles, St. Aignan, Loches, and the parish church of Ste. Katherine de Fierbois, they had brought their riders without mishap to Chinon. The horse which Durand Laxart had provided for Jeanne stepped soberly behind De Metz's; her squire reined his, more spirited, a pace behind. Two or three church towers seemed to hold the light of the March sunset which ascending little streets so readily lost.

"Deputies from Orléans are now at the castle," said the dauphin's messenger; "they have come to hasten this business about the maid."

"I call that good news," answered the knight. "And since the expense of this expedition has rested on me, and the three troublesome knaves behind our backs are certain to demand their pay at once, the dauphin will doubtless soon put my mind at rest about the scores."

"Oh, doubtless; or Messire Alan Chartier will make you a song which will give your mind great ease. We will all share our tranquillity with you; but if you expect to find any money at Chinon you will be disappointed. Jacques Cœur of Bourges is the only man in this poor kingdom that hath any gold; and sage as that generous goldsmith is, he will be stripped before this business with England be finished. I myself am used to eatingsheep's legs at Chinon, where the king hath not even a comfit-box to pass to the ladies. But if I told other good fellows at court that you came with a full pouch, you would not have pieces enough to divide among the borrowers."

"In that case the dauphin might as well stand indebted to me. In truth, this is the first time I have taken thought about my money, for the maid was welcome for her

¹ St. Catherine's name is thus spelled in all records concerning this parish church.

own sake, and I must abide by the good or bad that comes of this venture. But I hope we shall have leave to go to Orléans soon."

"I think myself it promises well that the envoys from Orléans are here. But a king is not the only person that governs a realm, Messire de Metz."

A few dogs barked at the cavalcade, but the quiet villagers paid little attention to it. There was much coming and going betwixt court and distressed kingdom. A man blind in his left eye and lame in his right foot was dipping a two-handled jug in the public fountain, and singing. The sweet, tremulous tenor spread through the valley, and followed Jeanne as she ascended to the castle, like music sent to encourage her.

The Dauphin's messenger made his party dismount at the inn, where the horses were to be left, and where even the big cook, white as flour from head to foot, came out to help hold bridles; and he then took the most direct path, which was a paved gutter between walls scarcely two arms' lengths apart. A door stood open at one side, showing a dark interior, lighted only by a red hearth with a child's head against the shine, and Bertrand was startled to see that these continuous walls were house-fronts. Voices of women were heard talking within the stone. A thread of water moved down the depressed center of the way. Winding, this path led up to a broad track which turned upon itself and faced the castle. Chinon had been a favorite seat of English kings before it passed into the hands of the French. A huge gray ruin, the ancient Abbey of St. George extended along the height like a detached outwork of the castle. Its thick walls had been burrowed into by poor wretches who stood gaunt-faced at their doors, and looked at the arriving maid. Living so near the royal gates, they had heard of her, and they witnessed the insolence of a drunken soldier who came down the slope and boldly stumbled against her. Bertrand de Poulengy struck him out of the way.

"Jarnedieu!" the soldier snarled, using the common oath of his class.

"Dost thou jarnedieu," said Jeanne, pitiously, turning to follow him with her eyes—"thou who art so near death?"

The warder lowered a long drawbridge across the moat, and the clock struck high above their heads as they passed through the tower of the horologe. From this portal a sunken road guarded by masonry ascended to a wide garden. The glow of sunset lingered on winding paths, and masses of trees, and

banks where roses would be rankly abundant in their season. Though birches, oaks, and shrubs were yet leafless, they almost hid the royal château, to which it seemed a far cry from the gate. Nothing was spoken until the party came to this pile, buttressed along the cliff, and looking with large stone-cased windows over valley and height.

"This is the middle château, where the king rests," said the royal messenger; and Jeanne would have turned aside to the great entrance.

"You are not to be lodged here," he told her; "you go yonder to the tower of Coudray, beyond the inner moat."

They passed the long palace side, seeing no face look down in welcome, and crossed the bridge over the inner moat. Instead of water a fleece of springing grass covered the depths of this wide and sheltered moat. A curtain of stone connected a high tower on the moat bank with another battlemented tower built into the buttressed cliff wall. There was an archway in the curtain at the end of the bridge, through which they passed to the tower of Coudray on the right hand. It rose between two wings of masonry. The farther one was expanded to a chapel, but the nearer one seemed merely a sheltered entrance to a stone staircase built up to the first floor of the tower. Joints of creepers clung about its corners and massed over its sashless window. Wherever a rock had crumbled, little tufts of green were coming generously out to meet the Touraine sun.

"Ascend here, pucelle," said the dauphin's messenger; "and wait until I see the king. Women will be sent to attend you. Here is better footing than on the inner stairs."

"But when shall I see the dauphin?" inquired Jeanne. Her guide made a gesture which counseled patience.

"It hath struck seven of the clock," ventured Bertrand. "Perhaps his Majesty is now at supper."

"The king dines at seven in Chinon," said the messenger; "and I have never seen him so bent on affairs of state that he abated his natural habits."

"Messire Colet," said Jeanne, using her guide's name with a power of entreaty which pierced a courtier's indifference, "go you at once to the dauphin, and tell him I am here and must see him."

"It shall be done, pucelle; but you yourself need food; and rest also you need after ten days in the saddle, and no repose and comfort except what you could take upon your knees on the stones of Ste. Katherine de Fierbois."

Jeanne turned laughing from her ascent of the stairs, and clapped her guide on the back with a sudden palm.

"I wish I had ten thousand such men as these, all armed and equipped, and ready to march this minute. We would make short work of the English in France."

The astonished messenger saw her shut the door of the tower before he turned to De Metz and the squire.

"Hath she not a strange effect on a man? You would say she is a child driven by some power toward bloody war; yet when you see her riding at speed, with her throat swelled out and her shoulders back, or when she rouses you with a stroke like that, you want to unsheathe a sword and shout."

He led Jeanne's escort around to the front of the tower, where a door let them into a dark circular inclosure.

"I call this a beastly place," growled the archer. "In Vaucouleurs we had better stables for cattle."

"This dungeon is only the guard-room of the tower," said the messenger; "but over yonder, beyond St. Martin's Chapel, we have some deep underground cells, with irons in the walls, for such fellows as you, my good bowman. If you bring a proud stomach to Chinon, you will be let down out of daylight, as many a better man hath been before your time."

"A soldier needs nothing but a bench and the earthen floor," said De Metz; "but I would be glad to know that the maid hath better accommodations above."

"She has two commodious chambers, one over the other, for herself and the ladies who will be sent to bear her company. And now, messire knight, set your guard, and I will show you and the squire where you are to lodge."

"Let me stay with the guard until company is sent to the pucelle," requested Bertrand; and his forwardness was not rebuked. He sat down near the door, Richard the archer being left as sentinel at the foot of the inner stairs. Richard could see nothing but cross-tracery of distant boughs or chapel walls through the door, while his watcher could also see the Roman tower, and much nearer something like a colossal chimney-top standing half the length of a man above ground. While Bertrand sat there some serving-men descended into it by means of a ladder, and he learned afterward that it was an entrance to the subterranean storehouses of the castle.

Ten days' resentment broke silence with the archer. "I need no spy over me, messire

innkeeper. I stood at guard before thou wert born."

"Age never improves a knave," retorted Bertrand. "Stand back, there! I would as lief stick thee in the ribs as not. I have scarce been able to keep my hands off thee and thy two fellows since the night by Bar-sur-Aube."

Though far from claiming social equality with a squire, the bowman resented being ranked with servant-soldiers who had not yet risen to be men-at-arms. In every body of troops the archers were most numerous. A lifetime of practice went to the making of their skill, while any varlet could soon learn the trade of man-at-arms. Richard coarsely sneered and put his knuckles on his hips at mention of his two fellows, but his face changed at mention of the night by Bar-sur-Aube.

"Come," said Bertrand, "tell me what you saw, and I will never mention the matter to the dauphin. The pucelle is now safe in Chinon, but he might clap you in irons for conspiring to drown her, if he knew it. I will pledge you also the silence of Messire de Metz, though we are both resolved you go no farther in our company. What made you three knaves pick up your heels every time you approached her?"

"I do not know, messire," Richard's eyes were uneasy and his figure was dejected.

"Did you see any apparition?"

"I will tell thee, Messire de Poulengy, I am glad this business is done, and I wish to be no more about the maid. While no man likes spying, I am well enough pleased to have thee on that bench as twilight falls, before torch be lighted in this vault."

"What did you see at Bar-sur-Aube?" Bertrand repeated with impatience.

"Nothing, messire—nothing. It was the feeling. We all had it. I would rather be scalded with boiling oil, or take a shaft through my body, than ever have it again. She may be a maid of God, but my flesh creepeth on coming near her. Something hath guard over her that an honest soldier cannot abide."

"You did not see the awful archangel St. Michael hovering above her?"

"No, messire."

"You did not see St. Margaret and St. Catherine, one on each side of her, St. Margaret's dragon trailing across De Metz, and St. Catherine resting her wheel on a fold of my cloak?"

"No, messire," the bowman answered, a shudder going with his words.

"It is well for you that you did not see them. The sight of them slays men that have the intention to do murder."

"I pray God I may never see them," said Richard, devoutly.

"Although you are a sinful man," observed Bertrand, "I think your prayer will be answered. And see to it, you three, that you make early confession. It is dangerous to be in the neighborhood of such a maid with sin on your conscience."

"We are all agreed on that, messire. At first I thought she was a witch; but now, though I have such terror of her as I never had of woman, I know she is not holpen of the devil."

"You would be more at your ease in her company if she were?"

"Yes, messire; whereas, after that feeling she gave me, I am loath even to swear in her hearing."

"That must work you great discomfort. The knight of Novelopont will get you placed where you can curse in peace, and kill with more advantage to the dauphin."

The rush of women's clothes, rather than the sound of footsteps, startled the squire from his bench. As he hurried past the window of that extension which sheltered the outer staircase, he saw two figures ascending. One was an elderly woman, servant or duenna, and before her ran, light-footed, a creature of elegant back, wearing a high conical head-dress from which floated a cloud of gauze.

"These be the dames sent from court," thought Bertrand.

But Jeanne, sitting in the upper chamber by a window overlooking valley and middle château, turned at the small pat of footsteps, and saw only a maid entering from the stairs.

It was a delicately fashioned, blue-eyed, white and rose-red maid, with square brows and a full, oval face. The hair was drawn up from her high forehead and concealed under her head-dress. Though the face was shown thus freely, and all of the well-set neck, its sweet modesty was its first charm. Jeanne stood up to receive her, but she made a gesture of greeting, and drew a chair for herself near the window, measuring Jeanne's male hose and cuirass with the swift and critical inspection of youth.

"You are the maid from Vaucouleurs?"

"Yes, demoiselle."

"I saw you pass under the château windows, and slipped away directly to see you. My name is Agnes Sorel. My aunt is lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Sicily, his Majesty's mother-in-law."

She drew in her breath with pretty haste, and added: «Let us have some talk before the old duennas come. You are to have two of the most tiresome women at court put in here to take care of you. By that arrangement we get rid of them, and they feel their selection a mark of royal favor.»

«I did not come to women; I came to see the dauphin,» said Jeanne.

«Here we do not say the dauphin,» observed Agnes. «Charles is our king, having been consecrated at Poitiers. That little beast Louis, the king's son, is the dauphin; and if he lives—which God forbid!—will some day be Louis XI of France, provided the English leave us any France.»

The eagerness of the one, so unlike the quiet power of the other, seemed to work a sudden embarrassment between the two maids. Agnes, however, drew her chair still nearer to Jeanne. In this high tower a primrose daylight lingered, reflecting its glow upon them from the circular stone walls. No tapestry was hung here, but both bedchambers of Coudray were provided with all that women then used in their dressing- and sleeping-rooms.

«Do you like to wear the habit of a man?»

«The habit matters nothing,» answered Jeanne. «I am obliged to wear it to do what I am sent to do.»

«And will you really ask the king to send you to war?»

«I will go to-morrow, demoiselle, if he but give me men-at-arms.»

Agnes rested her full, oval chin on a hand so sensitively white and fine that Jeanne reflected that it could never have twisted wool betwixt finger and thumb, or washed at the river.

«One can see you are no fool. I have myself sometimes felt in a rage to go to war, or to do anything which would stir this lazy Charles. He is the sweetest king that ever drew breath. Do you see that great stone shaft on the back of the middle château?» she suddenly inquired. «That is an oubliette. The courtiers say nothing about it, but everyone knows it is an oubliette, and is entered from the upper floor of the château. There a trap drops one to the very depths of this rock, and a sluice carries one's body into the river, and no person the wiser, and all trace lost. Oh, many a king has dropped his enemies down that oubliette; but Charles has never used it in his life. I should use it.

Long since would that machinery have been oiled and set in motion if I had been king, and the first person sent down the shaft would have been Georges la Trémouille.»

«Who is Georges la Trémouille?»

«Did you never hear of the king's favorite? If France be altogether lost to the English, it will be his fault. Indeed, there is not a soul near the king who cares what becomes of France, unless it be the Queen of Sicily, who has bestirred herself for all the troops raised. I despise kings' favorites,» said the child courtier, with fervor. «I am only poor Agnes Sorel of Loches, but I can see through that La Trémouille. He will not suffer any one to be near Charles except himself, and hath even sent the queen away to tend the nursery of the little beast of a dauphin. Yet he loves neither the king nor the realm. He simply wishes to be master at court. You will have to pass him before you get leave to face the English, pucelle. My aunt has heard it said he is in league with them. He has a château at Sully-sur-Loire, near Orléans; but the English, however they go about meddling with France, never trouble him.»

Agnes lifted a finger to silence her own rapid talk, and turned her head to listen as the woman who had entered the tower with her repeated a call on the stairs.

«Your old cats are coming, pucelle. I am warned to go.»

«Will you carry a message for me to the dauphin, demoiselle?»

«Gladly would I; but my aunt does not yet permit me to have speech with the king. I am too young and insignificant. I am not of the court, indeed, but only taking a peep at it from my convent at Loches, to be sent directly back. But I can use my eyes and ears, and they should be serviceable to you if my aunt permitted me to stay at Chignon.»

She had reached the stairs. She turned and faced the tall maid standing in man's clothes against the fading window. They looked at each other with a long look. Agnes Sorel's face whitened with passionate earnestness, forecasting the power of her maturity, when she should be called «belle des belles,» and reign like a queen for the good of the kingdom.

«Pucelle, I may never see you again. We are very different, but we both love France. And I shall love France better as long as I live because I have seen you. Good day.»

«Good day, demoiselle. Pray for me.»

(To be continued.)

May Hartwell Catherwood.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE FRENCH FROM MEXICO.

A CHAPTER OF SECRET HISTORY.

BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, U. S. A.



WHILE the government of the United States was fully occupied with the contest for the preservation of the Union, Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, attempted to overthrow the republican government in Mexico, and establish in its stead an empire under the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. If the American conflict had resulted in the triumph of secession, so also might Napoleon have succeeded in reestablishing monarchical government on the American continent. But from the moment when the union of the States became reassured, European interference in the political affairs of the American republic became impossible. Upon this subject there appeared to be no division of sentiment among the people of the United States. Certainly there was none among the responsible American statesmen of that time. It was their unanimous voice that the French intervention in Mexico must be speedily terminated; but there was naturally some division of opinion respecting the means by which this should be effected. Some favored the most prompt and vigorous military action, while others, not unmindful of the long-existing friendship between the people of the United States and France, preferred more peaceful measures.

As the first and necessary step in either line of policy, whether for immediate active military operations or as conclusive evidence of ultimate military purpose in aid of diplomacy, General Sheridan was sent, with an army of about fifty thousand men, to the line of the Rio Grande. But Sheridan's troops were Union volunteers who had been enlisted especially for the Civil War, then terminated; and the necessity was at once recognized of organizing a new army for the express purpose of acting against the French army in Mexico, in case of need. It was proposed that this new army should be enlisted and organized under the republican government of Mexico, the only legitimate government recognized by the United States in that country. This course would avoid the necessity of any political action of the government

of the United States in the premises. Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, then commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, was requested to select an officer to organize and command the proposed army.

In June, 1865, at Raleigh, North Carolina, I received a message from General Grant informing me of my selection, and desiring me, if I was willing to consider the proposition, to come to Washington for consultation on the subject. Upon my arrival in Washington, I consulted freely with General Grant, Señor Romero, the Mexican minister, President Johnson, Secretary of State Seward, and Secretary of War Stanton, all of whom approved the general proposition that I should assume the control and direction of the measures to be adopted for the purpose of causing the French army to evacuate Mexico. Not much was said between me and the President or either of the secretaries at that time about the means to be employed; but it appeared to be understood by all that force would probably be necessary, and for some time no other means were considered. The subject was fully discussed with General Grant and Señor Romero, and I then consented to take charge of the matter, with the understanding that I should have perfect freedom of action and choice of means and of time, so far as circumstances would permit. To enable me to do this, the War Department gave me leave of absence for twelve months, with permission to go beyond the limits of the United States and to take with me any officers of my staff whom I might designate. It was proposed to organize in Mexican territory an army corps under commissions from the government of Mexico, the officers and soldiers to be taken from the Union and Confederate forces, who were reported to be eager to enlist in such an enterprise.

The Mexican authorities proposed to furnish the means by which this army should be paid and the expenses of military operations defrayed, and to that end a loan was to be negotiated in the United States. To facilitate the enlistment and equipment of the proposed army corps, General Grant gave me a manuscript order, dated West Point, July 25,

1865, addressed to General P. H. Sheridan, then commanding the Military Division of the Gulf, with a large force near the Mexican frontier. The following is a copy of General Grant's order:

«HEAD QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

«WEST POINT, N. Y. July 25, 1865.

«Maj. Gen. P. H. SHERIDAN,

«Comd'g Mil. Div. of the Gulf.

«GENERAL: Maj. General J. M. Schofield goes to the Rio Grande on an Inspection tour, carrying with him a leave of absence for one year, with authority to leave the United States. If he avails himself of this leave he will explain to you the object more fully than I could do in the limits of a letter, and much more fully than I could do now, under any circumstances, because much that will have to be learned to fix his determination, whether to go or not, has yet to be found out in Washington whilst I shall be away. This however I can say, Gen. Schofield's leave has been given with the concurrence of the President, he having full knowledge of the object. I have both written my views to the President and had conversations with him on the subject. In all that relates to Mexican affairs he agrees in the duty we owe to ourselves to maintain the Monroe doctrine, both as a principle and as a security for our future peace.

«On the Rio Grande, or in Texas, convenient to get there, we must have a large amount of surrendered ordnance and ordnance stores, or such articles accumulating from discharging men who leave their stores behind. Without special orders to do so send none of these articles back but rather place them convenient to be permitted to go into Mexico if they can be got into the hands of the defenders of the only Government we recognize in that country. I hope Gen. Schofield may go with orders direct to receive these articles, but if he does not I know it will meet with general approbation to let him have them if contrary orders are not received.

«It is a fixed determination on the part of the people of the United States, and I think myself safe in saying on the part of the President also, that an Empire shall not be established on this Continent by the aid of Foreign bayonets. A war on the part of the United States is to be avoided, if possible, but it will be better to go to war now when but little aid given to the Mexicans will settle the

question than to have in prospect a greater war, sure to come, if delayed until the Empire is established. We want then to aid the Mexicans without giving cause of war between the United States and France. Between the would-be Empire of Maximilian and the United States, all difficulty can easily be settled by observing the same sort of neutrality that has been observed toward us for the last four years.

«This is a little indefinite as a letter of instructions to be governed by. I hope with this you may receive them, instructions, in much more positive terms. With a knowledge of the fact before you however that the greatest desire is felt to see the Liberal Government restored in Mexico, and no doubt exists of the strict justice of our right to demand this, and enforce the demand, with the whole strength of the United States, your own judgment gives you a basis of action that will aid you.

«I will recommend in a few days that you be directed to discharge all the men you think can be spared from the Dept. of Texas, where they are, giving transportation to their homes to all who desire to return. You are aware that existing orders permit discharged soldiers to retain their arms and accoutrements at low rates, fixed in orders.

«Very respectfully, your Obt. svt,

«U. S. GRANT

«Lt. Gen.»

In effect this order required General Sheridan to turn over to me all of his volunteer troops who might wish to take part in the Mexican enterprise, with their arms and equipments, and all «surrendered ordnance and ordnance-stores,» etc, thus making it easy for me to arm and equip at small cost the ex-Confederates and others who would join my standard. Soon after the date of General Grant's order to General Sheridan, and at the request of Secretary Seward, conveyed to me by Mr. Stanton, I met Mr. Seward at Cape May. He then proposed to me to go to France, under authority of the State Department, to see if the French Emperor could not be made to understand the necessity of withdrawing his army from Mexico, and thus save us the necessity of expelling it by force. Mr. Seward expressed the belief that if Napoleon could be made to understand that the people of the United States would never, under any circumstances, consent to the existence in Mexico of a government established and sustained by foreign power, he would withdraw his army from that country.

If this were done, the friendly relations between the people of France and the United States would not be disturbed, while the forcible expulsion of a French army from Mexico by American volunteers would engender great bitterness of feeling among the French people, even if it did not lead to war between France and the United States.

This proposition from Mr. Seward seemed to put upon me the responsibility of deciding the momentous question of future friendship or enmity between my own country and our ancient ally and friend. I had, on the one hand, full authority from the War Department and the general-in-chief of the army, given with the knowledge and consent of the President of the United States, to organize and equip an army for the purpose of driving the French out of Mexico, and on the other hand a request from the State Department to go to France and try by peaceful means to accomplish the same end.

As the negotiation of the Mexican loan had not made great progress, the funds were not yet available for the support of an army. It was expected that the actual beginning of operations on the Rio Grande would stimulate subscriptions to the loan, yet the lack of ready money was a sufficient cause for some delay in making the proposed "Inspection tour" to the Rio Grande; and this fact, added to a natural love of peace rather than of war, and a due sense of the dictates of patriotism as contrasted with mere military ambition, determined the decision of that question. It is reason for profound thankfulness that the peaceful course was adopted.

In a letter dated August 4, 1865, I informed Mr. Seward of my decision, "after mature reflection," "to undertake the mission" which he had proposed. Mr. Seward acknowledged my letter on August 9, and on the 19th I received a telegram from the War Department to "report at the State Department upon your [my] next visit to Washington." This order was promptly obeyed. On August 23 the Secretary of War sent a letter to the Secretary of State, accrediting me as an officer of the army, in which capacity, and unofficially, I was to be understood by the public as visiting Europe. A copy of this letter, inclosed in one from the State Department, was sent to Mr. Bigelow, United States minister at Paris; and similar letters were sent to several other United States ministers in Europe. But time passed until November 4, and thus more than two months elapsed before the Secretary of State was ready for me to start for Europe. Mr. Seward then

gave me a confidential letter, dated November 4, 1865, addressed to Mr. Bigelow, and a letter of credit on the Barings, and requested me to proceed on my mission.

In his letter to Mr. Bigelow he said: "General Schofield proceeds to Paris. He is, I believe, fully informed of the feelings and sentiments, not only of this government, but of the American people. I commend him to your confidence," etc. Mr. Seward explained to me several times during this period of delay that correspondence then going on with the French government rendered it advisable that my visit be delayed until he should receive expected answers from that government. The Atlantic cable did not then exist, and hence correspondence across the ocean was necessarily slow. The expected despatch—viz., that from the French Foreign Office to their minister at Washington, dated October 18, 1865, and communicated to Mr. Seward on the 29th of the same month—was no more satisfactory, though in better tone, than those which had preceded. In effect it demanded a recognition by the United States of the government of Maximilian in Mexico as a condition precedent to the recall of the French army. The time had evidently arrived when Napoleon must be informed in language which could not be misunderstood what was the real sentiment of the government and people of the United States on the Mexican question. It was difficult, perhaps impossible, to express that sentiment in official diplomatic language that an emperor could afford to receive from a friendly power. It was therefore desirable that the disagreeable information be conveyed to Napoleon in a way which would command his full credence, and which he yet need not regard as offensive. Mr. Seward's explanation and instructions to me, after several long conversations on this subject, were summed up in the words: "I want you to get your legs under Napoleon's mahogany, and tell him he must get out of Mexico."

In my visit to Paris I was accompanied by two officers of my staff, Brevet Brigadier-General William M. Wherry and Brevet Brigadier-General G. W. Schofield, who had been given leave of absence for the purpose of going with me to Mexico or elsewhere. We sailed from New York, November 15, 1865, on the Cunard steamer *Java*, and stayed a day in Liverpool and several days in London, where I explained to Mr. Adams, United States minister, the purpose of my visit.

Mr. Adams expressed hearty sympathy

with the object of my mission, and gave cordial assent to my wish that I might feel at liberty to consult him in regard to it at any time.

Mr. Motley, United States minister at Vienna, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the residence of Mr. Adams, assured me that the government of Austria was especially desirous of not being regarded by the United States as responsible in any manner for the attempt to establish an empire under the Austrian archduke in Mexico. Mr. Motley thought a visit by me to Vienna while the Mexican question was pending might produce undue excitement. Hence I limited my tour in that direction to Italy.

I proceeded to Paris on the 2d of December. Our arrival had been preceded by vague rumors of an official mission more or less hostile to the interests of France, which caused great excitement among the French people and the American residents in Paris, and serious depression of United States, Mexican, and French securities in the financial markets of Europe. It was also understood that no little anxiety was felt at the French court, then at Compiègne. It was manifestly desirable to allay so far as possible this undue excitement in the public mind. Hence I availed myself of an early opportunity, given by the American Thanksgiving dinner at the Grand Hotel, to intimate in unmistakable terms that my mission, if any, was one entirely friendly to the people of France.

The following is a part of the account of that banquet given by the Paris correspondent of the "New York Herald," under date of December 8, 1865:

The American residents and transient sojourners in Paris celebrated the national Thanksgiving by a grand dinner at the Grand Hotel, which passed off in splendid style. . . . The next toast was the long-looked-for one of the evening, for it was known that it would call up a distinguished guest from whom all were anxious to hear. It was "The Army and Navy of the United States." When the band had ceased playing "Yankee Doodle," Major-General Schofield rose to reply to this toast, and was received with tremendous enthusiasm. The ladies rose and waved their handkerchiefs, and gentlemen shouted until they were hoarse. The General, after bowing his acknowledgments, said: "Fellow-countrymen—I want words to express to you the satisfaction which will be felt in the heart of every soldier and sailor when he learns the manner in which the names of the army and navy have been received by you to-night. I will at this time allude but briefly to one of the great lessons taught by the American war—the grandest lesson of modern times. A great people who have heretofore lived under a government so mild that they

were scarcely aware of its existence have found, in time of war, that government to be one of the strongest in the world [cheers], raising and maintaining armies and navies vaster than any ever before known [cheers]. In point of character, in point of physical and moral qualities, in point of discipline and of mobility in large masses, the armies of the United States have never before been equaled [loud cheers]. Yet this, great as it is, is not the greatest wonder of the American war. This vast army, as soon as its work was done, was quietly disbanded, and every man went to his home, as quietly as the Christian goes back from church on Sabbath morning; and each soldier reëntered upon the avocations of peace a better citizen than he was before he became a soldier [renewed applause]. This was the grandest lesson of the war. It shows that the power of a nation to maintain its dignity and integrity does not result from or depend upon its form of government; that the greatest national strength—the power to mass the largest armies in time of war—is entirely consistent with the broadest liberty of the citizen in time of peace [enthusiasm]. Permit me, in conclusion, to propose a toast which I know will be heartily responded to by every true American—'The old friendship between France and the United States: may it be strengthened and perpetuated.' General Schofield's toast was drunk with great enthusiasm, and upon his taking his seat the applause which followed his remarks was deafening.

The situation of Napoleon's government at that time was extremely critical. The opposition was powerful and aggressive. The intervention in Mexican affairs was very unpopular in France, and yet the national pride of the people would not permit the Emperor to yield to menace even from the United States, nor allow his army to be driven by force from Mexico without a supreme effort to maintain it there. Napoleon could not have submitted to such humiliation without the loss of his throne. In short, forcible intervention by the American people in the Mexican question, or the public threat of such action, arousing the national pride of France, must have led to a long and bloody war, resulting, doubtless, in final success in America and probably in a revolution in France.

Such a result would have been a just punishment to Napoleon for his conduct toward the United States and Mexico during our Civil War. But why involve the people of France and the people of the United States in this punishment? Why make enemies of our ancient friends? Our sister republic of Mexico must be relieved from foreign domination, at whatever cost; but strife and lasting enmity between the United States and France would be a fearful price to pay for

even so great a good as the freedom of Mexico. Manifestly such extreme measures should not be resorted to until all peaceful means should have failed. Considerations of this nature determined my course while in Paris. I had sufficient opportunity in two interviews with Prince Napoleon, and in several conversations with officers of high rank on the Emperor's staff, to make known to the Emperor the views and purposes of the government and people of the United States in respect to Mexican affairs. Our conversation was without reserve on either side, and with the understanding that nothing said by me would be withheld from the Emperor.

The principal of these staff-officers was the distinguished Admiral de la Gravière, who had commanded the French squadron in American waters in the early part of our Civil War and in the capture of Vera Cruz. This gallant and honest old sailor had reported to his government the exact truth about the enterprise which Napoleon had undertaken when he ordered the bombardment and capture of the Mexican seaport for the alleged purpose of collecting a French claim, namely, that he was no better able to collect that claim after the city was in his possession than he had been before, and that the conquest of Mexico by the operations of a great army would be necessary before any financial return could be expected. This unwelcome report led to the admiral's recall to France, and he was sent to his home in disgrace. But in due time the Emperor learned that while all others had deceived him, the admiral had told him the truth, whereupon he was called to Paris, restored to the confidence of his chief, and appointed aide-de-camp on the staff of the Emperor. Admiral de la Gravière was a warm friend of America, rejoiced in the triumph of the Union cause, understood and appreciated the sentiments of the people of the United States, among whom he had made many friends, and was a very willing medium of communication to the Emperor of the exact attitude of the American people respecting the Monroe doctrine, which the Emperor of the French had been betrayed into violating through the influence of persons high in his confidence, but governed by sordid motives.

Admiral Reno, Assistant Minister of Marine, was another of the high French officials with whom free conversation was held.

The fidelity with which Prince Napoleon and others reported to the Emperor the character of the unofficial message which I had to deliver rendered it quite unnecessary

that it be delivered in person, and quite impossible that the Emperor should be willing to receive it in that way. Hence, though I received several intimations that I would be invited to a private interview, no invitation came, and none was sought. My letters from Paris to Mr. Seward, to General Grant, and to Señor Romero, reported the progress made, and the nature of the situation as it then appeared to me. In my letters to my family I touched more lightly, as follows, on my daily life in Paris:

«December 12. I have invitations to dinner or some other entertainment at least twice a day, and have more calls than I can ever return. The excitement about the hostile character of my supposed mission has somewhat subsided. My speech at the Thanksgiving dinner had a most charming effect. The French papers all speak of it in terms of praise, and with great satisfaction at its friendly tone. It seems, together with the object of my visit, to be the subject of conversation all over Paris. The whole thing has produced a greater fluctuation in the French funds than has occurred before in a long time. This notoriety is very well in its way, but it is also somewhat embarrassing.

«December 14. I have just received a very amiable letter from the Minister of War, Marshal Randon, ordering an officer of the Imperial Guard to report to me, to show me all military places in France, and see that proper honors are paid me. The letter is very friendly and complimentary. Fortunately, the officer placed at my disposal, Captain Guzman, is one of those who were in the United States during the war, and to whom I had letters from General Meade. He speaks English well and seems a very pleasant gentleman. So I have the prospect of seeing the military establishments of France under the most favorable auspices. The Emperor has not returned from Compiègne, but is expected to-night or to-morrow. The foreign minister is also there, and they seem to be having a warm time. I think affairs will come to a head soon. I hope to know something definite by the time of departure of next week's mail. . . .

«December 19. For the last three days I have been too miserable to write or do anything else. Have not been out of the house until to-day. I have had a sort of intermittent fever arising from a bad cold. . . . Captain Guzman came this morning to commence our tour of the military works of Paris, but I was compelled to postpone it until I am stronger. . . .

«The court has returned to Paris, and they say all is life and gaiety about the Tuileries. The King and Queen of Portugal are there as guests. They had a wedding at the Imperial Chapel day before yesterday. The Princess Murat was married to some French nobleman whose name I do not recollect. On New Year's day the Emperor gives his first grand reception, when I expect to be presented to him. It is not probable that I shall see him before that time. My impression is that for the present he would a little rather not see me, and I can afford to wait as long as he can. All seems to be working well, but, as all such matters do, rather slowly.

«January 2, 1866. I believe when I closed my last letter I was about starting to pay my visit to the Prince Napoleon. I found the prince surrounded by a good deal of the pomp of royalty, it is true, yet maintaining a simplicity of style and manner almost republican. He received me cordially, and we had a pleasant chat of near an hour. He was frank in his expression of political opinions in opposition to the Emperor's policy, especially in reference to the Mexican intervention. The prince was not only polite, but seemed desirous of showing me as much attention as possible. I was altogether very much pleased with my visit, and shall go to see him again soon.

«January 15. I have at last got my ticket of invitation to the Emperor's ball at the Tuileries, which is to come off on Wednesday, the 17th. . . . I am going to the palace in company with Mrs. Pierrepont and her daughter. She is the wife of Judge Pierrepont of New York, and a very pleasant lady. I shall, of course, go in uniform, with sword and sash, but shall not wear epaulets or chapeau. I think the plain American style is much prettier than the highly gorgeous French.

«January 19. The ball at the Tuileries was as grand as can be imagined. The salons of the palace are very large, and ornamented in the most magnificent manner. The party was too large for comfort; indeed, it amounted to a perfect crowd. There were present several princes and princesses, and representatives, both civil and military, of nearly every nation of the earth, with an inconceivable variety of dress—some splendid and in good taste, some gorgeous and in very bad taste, some very plain and homely, some plain, neat, and elegant. There was much more variety in the gentlemen's dress than in that of the ladies. As a general rule, the latter was about what you may see in New York or Washington, the only difference being in the amount

and richness of the jewelry worn by a few. The Empress was, of course, magnificent. I cannot attempt a description of her dress, but she wore a crown of jewels, very brilliant, a transparent overdress, very full, with flowers and green leaves tastefully arranged upon the underskirt so as to show through the overskirt. The Empress appeared somewhat faded, but I have never seen a more splendid-looking woman. Her manner is exceedingly graceful and elegant: I would also say, for an empress, remarkably simple and unostentatious. The Princess Mathilde is very plain in looks, and was rather plainly dressed. The young Princess Hohenzollern is very beautiful, and wore a light, elegant, but not very rich dress. The Princess Metternich, who is plain in the face, but tall and queenly in manner, wore a splendid dark dress of grand proportions, which she had the honor of catching upon the end of my sword as she swept by! Our mutual apologies appeared to be entirely satisfactory. The main object of wearing swords seems to be to tear the ladies' dresses. All are expected to wear them, civilians as well as military, and the destruction of dresses is terrible. Speaking of swords, I believe mine was the finest in the palace; and my uniform, much plainer than many, was richer than many others, and about as elegant as any. At least it appeared to attract a good deal of attention, whether on its own account or that of its wearer, I don't know.

«We went to the palace a little before nine o'clock, and were ushered into a salon set apart for those guests who were to be presented to their majesties—that is, those who had not before had that honor. There were about twenty Americans, mostly ladies, and about forty of all other nations, the representatives of the great republic preponderating over those of any other nation. The diplomatic corps were assembled in an adjoining salon, where they were first received by the Empress. Meanwhile, we were all arranged round the room in an irregular «line of battle,» ready to make our bow upon the approach of the sovereigns. I was placed at the head of the row of Americans, being preferred even to the ladies, which does not seem quite right. After the reception in the ambassadors' salon was finished, each minister came into our salon and joined his flock. Presently his Majesty appeared, and was announced by the grand chamberlain, who said in a loud voice, «L'Empereur!» The Emperor then passed along the line, and each person was presented in turn by the ambas-

sador of his or her country. The Empress followed soon after, was announced in the same way, and received her admiring guests. As a general rule, they merely bow, and pass on without making any remark; and no one is privileged to say anything unless first spoken to by the Emperor or Empress. This mode of reception is, I believe, peculiar to the French court, and has been recently adopted, I presume for the purpose of saving the annoyance of having persons who are presented stopping in front of their majesties and entering into conversation. It is also much less fatiguing than to stand in one place while receiving a large company, as is the custom of the English and other courts. Their majesties do not shake hands, which is a decided improvement over American custom, and do not formally receive their guests, except the ambassadors and those who have not before been presented at court. During the evening they walk through the several salons, receiving the salutations of the guests as they pass, and politely returning them, and sometimes addressing a few words to some particular person whom they may recognize. Immediately after the presentation the Emperor and Empress took their seats upon the throne in the central salon, surrounded by the ladies of the court, and looked upon the dancing of the few beaux and belles who were so fortunate as to have the honor of dancing before them, a thing which is, of course, esteemed a great privilege. I noticed that a large proportion of the ladies who were invited to dance there were Americans, who, it was generally decided, bore the palm for beauty. Indeed, it was evident that they quite surpassed the ladies of all other countries in that respect, and were the favorites of the young courtiers who are in the habit of dancing before the Empress. They have a rule of etiquette which is very convenient. The young gentlemen of the court do not need to wait for an introduction, but unhesitatingly step up to any young lady in the room and ask her to dance. Hence nearly all our American ladies had plenty of opportunity to gratify their vanity by displaying their grace and beauty before the Empress, and having their delicate waists encircled by the arm of a gallant young courtier whose name even they did not know—a very pardonable female vanity, no doubt.

"I must not forget to tell you about my own reception by their majesties. Contrary to the usual custom, they both stopped and indulged in a short conversation. The Emperor expressed his pleasure at seeing me in

France, and at the opportunity to extend to me the hospitalities of his palace, for which, of course, I thanked him. He then opened conversation concerning our late war, and asked some questions about the campaigns in which I was engaged; said it was a subject of very great interest to him; asked if I intended to remain long in Paris, and said he should see me again. This was the substance of our conversation. The Empress also said she was glad to see me, hoped I would spend some time longer in Paris, and said she should see me again. They were both affable and pleasant, and showed an evident desire to appear friendly. . . . I met the Empress once while she was walking through the hall, when she recognized me, and gave me one of her politest bows and blandest smiles. I mention these matters because, although nearly insignificant in our country, they mean so much here, where a smile or a nod from a sovereign has its meaning. . . .

"I have received quite an imposing card inviting me to dine on Monday next with (L. L. A. A. I. I. Mgr. le Prince Napoléon et Mme. la Princesse Marie Clotilde Napoléon au Palais Royal,) which invitation I have accepted in a note written in French. . . . Their imperial highnesses are not on very good terms at the Tuileries, especially with the Empress, and were not at the ball on Wednesday. They are very friendly to America, and no doubt will make it very pleasant for me at the Palais Royal. Next Monday is also the opening of the Corps Législatif, which I hope to attend and hear the Emperor's address.

"January 24. I enjoyed two rare treats on the 22d. One was the opening of the French legislative session, and the other a dinner at the Palais Royal. The former is probably the most imposing and brilliant ceremonial to be seen in Europe. It took place in the grand hall of the Palais du Louvre, which is quite near—indeed connected with—the Tuileries. The hall, although large, has little more than room enough for the official dignitaries who have to be present. Hence only a very small number of spectators can be admitted, and to secure a ticket is a rare piece of good luck. Through the kindness and forethought of some of my friends who are on familiar terms at court, I got two tickets, went early and secured a good place to stand,—no seats being furnished for gentlemen,—where I could see and hear everything. The ceremony was appointed for one o'clock, yet the hall was crowded at eleven, so anxious were all to secure a good place. I went at ten, and

had a good time standing three hours in a dense crowd. Yet in spite of the fatigue I felt well paid. Besides the two houses of the legislature, all the officers of the state and church, judges of the courts, marshals and admirals of the army and navy, and all the imperial family, and the whole diplomatic corps, were present, all in their official robes. It would be difficult to imagine a more brilliant scene. The galleries were mostly occupied by ladies in *toilette de ville*, but many of them very rich and brilliant, yet entirely cast in the shade by the gilded trappings of their (lords) below. . . .

«The dinner at the Palais Royal was not what was first intended, on account of the death of the Prince of Savoy, brother of the Princess Clotilde. The latter did not receive her guests, and no ladies were present. All were informed of the change the day before the dinner.

«The party consisted of only about twenty gentlemen, very select, of course. Mr. Bigelow and myself were the only Americans present. He was seated on the right and I on the left of the prince. The other gentlemen took their seats by chance. The table-service was very fine, everything except the wine-glasses being of silver and gold. The dinner was an ordinary good French dinner, but inferior to many I have eaten at the houses of wealthy Americans in Paris. It was served and disposed of in the way the prince does everything—that is, with rather inconvenient haste. We were not at the table more than an hour and a half at the most. The spice of the evening came after dinner. In the prince's private parlor, over a good glass of punch and cigar, the Frenchmen discussed French and American politics with a freedom that would have done honor to an American club-room. The prince is very much of a democrat, and believes in freedom of speech. In his palace you can say what you please, the Emperor to the contrary notwithstanding. They handled the Emperor's speech in a manner that would, no doubt, have astonished him greatly had he heard it. All showed a very gratifying feeling of admiration and friendship for the United States, which had also the merit of being evidently sincere. Altogether it was one of the most pleasant evenings I have spent in Paris.»

Every shade of political opinion in Paris was represented among the guests. I have said that political discussion seemed to be entirely unrestrained, but there was one exception, when a remark which savored of disloyalty to the empire was rebuked by the prince.

In the Emperor's address, his future policy in respect to Mexico had been hinted at in the words: «[Our expedition] *touche à son terme*.» The declared purpose of speedily terminating the intervention in Mexico having been applauded by all, the prince inquired pointedly of me whether, in my opinion, the Emperor's declaration would be satisfactory to the United States, and received the unreserved reply that it would, as I believe, be accepted as entirely satisfactory.

In my report to Mr. Seward of January 24 I expressed the belief that even his enemies in France would not be disposed to embarrass the Emperor in respect to Mexico, «well satisfied to see him get out of that country by any means, and thus avoid war with the United States»; and I ventured the suggestion that «this course would also seem wise on our part.» In my letter of the same date to General Grant I said:

«You will get by this mail Napoleon's speech delivered at the opening of the French legislative session. I was present and heard the speech delivered. That part of it relating to Mexico and the United States was received with very general tokens of approbation, while most of the remainder met with a cold reception. I have since heard it discussed very freely by many prominent men of all shades of political opinion, among other the Prince Napoleon. All seem to recognize the falsity of the Emperor's assumptions where he says: (In Mexico the government founded by the will of the people is consolidating itself,) etc. Yet his statements are, no doubt, believed by a large majority of the French people, and therefore afford him a very good reason for yielding to the demand, made in common by the people of France and the United States, that his intervention in Mexico shall be brought to an end. This is the logic of his position and his solution of his difficulty, viz.: to assert that he has accomplished the object of his expedition to Mexico, and hence to end it. While we laugh at the absurdity of his premises, we can hardly find fault with his conclusion, and hence it is not worth while to criticize any part of his argument. Rather I think it well to let him make the most of his audacity in the creation of convenient facts. The opinion seems to be universal here that the Emperor is sincere in his declarations of intention as to Mexico; indeed, that he has adopted the policy of making the strongest possible bid for the friendship of the United States. It is certainly easy to derive such an opinion from his speech, and I am strongly inclined to believe it correct. Yet we cannot

forget the fact that in his speech of last year he used quite as strong language as to the speedy termination of his Mexican expedition. Hence I shall indulge in some doubt until I see the actual development of his present plans. I have no idea that Napoleon believes that Maximilian can remain long in Mexico after the French troops are withdrawn; but it is very important for him, in order to give some appearance of truth to his assumed grounds of action, that Maximilian be allowed to stay there some time without French aid. And for this reason he wants some assurance of neutrality from the government of the United States. Prince Napoleon and others with whom I have conversed express the decided opinion that Maximilian will come away with Marshal Bazaine, in spite of all the Emperor may say to induce him to try to stand alone. This, I apprehend, will be the difficulty, and may cause much delay, unless the United States kindly lend a helping hand. Would it not be wise for us to abstain for a few months from all interference, direct or indirect, and thus give Napoleon and Maximilian time to carry out their farce? Mexico would thus be rid of the French flag in the least possible time. If the French troops come also, Juarez can easily dispose of Maximilian at any time. If they succeed in getting the French troops to remain as colonists, then the United States can easily find a good reason for disposing of the whole matter, and Napoleon will not dare to interfere. . . . An officer of the Emperor's household left here about ten days ago with despatches for Mexico which, it is understood, contained the Emperor's declaration to Maximilian of his intention to recall his troops. This will give you some idea of the time when the matter may be arranged if all works well.»

My views relative to the purposes of the French government appear to have been concurred in by Mr. Bigelow at the time, as shown in his official despatches afterward published, and adopted by Mr. Seward in his subsequent correspondence with the French minister at Washington. They were soon afterward confirmed by the official announcement which the French minister was authorized to make to the government of the United States. While awaiting further instructions in reply to my report of January 24, I occupied my time in visits to the south of France, Italy, Switzerland, and England.

Some of the personal incidents connected with my stay in Paris seem worthy of record. Soon after my arrival in Paris, in company with Mr. Bigelow I called upon Marshal Ran-

don, Minister of War, who was the only minister of the French government then in Paris. We were received with cold and formal politeness. Some days later, the Emperor having returned to Paris and having apparently become satisfied that I was not occupied with any designs hostile to France, I received a very courteous letter from the Minister of War, dated December 13, and addressed to Mr. Bigelow; and Captain Guzman, the officer therein named, reported to me immediately. Under the guidance of this accomplished officer I saw in the most agreeable manner all the military establishments about Paris. These courtesies were acknowledged in a letter dated February 25, 1866, addressed to Mr. Bigelow.

My presentation to the Emperor and Empress occurred, as described in the private letter printed above, at one of those brilliant occasions at the Tuileries for which the second empire was famous. In conversing with the Emperor, he especially desired to know something of the operations of the American armies, and their marvelous methods of supply at great distances from a base of operations. I remember two incidents of this grand entertainment, not referred to in my letter, which were peculiar as viewed from the republican standpoint. As supper-time approached, the officers of the Imperial Guard and other military men anticipated the hour appointed for their refreshment by occupying in full force the supper-room prepared for the great dignitaries of state and church. Another instance was still more striking. Soon after their Majesties entered the main salon, the Empress, surrounded by the ladies of the court, took her seat upon a platform raised several steps above the floor, from which she could conveniently view the beautiful dance in which American girls and French officers were engaged. There was present the wife of one of the most prominent statesmen of the United States, who had been presented to their Majesties. She was a lady who would, as a matter of course, have been invited to a place of honor near the wife of the President of the United States at any public reception at the White House. This lady, not naturally strong and evidently much fatigued, ventured to occupy one of the only seats available, namely, one of the many vacant steps leading to the elevated platform on which the Empress and her few attendants were seated. This was a breach of imperial etiquette that could not be tolerated. A court official requested the lady, very politely of course, but very firmly, to come down from

the too exalted place she had assumed near the foot of the throne. These two incidents suggested very forcibly that republican institutions teach much better than imperial the rules of deference and respect and the laws of etiquette which ought to govern the intercourse between all sorts and conditions of men and women.

Among the many grand entertainments in Paris in the winter of 1865-66, one at least was entirely above criticism from the American standpoint. It was a fancy-dress ball at the palace of one of the ministers of state. The hostess was an American lady by birth, and intensely loyal to her native country. The principal feature of the entertainment consisted of a parade in which the costumes were made to represent all the nations, tribes, and peoples of the earth. The two leading characters were France and the United States, seated upon beautifully decorated cars drawn respectively by French and American sailors. The ladies chosen by the patriotic hostess to represent these two characters were two radiantly beautiful American girls, the older representing France, and the younger America. This entertainment was characterized by generous refreshments for all who desired, at all hours of the night, and closed with a delicious breakfast at six o'clock in the morning.

It gives me great pleasure to record here, as I did in my correspondence at the time, the great courtesy, the kindness, and the charming hospitality shown me by Mr. Bigelow and his amiable family during my stay in Paris. Mr. Adams, United States minister at London, was also exceedingly kind, inviting a very distinguished company to meet me at dinner, taking me to several charming entertainments, and presenting me to the Prince of Wales, who then received in place of the Queen. General King at Rome, and Mr. Marsh at Florence, also entertained me very cour-

teously during my short stay at those places. The warmth of greeting by Americans everywhere, and the courteous reception by all foreigners whom I met, lent a peculiar charm to the first visit of a Union soldier among those who had watched from a distance the great American conflict.

I now have the satisfaction of knowing, in the light of subsequent events, that whatever my mission to France contributed toward the solution of the momentous question of that day was wisely directed in the interest of peace at home, continued friendship with our former allies, the people of France, and the relief of an American republic from foreign domination; these great blessings were combined in the final result.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the able and patriotic statesmanship displayed by Secretary Seward in his treatment of the French violation of the Monroe doctrine.

Early in May, 1866, I received from Mr. Seward his final reply to my report of January 24, in which he said: "The object for which you were detailed to visit Europe having been sufficiently accomplished, there is considered to be no further occasion for you to remain in that quarter in the service of this department." Whereupon I returned to the United States, and reported at the State Department on the 4th of June.

The condition of the Franco-Mexican question at the time of my return from Europe was not regarded as quite satisfactory in one particular—namely, in the time fixed by Napoleon for the recall of his troops, which was considered too remote. But this was a point which could be settled by official correspondence, and there was manifestly no further occasion for my offices in either of the ways which had been contemplated in behalf of Mexico. Subsequent events in Mexico included the sad fate of Maximilian and the sadder fate of Carlotta.

John M. Schofield.





THE FALL OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

AS RELATED TO FRENCH INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.



HAVE always thought that the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty at Sedan in 1870 was due to Louis Napoleon's intervention in Mexico. But further to confirm this opinion I laid my views on the subject before competent persons who knew a great deal more about the events causing the crushing defeat of 1870 than myself. One of these was Señor Luis Maneyro, a Mexican gentleman who lived for many years in France; who resided there during the inception, progress, and termination of the intervention, acting both before and after the intervention as Mexican consul at Bordeaux; and who kept himself very well posted about the political affairs of that country. Another gentleman whose opinion I regarded as carrying great weight was Mr. John Bigelow, United States minister to France during the same period. I received answers from both gentlemen, which I do not feel at liberty to publish, altogether confirming my views. I append here a copy of the memorandum which I submitted to both gentlemen for their criticism.

MEMORANDUM.

THE defeat of the French army under General Lorencez at Puebla, on May 5, 1862, and more particularly the complete failure of the French intervention in Mexico, ending with the withdrawal of the French army, and the fall and execution of Maximilian in 1867, were, in my opinion, the origin and the principal cause of the humiliation of France in 1870, and the consequent downfall of Louis Napoleon. It seems to me that the French emperor, artfully using the controlling power of France to further his own ends, was always eager and ready to take part in the international troubles arising in Europe, and very naturally the side to which he allied himself was in every instance the victorious one. Napoleon always made the best use of his victories, which gave him great prestige, thereby increasing proportionately his moral

influence. He was considered by Europe as a great political genius who was leading France in the pathway of greatness and prosperity, and who could make no mistakes; and he became in fact the arbiter of the destinies of that continent. His military defeat in Mexico in 1862, the first one he had suffered, and which showed that he did not possess the foresight with which he was credited, and his moral and political defeat in 1867, caused by the fall and execution of Maximilian, showed the thinking men of the world that he also could fall into errors of judgment, and that he was not by any means the great man he had been supposed to be, causing him at once to descend from the high pedestal upon which his former successes had placed him.

Men like Prince Bismarck saw that his reputation was usurped, and that he was not greatly above the average mortal, and prepared to strike the decisive blow which was dealt to him by Prussia in 1870. To deal this blow, Prince Bismarck took advantage of the complicated situation which Napoleon had created for himself in Mexico, by declaring in 1866 that war against Austria which ended with the battle of Sadowa, thus strengthening Prussia, and putting her at the head of the North German Confederation at a time when Napoleon, engaged in Mexico, and in imminent danger of becoming involved in difficulties with the United States, could not well take part in that contest without running serious risks. The talent of Prince Bismarck consisted in taking advantage of the right moment. If Napoleon had not been engaged with the Mexican intervention, he undoubtedly would have taken the side either of Austria or of Prussia, and the war would have terminated in favor of the power backed by France, with territorial advantages for the latter; and thus he would have increased his reputation as a sagacious statesman. But had Napoleon supported either power, the probabilities are that the matter would have been settled without any war, or, if a war had broken out, it would have ended

in favor of the allies of France. All this was swept away with the terrible collapse of 1867, which brought about his humiliation at Sedan and the fall of the empire.

It is true that before declaring war on Austria, Bismarck obtained assurances from Napoleon that he would remain neutral; but the difficulties in which the French emperor had involved himself by his Mexican venture decided his course in this case, and Prince Bismarck knew very well that while the Mexican scheme was pending the Emperor

of the French could not well afford to take part in any other undertaking of a serious character.

I believe that future historians, looking at these events without passion or prejudice, and inspired by a desire to present facts as they really are, can reason only in this way. Mexico will have, as a reparation for the injustice done her by the French intervention, the sad satisfaction of having been the prime factor in the emancipation of Europe from the Napoleonic rule.

Matias Romero.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREECE.



OUR country is certainly more democratic than the United States," the Crown Prince of Greece once said to me, in the midst of a conversation about the political institutions of his country. He was surely right, if the remark be applied to the social and political instincts of the Greek people. No more naturally and unaffectedly democratic people exists under the sun than the Greek. Not only are there no aristocratic titles, but there is no apparent consciousness, in the ordinary life and manners, of the existence of social barriers. The village demarch sits placidly and comfortably with the other villagers and the peasants in the café or *bakdli*; the cabman who served you yesterday does not omit to give you from his box a graceful salute as he passes you on the street; no humbleness of occupation or of presumed station in life deters one man from greeting another whom he meets on the road or in the square, or from beginning the frankest and freest conversation. The reserve and cautious, if not bashful, self-respect of the Anglo-Saxon commonly interprets this Greek freedom at the first as bald effrontery. In the judgment of the newcomer the Greek commonly gains the credit of being what the American collegian would call "decidedly fresh." In reality it is part and parcel of the national courtesy, tintured and conditioned, to be sure, by the equally national curiosity. Democracy is no affectation. The bashfulness which springs from suspicion of barriers is unknown.

And yet Greece is a monarchy. On the whole, the people are well satisfied that it should be. To be sure, that form of government was not from the first of their own choosing.

The revolutionary government from 1821 to 1830 had been republican; but in 1830 the powers, under whose protection the Greek nationality was able to achieve existence, decreed that its government should be a hereditary monarchy. It has not always been an easy throne for a king to sit upon, but at no time has the ruling family been more firmly entrenched in the good will of the nation than it is to-day. Otho of Bavaria was proclaimed the first king in 1832. The revolution of 1843 compelled the king to grant a constitution. Nineteen years longer he held the throne, until in 1862 a storm of discontent drove him and the efficient—almost too efficient—Queen Amalia from the country. Now, a generation later, a reaction in popular sentiment has placed the names of Otho and Amalia among the great benefactors of the land, and almost on a level with those of its liberators. Democracy had driven out one king, but it did not hesitate to call for another. It, indeed, proceeded to choose one. The plebiscite taken in 1862 resulted in the choice, probably in deference to the then prevailing admiration for British institutions, of the Duke of Edinburgh by a vote of 230,016 in a poll of 238,654. The powers, debarred by the terms of their agreement from accepting him, selected Prince William George, son of the reigning King of Denmark, Christian IX, as the successor, and since 1863 he has held the throne under the title of George I. He was scarcely eighteen years old when he came to the throne. The historical and social conditions were entirely new to him, and the whole situation was such as to have offered the severest test for even the most experienced. The hot-headed impulsiveness of the people, and their natural inclination to an individualism savoring of lawlessness and chafing

at orderly restraint; the restless intensity of political agitation, coupled with a ruthless freedom of speech and of the press that paid no heed to dignities or dignitaries; the unsettled character of society and social life; the financial difficulties which continually beset the government—all these combined to give the head which wore the crown of Greece no easy rest.

That the thirty-three years of his reign have, in spite of all this, been on the whole successful, and have resulted in establishing him and his house in a securer tenure to-day than they have at any previous time enjoyed, is due in large measure to the cool good sense with which the King from the very first accepted the situation and adjusted himself to it. He is not, in the ordinary use of the term, a great man. He is preëminently a man of sagacity and practical wisdom, a shrewd man. His own private affairs he has managed with remarkable skill. Rumor has it that his ventures on the bourse have been eminently successful. Out of his by no means lavish income he has managed to accumulate a reasonable fortune, which, in good prudence, he has invested outside the country. It is no uncommon subject of adverse criticism among the Greeks that he has treated his office as an employment from which to get gain; and yet, canny gain-getters as they are themselves, they really respect him the more for his prudence. The King is too practically minded a man ever to have concealed from himself a clear recognition of the fact that he had in reality been charged with the direction and administration of what was, in some of its chief aspects, a business enterprise. Sentiment was in play, to be sure, and nowhere more than in Greece; but, after all, that might be viewed as part of the assets, and used as such. He was a foreigner and of entirely alien blood. In religion he remained a Lutheran, though to the Greek the Orthodox Church is a phase of the state, and loyalty to it an essential of patriotism. He could not expect the loyalty of the people toward him to be grounded on sentiment. He followed, therefore, the course of wisdom when, not eschewing the appeal to patriotism and the national sentiment if it could be of service, he still preferred to vindicate his right to rule in proving himself a wise and helpful counselor and leader. This he has done. The feeling of the people toward him includes little of the sentiment of personal attachment. Their attitude toward his family, however, notably toward the princes, who were born and have grown up on Greek

soil, is appreciably different. Yet they as well as the King are commonly criticized as cold, indifferent, and lacking in fire and spirit. This is nothing more or less than the contrast of temper between the Southman and the Northman.

Fortunate it is, indeed, for Greece that her passions are subject sometimes to the Northman's check. In their subservience to the sway of impulse and passion the Greeks are the veriest children. The only one of their own statesmen who could long control or guide them was Trikoupis, and he was half Anglo-Saxon in blood, and almost entirely English in training and temper. His coolness, his persistency of purpose, and his fine rationality, joined to an unselfish love of his fatherland which no one could mistake, gave him his power. The intimate personal relations existing between him and the King had been the means of great advantage to the state; and the breach between them, due chiefly to personal and private matters which have never yet been made public, led to Trikoupis's fall, and the loss of the brightest political hope of Greece. The immediate outcome has, however, contrary to all expectation, proved to be the great enhancement of the political importance of the King. There are no great political leaders. Deliyannis, the present premier, is merely a practical politician, devoid of principles or programs. He has maintained his political life in the past by catering to personal support and profiting by the mistakes of Trikoupis. His programs have been, as a witty Greek put it, merely those of Trikoupis "with misprints." The King can virtually control Deliyannis; therefore to-day the King rules.

Strange to say, there has been an increasing popular demand in late years that the King should intervene more vigorously in state affairs. The complaint is often heard that he takes too little interest in the government. The fact is that the King, wisely gaging the temper of his people, knows well enough that it is best for him, so far as possible, to rule without appearing to rule. This he is doing to-day. He allows the ministry to assume the apparent responsibility, but *he* really rules. Deliyannis is a lay-figure. It is certainly much to the credit of the King that the gradual increase of his powers and influence in recent years has come as the result of popular demand. Much of this demand arises from weariness of politicians, but some surely from confidence in him.

Personally the King is a sociable, companionable man, fond of a joke, particularly

susceptible to the flavor of American humor, and not at all stringent in the minutiae of official etiquette; he sometimes gives one the impression that he will be glad when the formal part of the ceremony is over. He is often seen walking in the parks or on the sidewalks of his capital, and in the seclusion of his garden rejoices in the use of an American bicycle, which no interpretation of royal license would permit him to ride upon the highways. He is, however, a rigid disciplinarian, and his children have been brought up to feel the full force of the authority of the Teutonic house-father. The Crown Prince, now twenty-eight years old and father of a family, still looks to him, as do all his other children, for permission and advice in regard to all their goings and comings.

The King's natural sympathies and tastes lead him toward France. It is in Paris that he loves best of all to spend his weeks of relaxation. Germany has little charm for him, and no wonder, Dane as he is. For him the person of the present German emperor adds nothing to the attractiveness of Berlin. Between them there is a deep gulf fixed. They are unlike by nature, and the unfortunate family differences that arose from the German emperor's expressed dislike of his sister's action when, after her marriage with the Greek crown prince, she entered the Greek Church, have made the gap impassable.

As uncle of the present Czar of Russia, brother of the Princess of Wales, and son of the King of Denmark, his connections are such as to furnish Greece decided aid in its relations to the other powers of Europe. That his son is brother-in-law of the unaccountable Wilhelm II seems, however, only to have aided in provoking the most determined hostility of Germany to all Greek interests.

The Queen is a Russian, and a Russian with heart and soul. She never fails to show the warmth of her allegiance, whether it be to individuals, to political interests, or to religion. She is a most devoted adherent of the Russian Church. The ministrations of the church she generally receives at a little Russian chapel specially constructed for her use in the palace, but on the great feast days she attends the Russian church in the city. The King regularly attends a Lutheran service held in the royal chapel and conducted by the court chaplains in German. The princes and princesses, however, are all adherents of the national Greek Church.

Almost as diverse are the linguistic con-

ditions. The Queen does not speak Danish freely, nor the King Russian. Hence when by themselves they converse in German. Both speak English and French freely. In the family of the Crown Prince English is the established language. When the whole family is together it is made the rule that Greek shall be used at table, but at other times English or German is the usual language.

Fortunately the Queen's enthusiasm for Russian interests is not shared by her sons. They not only feel the danger which Russian advances in the Orient bring to Greece, but they have at heart no sympathy with the political ideas and institutions which Russia represents. Particularly is this so with the Crown Prince, whose tendency in recent years is strongly toward sympathy with England and English institutions.

That Queen Olga is a strong, true, noble woman one learns not only from her face and bearing, and from her active interest in all good works of mercy and charity, but from the children she has borne and reared. Of these are living six: Constantine, Duke of Sparta, the Crown Prince, born 1868; George, born 1869; Nikolas, born 1872; Marie, born 1876, and betrothed last year to the Russian Grand Duke Georges-Mikhailovitch; Andreas, born 1882; Christopher, born 1888.

Nikolas, the pet of the family, is a young gentleman of quiet refinement, English in manners and bearing. George, a great, hearty, noble son of the Anakim, is the one most popular with the masses. He is a born leader of men, forceful, commanding, ready of decision, not given to fine discriminations, cordial and democratic in manner. Strongly distinguished from him is his brother Constantine. They complement each other. Constantine is slow of decision, quiet and reflective in temper. The Greeks often think him dull. It is his conscientious caution which gives him this appearance. His real character is one of serious purpose and great fixity of determination. Once he has clearly conceived and determined on a plan of action, no one could be more firm or more skilful than he in execution. He is a patient student of details and an admirable executive. The success of the Olympic games of 1896 is to be largely attributed not only to his personal influence, but to his ability in organizing and directing. Nobility of purpose, firmness of character, and a quiet, winning refinement of demeanor, unite in him to make a personality which is to-day the fairest hope of the Greek nation.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.



Glimpse of a "pacified"
Cretan Village.



Our Turkish
Cavalry Escort.



A Cretan Chief.



An Arab
Mule-driver.



Bishop's
Throne in
the Church of
Chrysospega.



Harbor Scene at Canea.

CRETE, THE ISLAND OF DISCORD.

THE famous island of Minos and Epimenides, where Zeus himself was born on Mount Ida, was nurtured, and even, according to the legend, was buried,—the «pearl of the Mediterranean,» whose «hundred cities» sent their contingents to the Grecian camp before the walls of Troy,—has once more attracted the attention of all who can sympathize with a gallant struggle for liberty.

The peculiarly favorable position of the island, situated at the junction of three continents, as it were, and commanding the coasts of all three, has invested it from the earliest times with an importance such as neither Sicily, Sardinia, nor Cyprus, although much larger in area, ever attained. While forming in prehistoric times a stepping-stone for Egyptian and Asiatic civilization in its progress toward the shores of Greece, Crete remained throughout antiquity singularly free from any close political connection with Egypt, Asia, or Greece. This insularity is to this day one of the marked characteristics of the Cretan people; and without accepting the view that they are the purest descendants extant of the Hellenes of the eighth century B. C., we must regard them nevertheless as one of the most interesting branches of the Greek race. Unfortunately, the gravest defects of the ancient Greek character were nowhere so pronounced as in Crete; and we are told that its history throughout antiquity was one continuous chain of civil strife, carried on with a savageness and bitterness of animosity exceeding all that was known in the rest of Greece. This political depravity was attended by such a degeneracy of morals as to render the name of «Cretan» a synonym for nearly every vice.

Finally the internal feuds of the Cretan cities became so violent that they all decided to invite Philip V of Macedonia to assume a protectorate over Crete. But Philip was soon entangled in his mighty struggle with Rome, and the Cretans were again left to their own devices. We next hear of them as formidable brigands and pirates, in the latter aspect second only to the Cilicians, and allied with the great Mithridates against Rome. Crete was the last section of Greece to bow to the Roman supremacy, just as, seventeen centuries later, it was the last Greek province to succumb to the Moslem conqueror.

It was not till 823 A. D. that the island fell into the hands of the infidels. A band of Andalusian Saracens, discontented with the climate or the government of Spain, appeared in the Levant, and after infesting Lower Egypt for eight whole years, sailed across to Crete with forty galleys, and after a short struggle became complete masters of the island. These Saracens of Crete, now called Candia, became as licentious corsairs as ever the natives had been in the past; and repeated expeditions sent by the emperors of Constantinople failed to dislodge them until the tenth century. Had Crete remained under Arab rule until the beginning of the thirteenth century, it is doubtful whether there would have been anything left of the Hellenic element in the island. By the reestablishment of Greek supremacy, the Greek population was once more strengthened and revived throughout a period of two hundred and fifty years, to a degree that carried it safely over six centuries of Venetian and Turkish rule, until the general uprising of the Hellenic race in 1821.

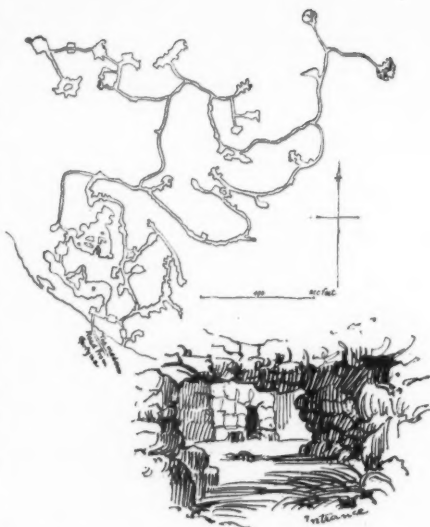
The Venetian supremacy in the island was maintained only by means of immense sacrifices and gigantic efforts. The revolts of 1212, 1213, 1217, 1219, 1228-34, 1251, 1271-77, 1283-99, 1319, 1333, 1341, and 1365, aided at first by the envious Genoese, later by the rehabilitated emperors of Constantinople, were in each case repressed with unsparing severity, Venice justly regarding Crete as the key to her dominion in the Levant and the bulwark of her trade with the far East.

It was in 1645 that the twenty-four years' struggle in Crete began between Turk and Venetian, which ended in the triumph of the crescent. The Cretans themselves, worn out with the cruelties of their Christian masters, looked with indifference at the approaching collision, feeling that even the Turkish yoke could not be worse than the Venetian. Nevertheless, at the last moment a large number of Cretan chieftains threw in their lot with the latter, and took an active and heroic part in the defense of the three large towns. Canea fell into the hands of the Turks in 1645, Retimo in the following year, and in 1648 Candia was completely invested by land, the defense lasting for nearly twenty-one years under the famous Francesco Morosini. The artillery of the defenders was handled

by the most experienced engineers of Venice and of France, while the Cretan archers, as redoubtable as in ancient times, poured their deadly showers upon the assailants. But skill and valor were at length forced to yield before the overwhelming numerical superiority of the Moslems, and on September 18, 1669, the capitulation was signed. The Venetians are said to have lost during the entire siege 30,000 killed and wounded, the Turks 120,000; the Turks made 56 assaults, and the Venetians 86 sorties; the Turks exploded 462 mines, the Venetians 1163. Three fortified places—Spinalonga, near the northeastern end of the island; Grabusa, perched on a precipitous cliff at the northwestern end; and the small islet at the entrance to Suda Bay—were occupied by Venetian garrisons for many years. But these, too, were evacuated in the course of time, Spinalonga being the last, in 1717.

Crete was the last of the Turkish conquests in Europe; yet the island, which was imperfectly conquered at the beginning, has since been retained in subjection only by an enormous expenditure of blood and treasure. Until 1869 the Turkish troops never succeeded in penetrating into the elevated regions of the interior, and the fierce mountaineers of Sphakia and Apokorona, secure in their rocky strongholds, have ever been ready to fly to arms on the slightest provocation. Through motives of fear or of self-interest, about one third of the Greek population embraced the creed of the Turkish conquerors, and, as usually happens in such cases, became worse Turks than the Turks themselves.

The ill-starred Greek rising of 1770—a premature movement instigated by Russia—was joined in by the Sphakiot Cretans, but no general uprising took place in the island. It was therefore natural that in the great war for Greek independence (1821-9) Crete took an active part. Matters were precipitated by the massacre of several thousand Christians by the Mussulmans, in the three principal towns, in June, 1821. The Cretans flew to arms, led by the indomitable Sphakiots, and in a few months had cleared the country-side of Mussulmans, established a local government, and elected deputies to the National Assembly of Greece. But internal dissensions, and the arrival of a powerful Egyptian army and fleet to reinforce the demoralized janizaries, destroyed the advantages thus gained, and led to a speedy failure of the movement. Thousands of Cretans went over to the Greek mainland to fight more effectively for the national cause. These Cretan volunteers, with



THE LABYRINTH OF GORTYNA: ENTRANCE AND GROUND PLAN.

There are to this day several intricate subterranean excavations in various parts of Crete, which approach one's conception of the mythical labyrinth of the Minotaur, Theseus, and Ariadne. One of these is that at Gortyna, probably a quarry, whose tortuous windings are depicted above. Here, in every Cretan revolution, hundreds of women and children found a safe refuge for months together. A similar labyrinth is that at Cnossus; a third, the Cave of Melidoni, where several hundred Cretan fugitives took refuge in 1822, and were suffocated by the smoke of the fire which the Turks kindled at the entrance.

the warlike Maniotes and the fierce Roumeliotes, formed the flower of the patriot armies of the eight years' struggle; and a strong body of Cretans was utterly cut to pieces rather than give way in the bloody battle of Phaleron, May 6, 1827. After the battle of Navarino, however, Crete made a fresh effort for liberty under Kallergis. Once more the Moslems were driven back into the three walled towns, and were on the point of abandoning the island when Europe decided to hand it over to Mehemet Ali, viceroy of Egypt, who promptly invested it with a large army. The Egyptian régime was at first a relief to the suffering Cretans, for order was restored, political organization was introduced, and the privileged position of the Mussulman minority was abolished. But Mehemet's barbaric instincts for oppression and extortion soon got the better of his dread of Christian Europe, and the result was the revolts of 1833 and 1840, which he suppressed with an iron hand; yet he was forced to restore the island to his suzerain the Sultan. Another insurrection followed in 1858, which was ended only by the promise

of reforms—this marking the beginning of that outrageous Turkish game of reform-promising which has caused untold misery in Crete, as in Armenia, and will continue to do so as long as Turkish duplicity is tolerated by six great Christian powers.

The promises made in 1858 were never fulfilled. This brought on the insurrection of 1866-9, which cost the tyrants \$27,000,000, and was perhaps the bloodiest Cretan revolt in this century. One of the most noteworthy, though not strategically important, events of this struggle was the tragic catastrophe at the monastery of Arkadi, where about 200 insurgents, with 800 women and children, were besieged by a Turkish army of 23,000 men; and after the walls had been battered down by the Turkish artillery, and the place carried by assault, the besieged blew up themselves and their victors by igniting their powder-magazine. Of the Christians only 100 remained alive, while the Turks lost over 2000 men. They lost another 10,000 on two expeditions into the interior against Theriso and Sphakia; and Omar Pasha, who succeeded Mustapha as generalissimo, lost another 25,000 men in a couple of months' campaigning in the Sphakia district. The elastic system of warfare adopted by the Cretans—namely, drawing the Turks into mountain passes and then smiting them hip and thigh—worked so admirably that at the close of 1867 the Turks were practically confined to the three walled towns. By sea a squadron of thirty Turkish war-ships maintained a blockade, which three fast Greek steamers found no difficulty whatever in running, making regular weekly trips back and forth between Greece and the island, and landing arms, supplies, and volunteers within sight of the Turkish ships.

Finally, however, Hobart Pasha, an Englishman in the Turkish service, tightened the blockade so effectually that little support from outside could reach the insurgents. The latter became exhausted; and through the intrigues of Russia, who wished to avert any success of the Hellenic element in the East, and, singularly enough, then, as in 1896, found an easy dupe in the Greek government itself, the insurrection bubbled slowly away. The Grand Vizier himself came over to Crete, and the Cretans were persuaded to barter away the strong prospect of union with Greece for a measure of local self-government, known as the Organic Statute of 1869, which has proved a veritable Nessus gift to the unfortunate Cretans.

The year 1878 witnessed another insurrec-

tion, in which the usual barbarities were committed on both sides. Eventually the Cretan chiefs applied for the mediation of England; and under the auspices of the consul, the convention known as the Pact of Halépa was drawn up in the suburb of Canea which bears that name, and was sanctioned by the Porte. It was based upon the Organic Statute of 1869, which had meanwhile been confirmed by Article 23 of the treaty of Berlin. Among its more important provisions was the requirement that the governor-general of the island should henceforth be a Christian, appointed by the Porte for a term of five years.

The privileges obtained by the Halépa Pact relieved the Cretans from a large part of that grinding tyranny that is exercised by the "unspeakable" Turk in all other parts of his dominions, except Samos, but only to introduce the evils of a parliamentary régime among a people utterly unprepared for it. Political parties now sprang up in the Cretan Assembly,— "Liberals" and "Conservatives," so called,—for no other visible reason than that there *must* be two opposing factions, each struggling for the upper hand in the administration. Political life thus became a scramble for the sweets of office, and the party which was beaten in the Assembly habitually conspired against the governor-general with his enemies at Constantinople, and in many cases with the Mohammedan military governor, who invariably aspired to supersede his Christian chief.

In this warfare of factions the Mussulman Cretans took part almost as eagerly as their Christian kinsmen, not, however, as a distinct party, but divided pretty equally between the two camps mentioned above. In fact, this political grouping might have had a most salutary effect in tending to obliterate the old religious hatred, had the Cretans as a race possessed the self-restraint essential to the working of parliamentary institutions. As it was, party strife absorbed the attention of the Cretans, to the exclusion of all thought on the material improvement of the island or the development of its abundant resources.

The next crisis occurred in 1889, under Sartinski Pasha, a governor of Polish extraction. The Conservatives, who had long been in power, having lost their majority, the governor conceived it to be his duty, according to constitutional principles, to bestow a number of appointments on the Liberals. The Conservatives replied by taking up arms and withdrawing to the mountains. Many of the native Mussulman bays, or landed aristocrats, clung to the Conservative party even

after this departure from Canea; but once the insurrection was lighted, the old half-dormant religious fanaticism became inflamed on both sides. In the space of a few months 8896 dwelling-houses, 152 schools, 57 mosques, and 14 churches were burned, and much valuable property was destroyed.

What the Christians had won in the way of political privileges through the two preceding insurrections the movement of 1889 destroyed for the greater part. The Porte acted for once with promptitude, and, as ever, with true Turkish duplicity. Aware that the Cretans invariably take the watchword from Athens, the Ottoman government besought M. Tricoupis, who was then at the head of Greek affairs, to persuade the insurgents not to resist the occupation of the important strategical posts in the island by the Turkish troops. Tricoupis, strangely unsuspecting of Asiatic perfidy, complied with the request without exacting any guaranty for the Porte's good faith; and the latter, once master of the situation, repaid him with the imperial firman of November, 1889, whereby the Pact of Halépa was well-nigh completely abrogated. Martial law was proclaimed throughout the island; Shakir Pasha, a Mussulman and a soldier, was appointed both civil and military governor; the number of deputies in the Assembly was reduced in a way which strengthened the Mussulman wing out of all proportion to the population; elections were henceforth to be on the indirect (elector) system; and the whole of the island's customs revenue, which since 1887 had been divided equally between the imperial and the Cretan treasuries, was now appropriated by the Porte. The protests of Greece and of the Cretans against this reactionary arrangement were unavailing. Turkish troops and Albanian gendarmes, quartered in every village, held the island in utter subjection; and for the next five years Crete was ruled autocratically, and without any assembly, by a succession of Mohammedan governors. Elections under the new system were, indeed, ordered; but the Christians refused to go to the polls, and it was not till 1895 that this attitude of uncompromising protest was relaxed, when the powers persuaded the Porte to nominate a Christian governor in the person of Alexander Karatheodory, hitherto Prince of Samos. An assembly was finally elected and brought together, and both Christians and Mussulmans showed a laudable desire to coöperate in concerting measures for the public good. But their efforts were defeated by the senseless high-handed-

ness of the Porte, which rescinded several proposals, well suited to the requirements of the situation, that had been passed unanimously by the Cretan Assembly and ratified by the governor-general. The financial difficulty was the worst feature of the situation. Owing to the arbitrary appropriation by the Porte of the customs and other revenues, the salaries of public officials were long overdue, and the gendarmerie were on the verge of mutiny because of twelve months' arrears of pay. One may readily imagine what the state of public security was when such was the attitude of the police force in a land where murders of the vendetta type are frequent even in seasons of the most profound peace; and if one may believe an estimate derived from a non-Cretan source, some six hundred murders took place all over the island between September, 1895, and May, 1896. But the Porte shut its eyes obstinately to all the dangers of the situation, and Karatheodory's repeated remonstrances were not listened to.

It was about this time that the "Reform Committee" of Apokorona made its appearance—a band of disappointed office-seekers who had nothing to lose and much to gain by unfurling the standard of rebellion. Their demands centered in the restoration of the Halépa charter, but their efforts were not treated at first very seriously by the majority of the Christian population. But the infatuated conduct of the Porte in provoking collisions between the armed followers of the committee and the imperial troops—collisions which resulted repeatedly in the repulse of the latter—soon enhanced the committee's prestige, and ultimately inaugurated the revolution of 1896. The alarming increase of murders of Christians by Mussulmans, and *vice versa*, during the first months of 1896, and the immigration of the Mussulman rural population into the fortified towns, foreshadowed the coming storm. In March, Karatheodory, who had certainly done his best to remedy the situation, was recalled at his own request, and Turkhan Pasha, who had been governor of Crete at a previous period, was nominated as his successor. This appointment dissatisfied both Christians and Mussulmans; but it was felt, by the Christians at least, that the fault lay less with the person of the governor than in the short-sighted policy of the Porte, and this feeling was fully borne out by the events which followed. Although it was evident even to superficial observers that Crete was on the eve of revolution, and that the nucleus of armed

revolt gathered about the Reform Committee was growing rapidly, the Porte suddenly issued a decree postponing the opening of the Cretan Assembly, which had been fixed for April 29. This abrogation of the last remnant of the old privileges, of the only means by which a peaceful solution of the Cretan difficulty could have been worked out, served at once to drive even the moderate Cretans into the arms of the revolutionists. New importance was thus lent to the Reform Committee in its self-assumed character as the representative of the Christian population; and when, furthermore, a military force sent against the committee's camp was worsted at Selia, the committee assumed the offensive. The Turkish garrison of 1200 men at Vamos, the capital of the mountainous Apokorona district, was shut up in the fort there, and besieged for seventeen days, by a force of nearly 5000 Cretans, and would have been starved out had not Turkhan's successor, Abdullah Pasha, succeeded on May 29 in relieving them in the nick of time.

Meanwhile, on May 24, 25, and 26 serious bloodshed had taken place at Canea, where the Mussulmans attempted a general massacre of the Christians, and were thwarted in this undertaking only by the prompt arrival of British, French, and Russian war-ships. The revolution had begun, and the hurried revocation of the decree postponing the Assembly, which was telegraphed from Constantinople, was now insufficient to arrest it.

It is unnecessary to recount here the devastation of the whole coast district west of Canea by Abdullah's troops and the native Mussulman ruffians; the destruction of some fifty villages under the eyes of the European war-ships anchored outside Canea harbor; Abdullah's disastrous campaign into the Apokorona district; the Mussulman atrocities at Candia and vicinity; the formation of a provisional revolutionary government, and finally the intervention of the six signatory powers of the Berlin treaty, compelling the Sultan to restore to the Cretans their suppressed privileges, with several important improvements. As in previous insurrections, the Cretans received almost all their aid from free Greece; and in spite of the ostentatious cruising of three wheezy Turkish torpedo steamers between Crete and the nearest Greek islands, and the bustling show of neutrality on the part of the Greek government, arms, ammunition, and volunteers continued all summer to arrive in Crete, landing sometimes within twenty miles of Canea.

Even a body of ten young Greek officers, tired of clanking their useless sabers about the marble pavements of Athens, took «French leave,» and sailed away one fine night to Crete to help the insurgents. Public feeling in Greece ran so high that the government dared not place any real obstacle in the way of the support lent to the insurgents, although many measures were ostentatiously taken, to save appearances.

In the recent stormy debates in the Greek chamber on the government's policy in this last Cretan insurrection, the government was severely criticized by the speakers of the opposition for not having seized the opportunity, offered by the massacres of May 24, to send the Greek fleet, with a few regiments on board, to Crete, and drive out the few thousand Turkish troops before foreign powers could intervene or Turkish reinforcements arrive. No doubt a golden opportunity was thereby lost; for of the 8000 Turkish soldiers then in the island, over 1200 were shut up in Vamos, and the remainder concentrated at Canea. No further Turkish forces could have landed on the island without Greece's consent; for the old Turkish navy of 1868 has long since disappeared, and Greece can easily command the Ægean Sea with her small but efficient fleet. The Porte would not have ventured to declare war upon Greece, with Armenia, Macedonia, and the Lebanon on the verge of open rebellion; for the whole Eastern Question would have been reopened, calling for a readjustment, in which the Porte would have been the only loser. The powers were anything but agreed on Eastern matters, and in such disagreement lies a mine of strength for the smaller Eastern states. In a word, everything was propitious for the intervention of Greece in Crete. But it requires a hand of iron and a heart of oak to strike the blow at such a critical moment, and the only Greek statesman—Tricoupis—who was possessed of both had passed away at Cannes five weeks before.

This rare opportunity lost, the Greek government's only alternative was to advocate by diplomatic means the concession of some measure of autonomy to the Cretans. Yet here, too, the cabinet's courage failed them; and, as it appears, at the instigation of France and Russia (to whose counsels, unfortunately, M. Delyannis personally is apt to lend too willing an ear), the Greek government came to a private understanding with the Porte that the Halépa Convention, *pur et simple*, with all its proven unworkability, should be the price of the Cretans' submis-

sion. The Sultan offered the latter this magnificent boon by means of a proclamation, and the Greek consul at Canea struggled with the insurgent chiefs in behalf of its acceptance. But too much blood had been spilled and too many Christian villages destroyed to admit of a solution that would have been accepted willingly six months earlier; and it was not till the six great powers forced the Sultan to grant numerous and substantial improvements in the Halépa Charter that the Cretans consented to lay down their arms. The Greek insurgent movement in Macedonia, set on foot expressly as a diversion in favor of Crete, and the Armenian troubles at Constantinople, coincided to make the Sultan only too glad to compromise with the Cretans, and grant them a much more enduring measure of self-government than the Greek rulers, in their faint-heartedness, had thought it possible to demand.

The new charter was received by neither party in Crete with much enthusiasm, although both were secretly glad of a respite coming just in time to enable them to gather the olive-crop, which was unusually abundant. The exasperation of the Christians over the Mussulman atrocities, and the success of the insurgents' arms, had aroused among the Christians the hope of finally attaining the long-cherished goal of union with Greece, for which the new settlement seemed but a sorry substitute.

No one who visited the island during the autumn of 1896 can forget the sad picture of misery and ruin which unfolded itself before his eyes. As our cavalcade, escorted by a *peloton* of Turkish cavalry as far as the outposts, emerged from the main gate of Canea, nothing but devastated fields and burned cottages met our gaze. The Christians doubtless had some share in the destruction effected during the recent insurrection; for Cretans are no lambs, especially after centuries of the most maddening sufferings, and a Cretan insurrection always assumes the character of a war of reprisals. But the ravages of the Christians in 1896 were for the most part confined to the burning of several villages in the vicinity of Candia, after the revolting massacre of August 9 at Anopolis, where the Turks, among other atrocities, roasted a monk alive over a fire of sacred pictures, after cutting off his ears and nose.

Our journey led us through scenery the natural beauty of which can only be meagerly outlined. Crete approaches more nearly to one's conception of an earthly paradise than

any other part of Europe, notwithstanding the terrible waves of war and conquest that have swept over it in quick succession for five-and-twenty centuries. No other country offers to the eye such vivid and imposing contrasts of scenery. It is as if a block of Alpine landscape had been cast bodily into the Mediterranean, there to mirror its snow-clad crests, its dark, waving forests, and its green meadows upon the bosom of the blue waters.

Our party included three Christian deputies, who were the bearers of the text of the new charter to the insurgents' headquarters at Vamos. On the way, however, we were informed that they were not at Vamos, but at Campos, and were therefore obliged to alter our course in a more southerly direction. The news of the Sultan's accession to the Cretan demands had already been signaled to all parts of the island by beacon-fires from peak to peak several days before, just as of yore the tidings of the fall of Troy were flashed along the mountain-tops to Agamemnon's distant Argive home.

In half an hour after leaving the Turkish lines we arrived at the insurgents' outposts at Kontopoulo, and the whole garrison was soon grouped in a large semicircle under a wide-spreading plane-tree, while the new charter was read aloud and discussed with avidity. It was a striking group—from youths of fifteen to grandsires of sixty, most of them clad in the picturesque costume of the island (baggy dark-blue trousers, high boots, and a black kerchief twisted about the head), and each carrying his rifle and cartridge-belt. The Cretan's dearest possession is his rifle; all the men bear arms, and in times of disturbance such of them as have not gone to join the insurgent forces attend to their usual work with rifles in their hands.

When we arrived toward evening at Campos we found that the news of our approach had preceded us in the person of a fleet messenger lad from Kontopoulo; and as we entered the main street of the village the whole population greeted us, in true Cretan fashion, with salvos of musketry fired into the air.

The new charter was then read, and several speeches were made by some of the inevitable lawyer insurgents, each leaning upon his rifle; thereupon the gratification of the camp found vent in a furious discharge of rapid-fire musketry, which must have made an enormous hole in the camp ammunition. A gala open-air banquet followed, consisting of sheep (roasted whole, in Homeric fashion), fresh cheese, and a few raw vege-

tables, washed down with copious draughts of resinated wine in enthusiastic toasts to the welfare of Crete and to the dearest hope of the Cretans—union with Greece.

For it is no secret that the latter consumption alone can give the island that peace for which it has been struggling and bleeding for the past six hundred years. This must not be understood as implying that Greek rule is even approximately a model one. The present plight of the Greek kingdom, politically and financially, is indeed sorry. The Greeks took unto themselves parliamentary institutions fully a century too soon, and these have engendered among them a state of things not pleasant to look upon. Their reckless financial management has landed them in the slough of bankruptcy. Crete is in much the same predicament as free Greece, although not so much so through her own fault.

Crete, like Epirus, Cyprus, and the Archipelago, is indisputably destined to be united to the Greek kingdom; Macedonia, Thrace, and the coasts of Asia Minor are Greek territories whose possession is coveted by other, stronger powers, and only the providence of God can secure to them that union with the mother-country which they desire. The past year or two has witnessed a radical change in the international aspect of the Eastern Question. Bulgaria, so long the pet of England and the Triple Alliance, has at last stood out in her true colors and gone over to Russia;

and England and Austria are awakening to the fact that the Hellenic, not the Slavonic, element in the East is the more serviceable bulwark against the Russian advance to the Mediterranean. There can be no doubt as to the sincerity and cordiality with which the entire Greek nation dreads the great Slav power of the North, which threatens to engulf the Hellenic race and efface it more effectually than the Roman or the Ottoman conquest succeeded in doing.

Roumania and Greece, for a long time hostile to each other, have recently become reconciled, as was natural and fitting for the two non-Slavonic states of the Balkan peninsula. A third vigorous and serviceable anti-Russian element is the Albanian; and it should become the object of England's and Austria's diplomatic efforts to strengthen these three races in every possible way at the expense of their Slavonic neighbors, and at the same time bring them into relations of perfect amity and coöperation with one another against the common foe, Pan-Slavism. In this defensive complex, which should ultimately be substituted for the rotten empire of the Turk, the Greeks would necessarily become the central or connecting link, as occupying extensive territories in Asia Minor as well as in Europe. Yet for Greece the first step to this great future lies unmistakably in the reform of the present Greek kingdom politically and financially.

Demetrius Kalopothakes.

ATHENS, February, 1897.

«UBI SUNT QUI ANTE NOS?»¹

HOW now are the Others faring? Where sit They all in state?
And is there a token that somewhere, beyond the muffled gate,
The vanished and unreturning, whose names our memory fill,
Are holding their upper conclave and are of the Century still?

Is it all a fancy that somewhere, that somehow, the mindful Dead,
From the first that made his exit to the latest kinsman sped,—
Their vision ourselves unnoting, their shapes by ourselves unseen,—
Have gathered, like us, together this night in that strange demesne?

That the astral world's telepathy along their aisles of light
Has summoned our brave immortals, this selfsame mortal night,
All in that rare existence where thoughts a substance are,
To their native planet's aura, from journeyings near and far;

¹ Written for the Semi-Centennial Meeting of «The Century Association,» under which title the Century Club of New York holds its charter. January 13, 1897, marked the fiftieth anniversary of this famous club's existence. Seven or eight hundred members gathered and feasted together that night in commemoration of the event. The President, Bishop Potter, and ex-President Daniel Huntington (one of the two surviving founders), made addresses. An oration was delivered by Parke Godwin, and poems were read by Richard H. Stoddard, William Allen Butler, and Edmund C. Stedman. The club anthems—Mr. Macdonough's «Carmen Centuriale» and Mr. Stedman's «Centuria»—were sung by the gathering.

And that now with forms made over, and life as jocund and young
As when they here kept wassail and joined in the catches sung,
They have met in the ancient fashion, and now in the old-time speech
Are chanting their Vivat Centuria just out of our hearing's reach?

Yes, oh, yes,—as the pictured ghosts of Huns war on in middle air,
With a fiercer battle-hunger from the field upspringing there,—
And since the things we have chosen from all, as most of worth
Forever here and hereafter, cease not with the end of Earth;

Since joy and knowledge and beauty, and the love of man to man
Passing the love of women, the links of our chain began—
Yea, even as these are ceaseless, so they who were liegemen here
Hark back and are all Centurions this night of the fiftieth year!

Yes, the draftsmen and craftsmen have fashioned with a dream's compelling force
The Century's lordlier temple, have builded it course on course,
And the luminiferous ether floods the great assembly-hall
Where the scintillant «C. A.» colophon burns high in the sight of all.

The painters have hung from end to end cloud-canvases ablaze
With that color-scheme from us hidden in the ultra-violet rays,
With the new chiaroscuro of things that each way face,
And the in-and-out perspective of their four-dimensioned space.

Oh, to hear the famed Cantators upraise the mighty chant,
With their bass transposed to the rumbling depth below our octaves scant,
And a tenor of those Elysian notes «too fine for mortal ear,»
Yet tuned to the diapason of this dear old darkling sphere!

And, oh, to catch but a glimpse of the company throned around—
The scholars that know it all at last, the poets finally crowned!
There the blithe divines, that fear no more the midnight chimes, sit each
With his halo tilted a trifle, and his harp at easy reach;

There all the jolly Centurions of high or low degree,
This night of nights, as in early time, foregather gloriously—
Come back, mayhap, from Martian meads, from many an orb come back,
Full sure the cheer they cared for here this night shall have no lack;

For they know the jovial servitors have mingled a noble brew
Of the tippie men call nectarean, the pure celestial dew,
And are passing around ambrosial cakes, while the incense-clouds arise
Of something akin to those earthly fumes not even the Blest despise.

And yet—and yet—could we listen, we might o'erhear them say
They would barter a year of Aidenn to be here for a night and a day;
And if one of us yearns to follow the paths that thitherward wend,—
Let him rest content,—let him have no fear,—he verily shall in the end.

Then not for the quick alone this hour unbar the entrance gate,
But a health to the brethren gone before, however they hold their state!
Nor think it *all* fancy that to our hearts there comes an answering thrill
From the Dead that echo our Vivats and are of the Century still.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Discontented Rich.

THE poor man declares, «If only I were rich I should be content.» He little knows the discontent of the rich. The occasions of discontent among the rich are of various kinds. One frequent cause of uneasiness on their part is on account of their relative poverty. There is with all but one rich man in every community—always some one richer; and to certain minds this is a continual reproach. There is at times a rage for greater and greater wealth that produces a sort of fever in the blood which destroys a good part of the happiness of large possession.

Then there are social ambitions and emulations among the wealthy that tend to discontent. Some achieve riches because the strife for a living for their families is carried on with such conscience and industry that riches are the natural consequence; but some pursue riches from the passion to surpass therein; some in order to shine in a certain social set; some for the opportunity of display in general; some for the love of success; some for the love of power. Emerson says: «The pulpit and the press have many commonplaces denouncing the thirst for wealth; but if men should take these moralists at their word, and leave off aiming to be rich, the moralists would rush to rekindle, at all hazards, this love of power in the people, lest civilization should be undone.» But this love of power, this emulation, and this passion for success, do not conduce to the contented mind.

There is still another cause of discontent among the rich—a discontent occasioned by their very riches. There have always been examples of this unease; but, on the whole, it is a modern ailment, a form of the altruism that had its most notable date some nineteen hundred years ago. In our day the discontent of the rich, of the well-to-do, is probably greater than ever before in the history of civilization, save in exceptional moments of religious revival or mania.

In its extreme form this discontent is morbid and enfeebling; it is moody and self-reproachful, and leads to unreasonable and unwise action. In its more usual manifestation this discontent is accompanied by just so much pricking of the conscience as leads to a keen sense of responsibility, an appreciation of the hard labor behind every piece of money and every bond and security. This discontent is noble, and leads to useful living. It builds hospitals and museums and halls of learning and churches; it builds character and honorable and devoted citizenship; and, as good as all else, if not better, it breeds justice, consideration, and sympathy in trade and in all manner of business.

But there are riches of another kind—riches of inherited faculties of culture and of character—which also produce a noble discontent, and always have done so. It is this discontent that is to-day making itself felt in works of philanthropy and of good citizenship all over the United States.

In no class is this discontent of the mentally and morally rich more plainly seen than in the walks of the higher education, among the professors in the colleges for men and women, and among the undergraduates and the graduates. Civic duties are assumed with enthusiasm, and works of benevolence are entered upon with a wise choice as to individual activities. The University Settlement system is one of the most prominent of the adopted means of public service. Yale undergraduates are noted for good works in many fields. Harvard's «Student Volunteer work» is a wisely guided coöperative effort by young men of the university «to get hold of the thing called charity, philanthropy, social service, most simply and effectively, to secure a real adaptation between it and the condition of college life.» In a word, these fortunate youths are not content to keep unshared their own riches of the mind and of the spirit.

So there are more kinds of riches than one, and there are at least three kinds of discontent to which the owners of riches are subject: a discontent contemptible, a discontent natural and salutary for the race, and a discontent noble and productive of good works. Of this last kind there cannot be too much.

The Fight for the Forest Reserves.

READERS OF THE CENTURY do not need to be reminded of the progress that has been made during the last six years in the direction of a civilized and scientific policy for the preservation of the national forests from the destruction which threatens them from fire, the indiscriminate use of the ax, and the hoof of the sheep. On the meridian day of Mr. Harrison's administration, March 4, 1891, a beginning was made by the enactment of a provision authorizing the President to withdraw from entry and set apart as forest reserves such tracts of the public domain as, in his judgment, should be necessary for the preservation of the timber or for the conservation of the water-supply of agricultural regions. In the closing days of the same administration, at the recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. John W. Noble, the first practical step was taken under this law, in the proclamation of fifteen reservations, amounting to 13,000,000 acres, including chiefly the great Sierra Reserve of California. September 28, 1893, President Cleveland established the Cascade Forest Reserve in Oregon, comprising about 4,500,000 acres. On the 2d of March, 1896, in response to a request by the Hon. Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, the National Academy of Sciences, in accordance with the obligations of its constitution as an official governmental body, undertook the investigation of the public forests through a commission consisting of a body of experts whose superiors for the purpose cannot be found in the country, nearly all of whom, moreover, are familiar, by long experience, with the needs of the West and with the character of the forests to be investi-

gated. The commission consists of Professor Charles S. Sargent of Harvard, chairman; Professor Wolcott Gibbs, president of the Academy, *ex officio*; Alexander Agassiz; Professor W. H. Brewer of Yale; General Henry L. Abbot, U. S. A. (retired); Arnold Hague of the Geological Survey; and Gifford Pinchot, practical forester, secretary. For an average of more than three months five members of this commission were in the field, and the first result of its labors (which, by the way, are given without compensation) was to recommend the establishment of thirteen additional reserves, comprising over 21,000,000 acres, the special reasons being given in its report to the Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. David R. Francis, on whose further recommendation these reserves were set apart by President Cleveland by proclamation of February 22, 1897. There remains to be presented the main report of the commission, which will formulate a policy, to be submitted to Congress, for the intelligent care, control, and use of the reserves. When this shall have been adopted a most important reform will have been fairly instituted, which cannot but have an excellent influence on the settled policy of the government toward its forested lands, of which the reserves are but a very small fraction. By this advance the whole country will be the gainer, but chiefly and immediately the regions west of the Missouri River.

Nevertheless, the reservation policy has met with bitter opposition, chiefly from representatives of Northwestern States in Congress, who at the last session went so far as to induce the Senate to attach to the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill a « rider » annulling the proclamation. The friends of the reserves drafted and procured the adoption of a substitute for the rider, making liberal provision against alleged injuries to actual settlers. It is understood that President Cleveland would have vetoed the bill on account of this rider alone. For other reasons it failed to become a law, and the reserves, as we write, are still intact. It is, however, well known that the opposition is not satisfied with the substitute, and that no effort will be spared, by appeal to President McKinley or by legislation at the extra session, to annul the new reserves. Whether any changes in the limits of the reservations are desirable, a careful discussion of the objections will determine. This consideration apart, the issue is plainly joined between those who, from indifference or interested motives, are willing to expose the public forests to destruction, and those who, with the warnings of history to inspire them, are determined, if possible, to make a new start in the right direction. On the conservative side are two Presidents, three Secretaries of the Interior, and a Forest Commission of disinterested and famous scientific experts, to whose support are rallying the most intelligent forces of the country. And while, doubtless, sincere men and good citizens may be found in the opposition, its mainspring will be discovered to be the interest of certain persons or corporations which have profited, and desire to profit, by extensive and reckless destruction of the timber, inspired by that delusive and fatal maxim of pessimism so prevalent in a new country, « After us the deluge. »

An incident of the contest at the recent session affords an object-lesson of great significance. When the promoters of the rider presented it to the California

senators, they were informed that the new reserves in that State must be omitted from the annulment. This was in strict accord with the well-known conviction of Californians that the reservation of large tracts of high altitude in the Sierra is one of the greatest pieces of good fortune that ever befell the State, insuring as it does a perpetual supply of water to extensive agricultural regions dependent wholly upon irrigation. In fact, the commission, during its visit to California, was fairly besieged by requests to inspect large areas of land which it was desired to include in new reserves. What is true of California time will show to be true of the other States. After a little disquiet and alarm, sedulously fomented by sheep-herders and mining companies, and based on a misapprehension or a misrepresentation of the effect of the reservation policy, it will be found that no previously existing right is endangered, while the interests of the whole local population, present and to come, are to this extent safeguarded against the perils attendant on denudation, such as have overtaken the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

The prospect of so great a good should stir up the newspapers, the universities, colleges, and other educators, the boards of trade and chambers of commerce, and the farmers and laboring men of the whole country, and especially of the West, to make known to the President and to Congress their desire that the forests should be saved for the people, instead of being left exposed to the ravages of a few. Indeed, had a wise policy directed the government control of its forest and mineral wealth in the past, the franchises from these sources might have relieved us at critical times of the dread of an annual deficit in the national finances. It is not too late at least, to see that destructive agencies do not add to the already strenuous conditions of life in the West a heritage of calamity for generations to come.

Who are the Hypocrites?

THE friends of political immorality, apparently without exception, call the friends of good government « hypocrites. » The phrase is one of their most powerful arguments. They never find political rascals afflicted with this vice: it is only « snivel-service reformers, » « purists, » « high-toners »; that is to say, George William Curtis, James Russell Lowell, Carl Schurz, and men of that type. The bosses, boodlers, spoilsmen, lobbyists, and demagogues; all the men who grow rich on corruption funds, all the men who buy office for cash or otherwise, all the thugs and man-killers in politics, are declared by them to be, on the whole, morally preferable to the reformers, because of the saving virtue of « freedom from hypocrisy » and « dislike of sham and pretense. »

After a close observation of political methods for many years, it seems to us an interesting phenomenon that « hypocrisy » and a « lack of frankness » should assume so loathsome an aspect in the eyes of political immoralists. A personal acquaintance with the principal reformers of the country leads one to believe that instead of being hypocrites, they are about the only men interested in public affairs who tell the truth openly and fearlessly concerning them.

The cant, humbug, and hypocrisy of the professional politician have been the subject of ridicule for ages. If

he calls decent people hypocrites, it is only «the reply churlish,» the vulgar «You're another» of the streets. No doubt the machine politician often tells the truth in private; he sometimes by inadvertence tells the truth publicly, as, for instance, the delegate who wanted to know what they were there for if not for the offices. But the whole position of the typical modern machine politician is false and hypocritical, as that of the demagogue has been from classic days till now. He pretends that he is the «friend of the people,» that he is working for the principles of the «grand old party,» when the honest fact is that he is merely conducting an employment bureau for the benefit of himself and the other «boys.»

The enemies of the merit system are always ostensibly in favor of «common-sense,» «genuine,» «practical,» or «progressive» civil-service reform; they are in favor of the «principle,» but against the present «academic methods.» They don't want so much «starch» in the merit system, but of course they dote upon the merit system itself. What they really want, of course, is some means of «beating» the law, of getting around the Constitution, in order to distribute offices as rewards to party workers or personal retainers who would be likely not to win their places by means of competitive examinations.

These examinations are *not* «academic» except when they ought to be; that is, when the duties of the office require «academic» knowledge of a specific kind. The reports concerning their ridiculous and unpractical character originate in hypocritical falsehood. The examinations do not result in placing none but college-bred men and women in office: the college-bred appointees are in a small minority. The examinations, as every one knows who has conscientiously looked into

the system, are most sensible, and apply with precision to the duties of the particular office to be filled.

As a matter of fact, there is no hypocrite more offensive and dangerous than the «organization» manager, who spends his time feathering his nest, and who charges his own infirmity of hypocrisy upon his critics and betterers.

«Don't!»

It would be interesting to follow the fortunes of all those who shall succeed in entering the public service of the United States at this time of change, in order to determine how many will yet confess that the thing they sought with such eagerness proved the bane of their lives. In those branches of the public service covered by the merit system, and where most of the higher offices in the same service are so covered, there is a chance for an honorable career. But where only a short term is probable, and where promotion means that the official will lose his place with a change of administration, how often has successful office-seeking meant the failure of a career!

We do not refer to the high representative offices, where conspicuous service even for a short term may mean honorable reputation. We refer to those places, often remote from home, which are held pleasantly for a time, but which, as things now are, mean often the losing of the thread of one's life, drifting out of the current of affairs, sometimes the acquiring of a distaste for ordinary business, ending in years spent either in aimless idleness, or continued searching, disappointment, and bitterness.

We have known young men to be very glad that they had not resented the application of Punch's matrimonial advice to their own office-seeking ambitions. We have never heard of any one who was sorry.

OPEN LETTERS

A Sleeping King.

IT has been said truly by many observers that in the United States of America public opinion is king; but the qualification has been added usually that it is king only when it chooses to exert its power. Mr. Bryce, in his admirable and unequalled chapters on the subject in his «American Commonwealth,» opens his discussion with this impressive tribute: «Towering over Presidents and State governors, over Congress and State legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out in the United States as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it.» But he closes his discussion with this, among other qualifying statements: «What opinion chiefly needs in America, in order to control the politicians, is a more sustained activity on the part of men of vigorously independent minds, a more sedulous effort on their part to impress their views upon the masses.»

It must be admitted by all observers that public opinion. VOL. LIV.—20.

ion in this country has not towered over either politicians or legislators to such an extent during the last few months as to make them tremble before it. Indeed, it is doubtful if ever before in the history of the country politicians and legislators have shown such indifference to public opinion as they have recently. For the first time in our history they have adopted a policy of ignoring it. The most objectionable of them carry forward their schemes in the open interest of bad government without paying any heed to either criticism or exposure. If they wish to put bad men in office, and the character of the men is exposed, they treat the exposure with silence, and put in the men. Formerly they thought it unsafe to leave damaging charges unanswered or unrefuted; now they think any attention to them unnecessary. Their policy is summed up in the view once expressed by one of their number who was rebuking an associate for replying to the arguments of opponents: «Oh, let 'em talk—we've got the votes.»

If public opinion were active, this policy of silence

would not be followed. It is clearly the politicians' belief that if the king be not dead, he is sleeping so heavily that they need have no fear of him, for the present at least. Their feeling of security is based largely upon the steadily growing hold which they have been gaining in recent years upon the nominating machinery of our politics. They control that machinery absolutely now in nearly all cases, and in that way they get possession of the votes which are necessary to enable them to carry through the legislatures such schemes as they desire, without regard to criticism. They have driven public opinion out of the primaries; it finds no voice there, and they think that by suppressing it there they have stripped it of its power. If the people can elect to public office only such men as the machines and bosses permit to be nominated, then indeed has public opinion become powerless.

As a matter of fact, however, public opinion has merely to exert itself to become as powerful as ever. There is a weapon ready at hand for the destruction of every bad primary nomination. Under the Australian ballot laws, which are in force in nearly all our States, a small number of citizens have only to unite in favor of a candidate to secure his nomination by petition. When thus nominated, his name must be printed upon the ballots, under certain disadvantages in most cases, it is true, but still printed, with the regular party candidates. If public opinion were vigilant and active, this power to nominate by petition would be held as a moral club over every party primary and nominating convention, and would exert an influence for good upon every one of them. Why is it not so held? Because public opinion, as created by the men who believe in good government, is not active, but lethargic and indifferent.

Popular government cannot be left to take care of itself. If the most intelligent and honest elements of the population will not do their part of the work, they cannot expect the other elements to do it for them. It is folly to turn the business of government over to the political machines, and expect them to manage it otherwise than in their own interest. The men who are in the machines have gone into politics to get a living, and they are in control because men who think this is not a proper use of politics are neglectful of their duties. The only remedy for this condition of affairs is for the men who believe in good government to go to work and secure it. Finding fault with the machine politicians will accomplish nothing unless it be followed by active measures to defeat their candidates and plans. This, as we have said, can be done by using the privilege of making nominations by petition. If the friends of honest government in all parts of the country will organize themselves into such associations as the Good Government clubs in New York city or the Civic Federation in Chicago; will make it their business to watch all regular party nominations; and will, in every case in which a bad nomination is made, set on foot a movement to secure a desirable nomination by petition, beneficial results will be certain to follow in time. The mistake should not be made of expecting success immediately; that has been the ruin of many a promising reform movement. Enlistment must be for the war, which in politics means for life. The machines do not stop with one election or a dozen elections. They keep at work all the time. Their opponents must do the same.

Sustained activity, as Mr. Bryce says, is the only thing which will restore public opinion to its position of power, and keep it there. We must rid ourselves of the idea that good government can be secured for all time by some single great stroke. Hard as it is to secure it, the task of keeping it after it has been won is far more difficult. Reformers must learn of the machine politicians that incessant vigilance and labor are the first essentials of success in politics.

Joseph B. Bishop.

John Cabot, Discoverer of the North American Continent.

JOHN CABOT was the discoverer of the continent of North America, and Christopher Columbus was not. We read in George Bancroft's «History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent» (nineteenth edition, Boston, 1862, 1863, Vol. I, pp. 10, 11) a quotation from the commission of King Henry VII of England, empowering John Cabot and his son Sebastian Cabot «to sail into the eastern, western, and northern sea . . . in search of islands, provinces, or regions hitherto unseen by Christian people, and to affix the banner of England on city, island, or continent, and as vassals of the English crown to possess and occupy the territories that might be found.» Bancroft then says: «Under this patent . . . John Cabot, taking with him his son Sebastian, embarked. After sailing prosperously, as he reported, for seven hundred leagues, on the 24th of June, 1497, early in the morning, almost fourteen months before Columbus, on his third voyage, came in sight of the main, and more than two years before Amerigo Vespucci sailed west of the Canaries, he discovered the western continent—probably in the latitude of about 56°, among the dismal cliffs of Labrador. He ran along the coast for many leagues,—it is said even for three hundred,—and landed. . . . He planted on the land a large cross, with the flag of England.»

It is true that on his third voyage Columbus, without knowing that he did so, landed on the South American continent; but this, Bancroft says, was long after John Cabot had landed on the North American continent and had taken possession of it in the name of England. John Cabot was the discoverer of the North American continent, and he made it known to the world. It is said that the Norsemen found America five hundred years before Columbus reached San Salvador, but their discovery was fruitless.

Sebastian Cabot had evidently the soul of an explorer, and after his return to England with his father on that first great voyage, he again crossed the ocean in search of further discoveries; for Bancroft tells us that Sebastian Cabot, a native of Bristol, on his second voyage, sailed from England, May, 1498, with three hundred men, «for Labrador, by way of Iceland, and reached the continent in the latitude of 58°; and having proceeded along the shores of the United States to the southern boundary of Maryland, or perhaps to the latitude of Albemarle Sound, want of provisions induced him to return to England.» (Boston edition of 1841, Vol. I, p. 11.)

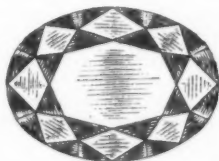
When the four-hundredth anniversary (June 24, 1897) shall come, Cabot's discovery should be celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land.

J. Hooker Hamersley.

A Historic Diamond.

AN old book which came into my possession some time ago throws so much light on a once famous diamond—not now in existence—that the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE may be interested in learning something of it. The volume I refer to is in French, and is entitled «Pouget [M.], Traité des Pierres Précieuses et de la Manière de les Employer en Parure,» 4to, Paris, 1762, and seems to have belonged to one John Francillion of 24 Norfolk street, Strand, London, about 1812. He seems to have been a jeweler, or at all events a connoisseur in gems, because inserted in the volume are auction notices of historical gems, among them the Pigot diamond, named after Lord Pigot, governor of Madras, who is said to have brought the diamond with him to England about the year 1775. Indeed, in the first page of one of the auction circulars referred to the explicit statement is made that «the most noble brilliant, well known by the name of the Pigot diamond, was formerly

Exact Size
of Pigot Diamond.



Thickness of Diamond.

Size of Culet, the flat Facet
on Back.



brought to England from India by Lord Pigot.» Authorities are agreed that the Pigot diamond was a brilliant of the first water, but there is much discrepancy as to its weight and size. It is chiefly on this point that the entries in this old book are valuable. How Lord Pigot obtained possession of it is not clear. There is no record as to the place whence he obtained it, but it is probable that it was given to him by his friend the Rajah of Tanjore, for his lordship admitted to the directors of the East India Company that he «had accepted some presents of trifling value» from the Rajah. If this diamond was among those «trifles,» it was certainly a very valuable «trifle,» for it was appraised at £40,000, or about \$200,000! Lord Pigot's second term of office in Madras ended fatally, and nothing is known of the next owner of the valuable gem. The auction notice says that it was «sold at auction by Mr. Christie at his Great Room, Pall Mall, November 10th, 1802, at 12 M.»; and Mr. Francillion adds, in the careful, old-fashioned handwriting of gentlemen of his day, that it was sold to «Mr. Parker, Pawnbroker of Princess Street, Soho, for £9,975, with one half of the duty of sixpence on the pound, amounting to £124 13s. 9d.,» amounting in all to the sum of £10,099 13s. 9d. This pawnbroker seems to have made it the subject of a lottery for £30,000, but the name of the owner into whose hands it came is not known.

Mawe, writing in 1823, says that it became the property of a poor young man, who sold it for a low price. It was again disposed of, and passed into the hands of a jeweler in the city. Murray, writing in 1831, says that in 1818 it was in the possession of Rundle, Bridge & Rundle, jewelers, who sold it for £30,000 to the famous Ali Pasha, and a special messenger was appointed to re-

ceive it. Ali always wore it in a green purse attached to his girdle—green being the sacred color of the prophet. When, in 1822, Ali Pasha was mortally wounded by Kourschid, he immediately retired to his divan, and desired that his favorite wife, Vasilika, should be poisoned, and gave the diamond to Captain D'Anglas, with orders that it should be crushed to powder in his presence. This order was immediately carried out, and the beautiful gem was utterly destroyed. Murray adds: «Vasilika still lives, but the model of the diamond alone remains.» The too obedient officer bitterly regretted his folly, and the memory of the destroyed gem haunted him in his dreams for months afterward.

This, in brief, is the history of the Pigot diamond so far as known. It only remains now to adduce the evidence furnished by old John Francillion as to its weight and size. Murray gave its weight at 47½ carats, Dieulaufait at 81½ carats, Emanuel at 82½ carats, and Kluge at 82½; but Mawe, who was acquainted with the diamond, and who had seen it before it was sold to Ali Pasha, gives its weight at 49 carats, and adds that «this statement must be accepted as final.»

From John Francillion's old auction catalogue we learn that its true weight was 188 grains, which, at four diamond grains to the diamond carat, gives 47 carats as the weight of the diamond, and this must be accepted as final. The engraving from the circular here reproduced shows its thickness and width as well as the size of its culet. From this we can see that the diamond was a very shallow one, and Mawe said that it was not considered of «sufficient depth.»

George Frederick Kunz.

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

MR. ALEXANDER was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. His first art study, under his only teacher, the American artist Frank Duveneck, was in Munich and Florence. Since 1891 he has made his home in Paris, where, after two years of ill health, he exhibited in the New Salon (Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts), of which he was elected an associate in 1893, and *sociétaire* one year later. He has also taken part in the other principal exhibitions of both America and Europe. He was elected an associate of the Société Internationale Artistique de Paris in 1894, and secretary of that society in the same year. He is also a member of the Society of American Artists.

In his manner, method, and art, Mr. Alexander is a prominent figure among the younger American artists. His works partake largely of the nature of the *tour de force*, often aggressive, and to the critic challenging. His portraits, the class of work in which he has had his chief success, possess breadth of treatment, and in their strong likeness throb with vitality. His landscape work is distinguished in line and selection, and his studies of flowers, hardly known except to his intimates, have the rare quality of conveying their essence.

Among his principal American portraits are those of Dr. McCosh, Walt Whitman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Joseph Jefferson.

Mr. Alexander is represented in the new Library of Congress in a series of mural paintings, «The Evolution of the Book,» one of which is shown on page 708 of the March CENTURY.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

At Candle-Lightin' Time.

WHEN I come in fom de co'n-fiel' aftah wukin' ha'd all day,
It 's amazin' nice to fin' my suppah all erpon de way;
An' it 's nice to smell de coffee bubblin' ovah in de pot,
An' it 's fine to see de meat a-sizzlin' teasin'-lak an' hot.

But when suppah-time is ovah, an' de things is cl'ared away,
Den de happy hours dat foller are de sweetes' of de day.
When my co'n-cob pipe is ata'ted, an' de smoke is drawin' prime,
My ole 'ooman says, «I reckon, Ike, it 's candle-lightin' time.»

Den de chillun snuggle up to me, an' all commence to call,
«Oh, say, daddy, now it 's time to mek de shadders on de wall.»

So I puts my han's togethah,—evah daddy knows de way,—

An' de chillun snuggle closer roun' ez I begin to say:

«Fus thing, hyeah come Mistah Rabbit; don' you see him wuk his eahs?

Huh uh! dis mus' be a donkey; look how innercent he 'pears!

Dah 's de ole black swan a-swimmin'—ain't she got a awful neck?

Who 's dis feller dat 's a-comin'? Why, dat 's ole dog Tray, I 'spec'!»

Dat 's de way I run on, tryin' fu to please 'em all I can;
Den I hollahs, «Now be keerful—dis hyeah las' 's de buga-man!»

An' dey runs an' hides dey faces; dey ain't skeered—dey 's lettin' on;

But de play ain't raaly ovah 'twell dat buga-man is gone.

So I jes teks up my banjo, an' I plays a little chune,
An' you see dem haid come peepin' out to listen mighty soon.

Den my wife say, «Sich a pappy fu to gin you sich a fright!

Jes you go to baid, an' leave him; say yo' prayers, an' say good night.»

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Pertinent Suggestions to Office-seekers.

It has occurred to the writer that in these opening days of a new administration he could render no more important public service than by suggesting to persons who desire to obtain office under President McKinley the most approved way of doing it. For years I have watched the process by which places of honor, dignity, and profit have been bestowed by various administrations in their turn, and from these observations I am convinced that no pursuit more than that of office insistently demands scientific methods and strategic skill. There are tricks in all trades, and office-seeking is no exception.

The fundamental mistake that a beginner is most liable to make is in believing everything that is told him. His skepticism should first be aroused by the advice of pretended friends that his application for office «should be made in writing.» This is all wrong. The man who wants an office should come to Washington to get it. The suggestion to write «inclosing testimonials, etc.,» is simply a device of the statesman in office to rid himself of annoyance and importunity from the man on the outside. Written applications are convenient for the influential statesman, because they can be folded and filed and so disposed of in a way that their living authors could not. Letters rarely receive attention. Some insignificant clerk sends out a formal, stereotyped answer, and then files every letter in such a way that if its author is ever seen coming, it may be taken down and given a cursory reading. But if the seeker never comes in person his letter is never read. When a Democratic «boss» in New Jersey, who thought himself of considerable consequence, received in reply to one of his letters a printed form from the private secretary of a cabinet officer, stating that a communication of a certain date «would be given careful consideration,» the boss, in offended dignity, folded the formal note and returned it to the private secretary, indorsed with the single word «Thanks.» If a practical politician from New Jersey can command no attention with a written request, what unspeakable folly for the ordinary seeker to expect it! When the foreign missionary remains in New York and converts the heathen by writing letters to them, or the book-agent reaches his customers successfully in the same way, it will be time to use the pen for getting a leverage on the government pay-roll.

Let the office-seeker come to Washington, and come at once, and come prepared to stay. It may be urged that living in Washington is expensive, and that perhaps the chances of success are not worth the outlay. This can all be satisfactorily arranged. Of course the seeker will not stamp himself and his «claims» with an air of cheapness at the start by giving as his city address some fourth-class boarding-house on Z street, southeast; but he may take advantage of the economical rates of such an establishment, and at the same time maintain the best nominal residence in the city. Ascertain carefully from the Congressional Directory the member of your State delegation who has the most fashionable hotel address in Washington. Say to that member of Congress that, owing to the crowds now in the city, your mail has not been coming to you very regularly, and that perhaps it would be well to have it come to his hotel and in his care. If this request is made at what promises to be about the end of a forty-minute call, you will be surprised at the alacrity with which it is granted. You will then have a good post-office address for your calling-cards, and, what is of more importance,

you will have made a friend. Your daily calls thereafter upon the influential statesman at the fashionable hotel will occasion no comment. Friendship will ripen, and it will be possible from time to time to put in a few well-chosen words in the interest of your candidacy. The inference which the other members of the delegation will draw from this seeming intimacy is also worth something. This is a much better plan than for you to board at the — Hotel, because in this way you can stay longer. A protracted office-seeking campaign is generally desirable, and usually necessary.

When once settled in Washington, your first duty is to build up an acquaintance, and in doing this you will not waste much time on subordinates. Private secretaries and confidential clerks of all grades should be ignored. Next to the «put-your-application-in-writing» humbug, these persons are the worst obstacle in the way of patriotic men bent on entering the service of their country. The inexperienced seeker, without some such word of warning, is very apt to rejoice and consider his battle half won when somebody's private secretary pours a few smooth words into his ear. That is what a private secretary is hired for, and he is, moreover, only earning his salary when he is keeping the seeker away from the statesman; and hence between the secretary and the seeker there is an irrepressible conflict to which no known rules of honorable warfare apply. Ride over the private secretary rough-shod, or he will ride over you. When you call on Senator Blank, and learn that the senator is «out,» but that «his secretary, Mr. J—— will see you,» just inquire at what hour Mr. J—— is likely to be out, and make that your time for calling in the future.

It is invariably better to see a senator at his residence than at his committee-room in the Capitol, where he is sure to be disturbed by other seekers, and may even occasionally be interrupted by official duties. He has there, besides, immeasurably greater facilities for eluding you than at his private residence, where, fortunately, certain rules of hospitality cannot be wholly ignored. A good time to call at the house is near a meal-hour, for it is one of the characteristics of a statesman that when his ear is gained just as he is about to respond to a dinner-call, he will surely be an attentive, even though a somewhat irritable, listener. This little nervous tension that the statesman is under is invaluable in fixing firmly the seeker's claims. A long call at any time, of course, is better than a short one. With hundreds of office-seekers actually wearing the life out of every man of influence in these days, it is hardly to be expected that a few minutes' conversation will sufficiently impress upon the memory the needs and merits of any one claimant. The longer the call the greater the impressiveness. Measure your success in minutes, not in cordiality. Remember the parable of the unjust judge and the importunate widow.

It is related that President Lincoln once became so weary of the solicitations of an office-seeker that he ordered the claimant for favor to find on a globe standing in the executive chamber the one point furthest removed from Washington. Lincoln then rang for his private secretary, and requested him to ascertain the consular post on the earth nearest to the point represented on the globe. The persistent place-hunter was

immediately appointed to that consulate; and while on grounds of politeness his methods could hardly be commended, it is well to remember that in office-seeking they are wonderfully effective. At least the seeker should never err in the other direction, as did a Georgian four years ago, who, instead of going to Secretary Hoke Smith's residence, went to his office, where he became one of a long line of clamorous applicants. So depressing was this atmosphere that when the seeker reached the Secretary of the Interior, and saw his woe-begone look, and the pushing throng behind, all that the seeker could remember of his carefully prepared speech was to say that he had called merely to pay his respects. He declared impromptu that he wanted no office whatever. Too much Chesterfield has ruined many a good place-hunter. An Iowan, on the other hand, who called at the White House a few days ago, gave evidence of a perception of the right idea. When asked if he desired to see the secretary to the President, he replied: «No, sir; I do not want to see any secretary, or any assistant, or any executive clerk, or any one of the messengers. The name of the man I want to see is William McKinley.» Perhaps at the executive mansion some deference must still be paid to subordinates; but as a general rule the office-seeker should see the influential man himself, and not his servants; should see him at his residence, and not at his office, and in such a way as to be most impressive. Above all, the office-seeker must not stand at one side and write letters.

The worst thing that the honorable office-seeker has to fear is the treachery of pretended friends. Your influential statesmen in Washington are the men who have been successful in working off as legal tender a good many promises, and many of these must naturally be dishonored when presented for redemption, but not necessarily his promises to you. The only way I know of to avoid becoming a victim of this sort of thing is by seeing to it that treachery is made impossible. A common device of the statesman is to say to his office-seeking friend: «Oh, yes; I will speak to the President about you. I am going over to the White House next week to talk over that marshaling, and I will tell him all about you—yes, everything,» with a significant chuckle. The sagacious seeker will rise to this occasion by saying: «That suits me exactly, and I will go right along with you. What day shall it be? Any day is perfectly convenient to me.» If the seeker only accompanies the statesman right to the throne, there will then be little chance of any treasonable evasion. Another common form of treachery is conducted by letter-writing. The statesman says to his constituent: «Oh, yes; I will give you a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, insisting on your having this appointment.» Senators recommend so many men in this way that sometimes it happens that the cabinet ministers are obliged to number the candidates for each particular post recommended by the same statesman. Mr. Jones's letter from Senator Blank recommending Jones's appointment as district attorney is briefed in the department files something like this: «Blank, senator; district attorney, second district; No. 7; name, Jones.» Most congressional people have an understanding with the cabinet officers, moreover, that letters are to be counted as absolutely meaningless, and that if anything is really wanted the statesman will call

in person to see about it. Sometimes secret signals are arranged, so that letters which bear the signature of the full first name are known to be worthless, while letters signed with an initial for the first name are to be taken as of some value. It is well for the beginner to remember these things. And he should by all means avoid making a ridiculous spectacle of himself by taking around a package of letters and testimonials. Everybody knows that these things are merely perfunctory, and yet each year a new crop of office-seekers is fooled by the same chaff, and set to work gathering letters of indorsement just as children collect postage-stamps. A colored man who was appointed to office a few years ago had a package of indorsements so large that it filled a «Saratoga» that had to be checked as baggage wherever he went; and yet it did not help him to get his office, and that the package was ever opened may well be doubted. Another colored man recently asked Secretary — if he had not produced testimonials enough to get his son a messengership, whereupon Mr. — gave a glance at the package, and said: «Testimonials enough for a place in the cabinet!»

While the seeker's first important duty is to gain the attention of influential people, his greater task will come after in the making out of his case. He should ascertain whose favor and influence are necessary to secure the coveted prize. For some positions the President himself will allow no outsider to influence him in making a decision, while many of the smaller places, even though nominally «presidential appointments», are given over unreservedly to senators, representatives, and the like. Certain offices are known as «senatorial patronage»; others as «congressional» (by which the lower House of Congress is always meant); and the cabinet officers and their assistants all reserve certain places for their own friends. It is first necessary, then, to find out who controls the office that you want. There is only one certain test by which you may know this, and that is by the eagerness with which those statesmen who have nothing to do with the filling of a particular place will urge you to try for it.

In stating their claims office-seekers should avoid conventionalities. The same argument appeals to almost every one of the vast army of place-hunters, and as a result Presidents, cabinet officers, and congressmen all become weary of hearing a thousand stories just alike. Some of the most successful office-seekers have been men who have broken loose, even blunderingly, from conventional lines. The mental refreshment which an occasional new plea affords is very effective. It once happened that when two rival factions of Minnesota politicians were seeking a coveted prize, each berating and vilifying the other, an absolutely obscure young man, unknown and hence unloathed, came to Washington and presented himself as the «harmony candidate» for the great office for which the factions were noisily contending. He was successful because, as the President said, «He seemed the only man in the State whose appointment would not completely disrupt the party.» This had been the testimony of the factions concerning each other. This incident illustrates the folly of telling the President that the other candidates for the place you seek are all very bad men. It will be inferred, without your saying it, that you think they are.

But a much worse piece of conventionality than this is to say that you are the «logical candidate» for the office you seek. The inventor of this phrase brought out something that sounded so well that it met the needs of thousands of people. Had the phrase been copyrighted it might have remained a good thing; but without such protection the words have become, in Washington at least, a weariness to the flesh. The office-seeker from Skowheganville thinks, because the last district attorney for the State came from that town, that he is the logical candidate for the succession. Two boys were pitted against each other in a political debate at Harvard twenty years ago. One of them became minister to a South American country under President Cleveland, and the story goes that the other fellow has made application for his place, on the ground that because of that old debate he is the logical candidate to succeed his one-time opponent. The railroader of ten years' experience is the logical candidate for railroad commissioner, and the owner of some former government land for public land commissioner; and so it goes. An old Cape Cod fisherman, now in the city, who wants to be collector of the port at Pocasset, was asked a few days ago by a somewhat officious friend if he was not the logical candidate for the post. The old fisherman replied emphatically: «I think I ought to be; Senator Lodge says I am his man.» The phrase ought to be restricted to this use.

Major McKinley will be pained to learn that he is so unpopular that you have been nearly crushed out of existence for his sake; so do not tell how much you have suffered for the sake of the President, but rather how much you will suffer if you do not get the desired office. It is never necessary to say that you have made a failure of business life, and desire a public position to get a living. The politer, although perhaps more roundabout, form of expressing the same thought is to say that your business is so arranged that you can leave it.

Another conventionality which it is best to avoid is the coincidence, or historical analogy. It is not wise to urge your appointment on the ground that your mother was a member of the same church as Mrs. Nancy McKinley, or that your uncle learned the iron-molder's trade with David McKinley. Because Lincoln appointed your grandfather consul to Calais, President McKinley may not regard it as absolutely incumbent upon him to appoint you to the same position. No President wants to bestow all the so-called «federal plums» upon the fast friends of his youth, the jurymen of his first law case, the soldiers of his old regiment, or even upon that unnumbered army of individuals known as the «first discoverers.» Every township in the United States has at least one man who thinks he first suggested McKinley for the Presidency. The claim is a good one, but has become somewhat attenuated, particularly since a large percentage of these discoverers want government offices as a vindication of their right to the exclusive title.

Especially is the claim weakened for honest men by the ingenious devices of the mercenaries. Take the case of Mr. Baycot, who is perhaps typical of the professional «first discoverer.» He planned to pose with title unquestioned as the original advocate of any man who might possibly be elected to the Presidency. This would seem to be a large undertaking, and herein lay the bold-

ness of Baycot's plot. He composed a series of «letters to the editor,» which he had published in different newspapers throughout the country, selecting one journal for each candidate in sight when he began three years ago, and adding a publication to his list whenever a new «remote possibility» appeared on the horizon. The «Gazette» was his, McKinley paper, the «Patriot» his H. Clay Evans organ, and so on. Since nobody but Mr. Baycot and the proof-reader ever read these letters, it seemed like an easy matter after election to pull out the one series of newspaper clippings, running back for years, that had urged the nomination and election of McKinley. To one of these communications to the editor—for Baycot never failed to send them where they would do the most good—Major McKinley is said to have responded by saying that he hoped that Mr. Baycot would not prove a prophet without honor in his own country. On the 5th of March, so the story goes, Mr. Baycot took Mr. McKinley's polite note and went to the White House with this equally felicitous response: «President McKinley, since you have expressed the hope that I may not be without honor in my own country, I see no better way than for you to honor me. I want something paying about five thousand dollars a year.» Mr. Baycot's whole scheme was apparently simple and effective; but he neglected one precaution, illustrating the sage reflection that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. In his enthusiasm he had at times talked on uncertainties. Some weeks before the choice of the St. Louis convention had become apparent, and when the chances for some dark horse seemed good, Baycot had told his friends that he was for Governor Morton. After both national conventions had been held he was also indiscreet enough to come out for Bryan, and to berate in unmeasured terms the Republican party and its platform. He had allowed himself to have personal views aside from the comprehensive scheme of viewing with favor all possibilities; and it was the leaking of these personal views which led to the disclosure of the whole plot. Poor Baycot has already started in for the campaign of 1900, with an added resolve, known as «Silence until certainty.»

An office-seeker makes a great mistake in asking for anything for his own sake alone. With a thousand applicants for every possible office, it is eminently desirable that the greatest conceivable number of people should be represented in the man who is finally successful. Every man should analyze his career, his social, business, and society connections, to see how many influential bodies he may fittingly assume to stand for. If he has ever been a shoe-worker, he should approach the throne saying: «One million sons of St. Crispin are behind me. Every man who works on leather from the Atlantic to the Pacific desires my appointment.» The seeker should next take account of his religious connections, and if he has none of his own, those of his wife or mother will answer about as well. If a Baptist, he had better call attention to the enormous membership of that denomination in the United States, and the compliment which by his appointment would come to every member of that body. Of course fraternal orders, like the League of American Wheelmen, the Grand Army, the Sons of Veterans, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, are very important, and should be carefully

borne in mind. A person who has ever figured prominently in one of the charities connected with any of these orders is especially fitted to ask for office in the name of the order. In presenting your application, always make your request in the name of the thousands whom you in some way represent. If you are a railroad man, say that the million men thus engaged deserve some recognition, and that your appointment is just the way to gratify them.

So small a matter as the paper upon which he writes many an office-seeker believes to be very important. Sometimes the seeker has a thousand sheets of note-paper struck off, bearing under a McKinley and Hobart emblem the banner of some local club which may appropriately be named in honor of an influential statesman of his locality. The seeker's own name always appears as president of the club. Some seekers even go so far as to get up badges to give seriousness to some fancied political service they have performed; but this always arouses suspicion, and such a practice cannot be commended.

These suggestions, if carried out, may not be efficacious in every instance; but the office-seeker who acts upon them, and fails, may ever afterward enjoy the blissful assurance that his defeat was due to his own intrinsic qualities, and not to the strategic method with which his case was conducted. This at least is something.

Robert Lincoln O'Brien.

A Matter of Temperament.

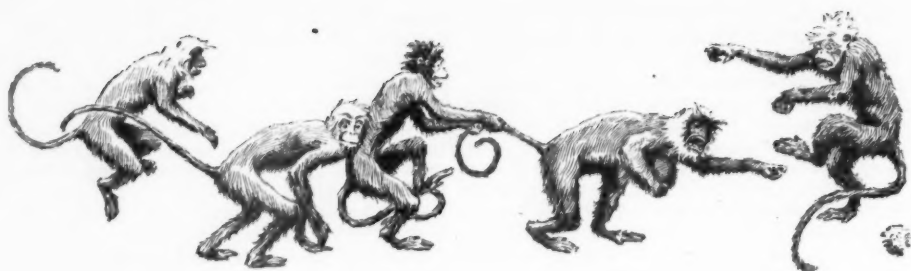
I AM a bard of high degree,
As these inspiring lines will show,
And there are others—inédits—
Which means quite out of print, you know.
I crave whatever's sweet and nice
To feed my fancy's royal bent,
And debit each alluring vice
To my artistic temperament.

My wife,—a rondeau won her heart,—
Believing in her laureate yet,
My fickleness confounds with Art
When I with other dames coquet.
Unprofitable friends I slight,
All social rulings I resent,
And hear: «It does seem impolite;
But—his artistic temperament!»

My bills I often fail to pay,
For computations vex my mood;
But friends respect my air distrair
And somehow keep my credit good.
When in Bohemia's fair domain
A night ambrosial I have spent
My deviations I explain
With—«My artist(hic) temperament!»

So, while the primrose path I tread,
I lay my lapses to the Muse:
A mind so delicately bred
All common standards must refuse.
And when before St. Peter's gate
My poet soul I shall present
I'll pass—dead sure—to heavenly state
On my artistic temperament.

Edward A. Church.



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS.



PREHISTORIC FOOT-BALL IN THE JUNGLE.

The Trial.

LOVE arraigned my sweetheart Kitty—
Outrageous flirting was her crime;
The culprit had no claim to pity,
For 't was the forty-second time.

I was her judge, Love her accuser;
But Kitty's lawyers were her eyes!
How could I punish or abuse her,
Opposed by arguments so wise?

Yet was I deaf to all their pleading,
Nor to be moved from duty's path;
And on the culprit, tears unheeding,
Pronounced her doom in righteous wrath.

Mark well her fate, O flippant misses,
And from like sins straightway depart:
It was—a fine of fifty kisses,
And a life sentence in my heart.

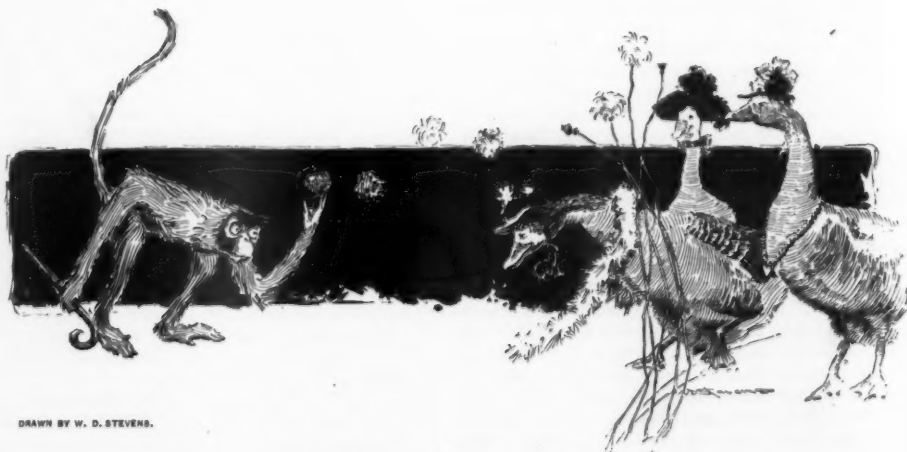
Katharine V. Gunter.

When Love went Maying.

LOVE went Maying, long ago,
And he met a boy I know,
And he led him, in his playtime
When his heart was all aglow—
Led him where a little maiden
Sat, her lap with roses laden—
Ruddy roses of the May-time,
All ablowl.

And behold, that little chap
Walked into the pretty trap
Love had decked with dainty posies
Purposely for his mishap;
And to-day, 'mid other faces,
Other forms, and other graces,
He remembers still the roses
In her lap.

Albert Bigelow Paine.



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS IN THE JUNGLE.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.





PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM E. GRAY FROM THE PAINTING BY STEPHEN POINTZ DENNING IN THE DULWICH GALLERY.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, AT THE AGE OF FOUR.